Hymns of Worship

...and...

Songs of the Gospel

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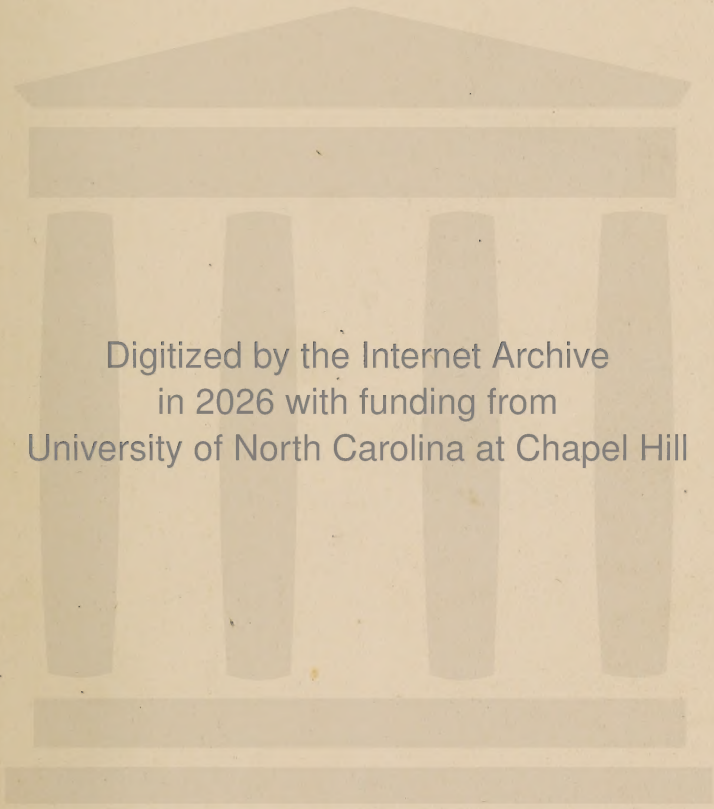
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Hymns of Worship

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Songs of the Gospel

EDITED BY

JAMES M. BLACK

A Compilation of the Newest
and Best Hymns and
Sacred Songs

Price, $25.00 the Hundred

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
HALL-MACK COMPANY
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PREFACE

THE BOOK

Probably no gospel song book ever received greater care in the selection of its contents, words and music, than HYMNS OF WORSHIP AND SONGS OF THE GOSPEL. It is really *two* great books in *one*. The first part is a worthy manual of song in itself. The choicest work of the great hymn writers of the world, Watts, Cowper, Wesley, Doddridge, Newton, Montgomery, Barnby, Dykes, Monk, Mason, Maker, Stainer, and a goodly number of new hymns and standard tunes bring this part of the book up to date.

The collection of gospel songs in this book cannot be surpassed for strength and usefulness. There is not a page of padding between its covers. A very large number of the songs are new, yet, all the great gospel song writers of the day are represented by their most beautiful and successful pieces. One has only to glance at the following splendid array of contributors to judge of its merits.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

Ira D. Sankey — James M. Black — E. O. Excell
Geo. C. Stebbins — Jno. R. Sweney — J. Lincoln Hall
James McGranahan — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick — Chas. H. Gabriel

C. Austin Miles — Hubert P. Main — W. L. Thompson
W. H. Doane — Grant C. Tullar — A. J. Showalter
E. S. Lorenz — Geo. C. Hugg — C. Harold Lowden

I Allen Sankey — L. E. Jones — H. L. Gilmour
C. C. Case — Mrs. C. H. Morris — Herbert J. Lacey
Adam Geibel — J. J. Lowe — J. E. French
and many others

THE EDITOR

Prof. Jas. M. Black is a man well known in the world of gospel song. His aim to make HYMNS OF WORSHIP AND SONGS OF THE GOSPEL the crowning effort of his career has been fully realized. We send forth this book with the absolute confidence that it is the best collection for Church Services, Sunday Schools, Young People's Societies, etc., that ever has been offered to the Christian public.

THE PUBLISHERS.

JANUARY, 1907.

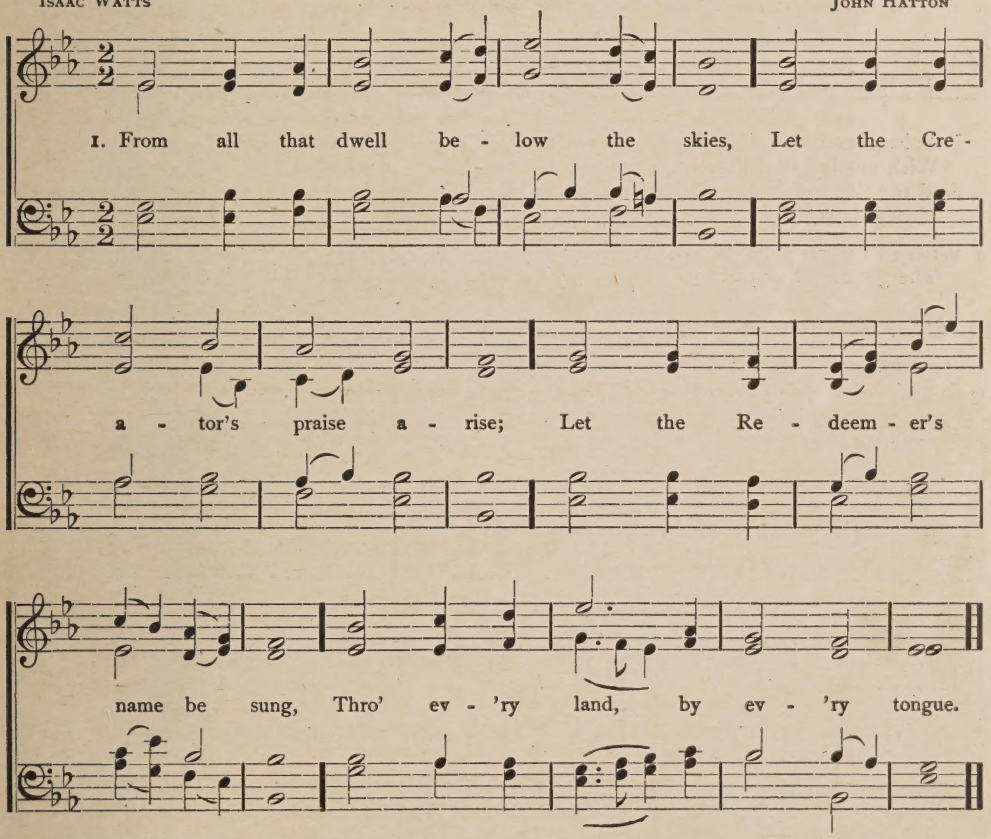
Hymns of Worship

and

Songs of the Gospel.

1 DUKE STREET L. M.

ISAAC WATTS — JOHN HATTON


1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre -
a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Re - deem - er's
name be sung, Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.

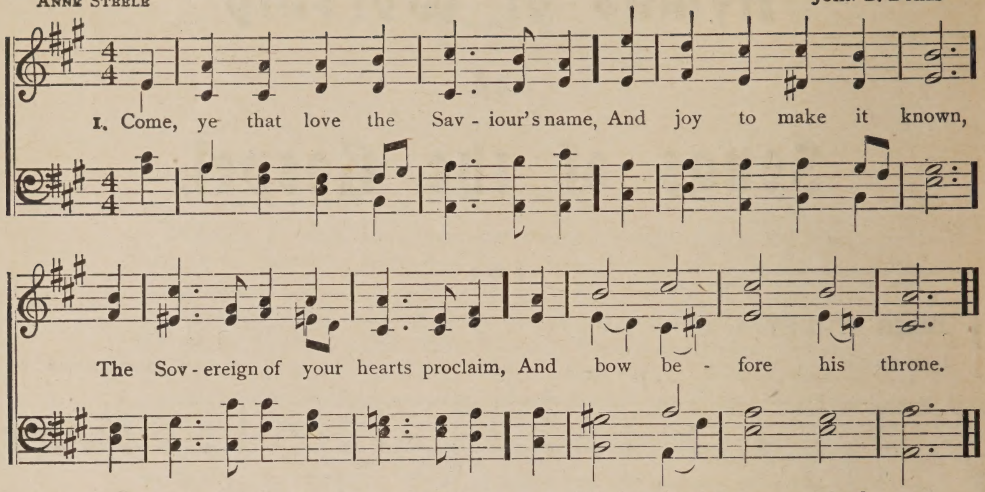
2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

2 LAUD C. M.

ANNE STEELE — JOHN B. DYKES


1. Come, ye that love the Sav - iour's name, And joy to make it known,
The Sov - ereign of your hearts proclaim, And bow be - fore his throne.

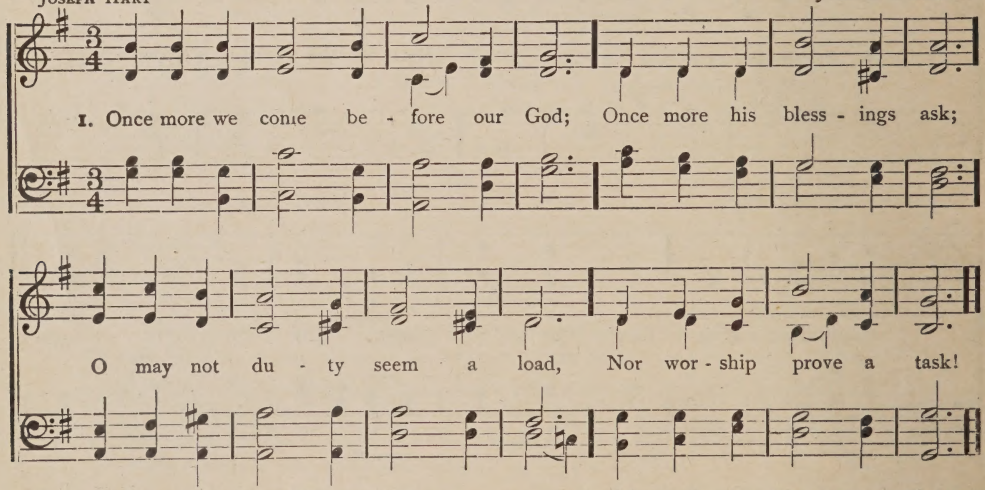
2 Behold your Lord, your Master, crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright those glories shine.

3 When, in his earthly courts, we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

3 ST. AGNES C. M.

JOSEPH HART — JOHN B. DYKES



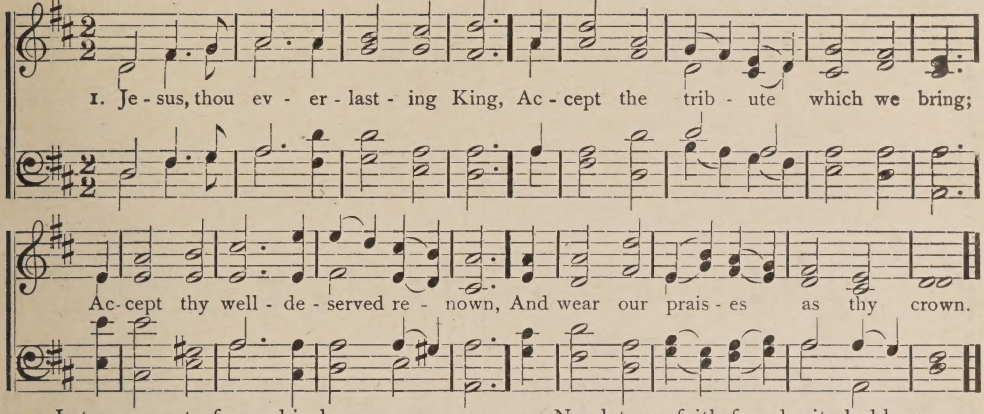
2 Father, thy quickening Spirit send
From heaven in Jesus' name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart,
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part!

4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessings suit,
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce abundant fruit.

4 TRURO L. M.

ISAAC WATTS — CHARLES BURNEY


1. Je - sus, thou ev - er - last - ing King, Ac - cept the trib - ute which we bring;
Ac - cept thy well - de - served re - nown, And wear our prais - es as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold.

4 Let every moment, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

5 L. M.

1 Come, let us tune our loftiest song,
And raise to Christ our joyful strain;
Worship and thanks to him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

2 His sovereign power our bodies made;
Our souls are his immortal breath;
And when his creatures sinned, he bled,
To save us from eternal death.

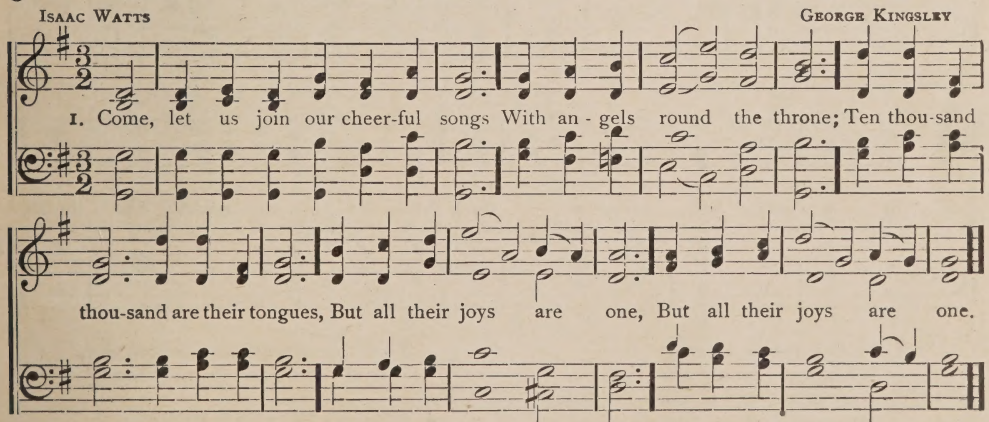
3 Burn every breast with Jesus' love;
Bound every heart with rapturous joy;
And saints on earth, with saints above,
Your voices in his praise employ.

4 Extol the Lamb with loftiest song,
Ascend for him our cheerful strain;
Worship and thanks to him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

ROBERT A. WEST

6 NEWBOLD C. M.

ISAAC WATTS — GEORGE KINGSLEY


1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an - gels round the throne; Ten thou-sand
thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply,
"For he was slain for us."

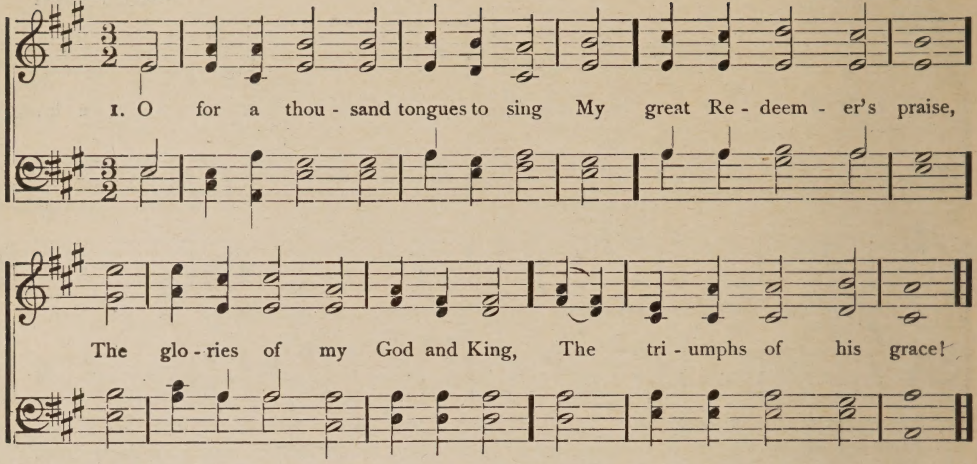
3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

WILSON NcU

7 AZMON C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY — LOWELL MASON

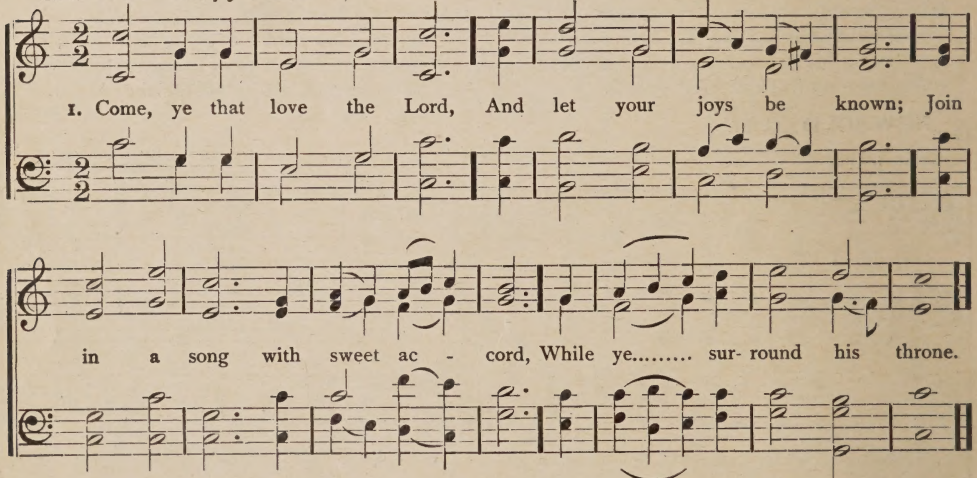


2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

8 SILVER STREET S. M.

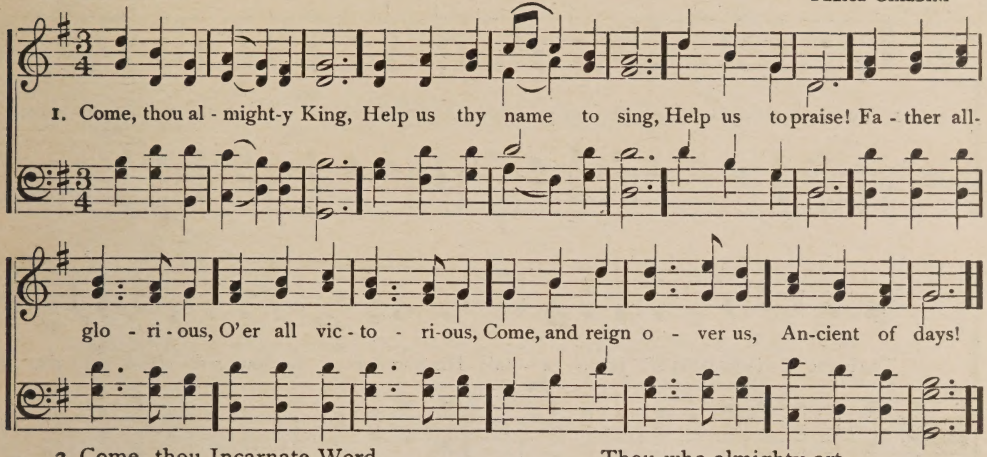
ISAAC WATTS. Alt. by J. WESLEY — ISAAC SMITH

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

9 ITALIAN HYMN 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

CHARLES WESLEY — FELICE GIARDINI


1. Come, thou al - might-y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa - ther all-
glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days!

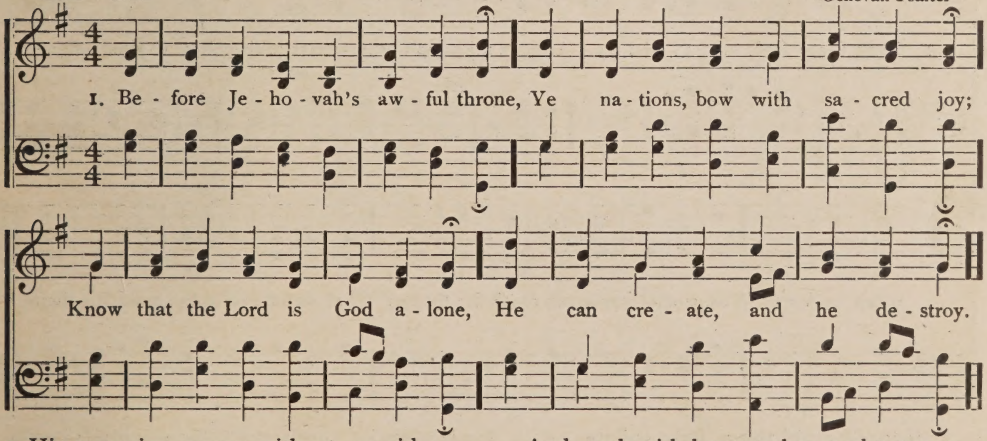
2 Come, thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One and Three,
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore:
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

10 OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

ISAAC WATTS — Genevan Psalter

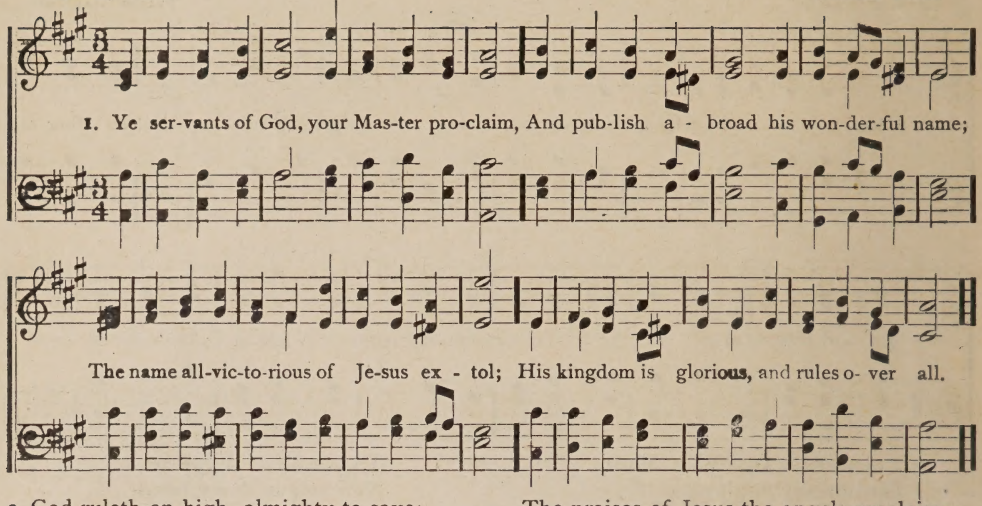


2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

11 HANOVER 10. 10. 11. 11.

CHARLES WESLEY — WILLIAM CROFT

1. Ye ser-vants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a - broad his won-der-ful name;
The name all-vic-to-rious of Je-sus ex - tol; His kingdom is glorious, and rules o- ver all.

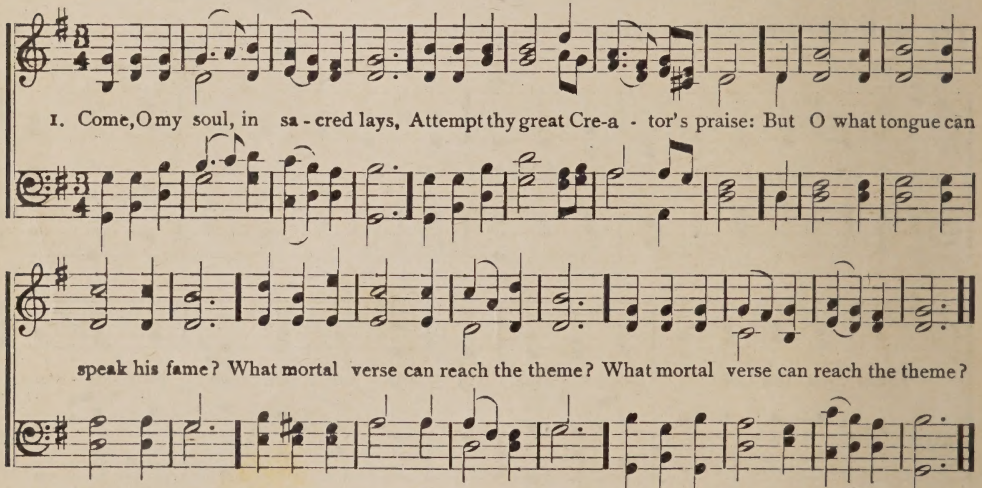
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh; his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing for infinite love.

12 PARK STREET L. M.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK — FREDERICK M. A. VENUA


1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays, Attempt thy great Cre-a - tor's praise: But O what tongue can
speak his fame? What mortal verse can reach the theme? What mortal verse can reach the theme?

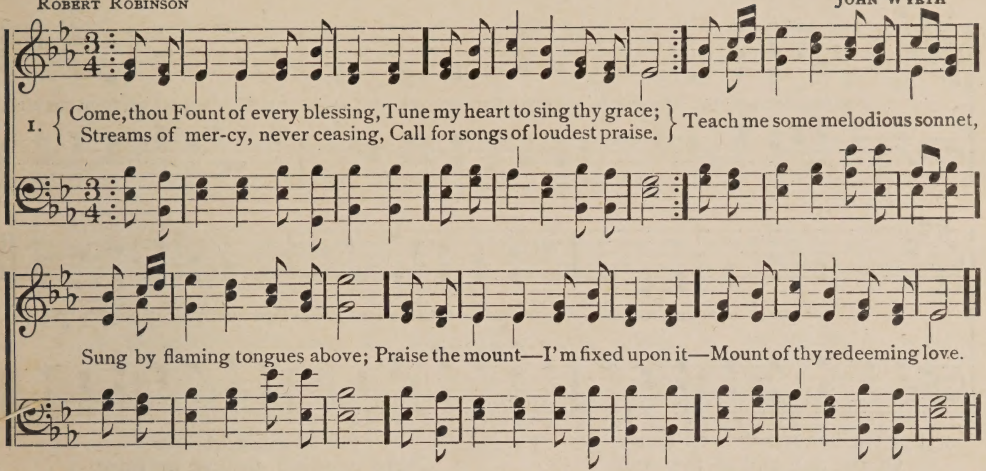
2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

13 NETTLETON 8s. 7s. D.

ROBERT ROBINSON — JOHN WYETH

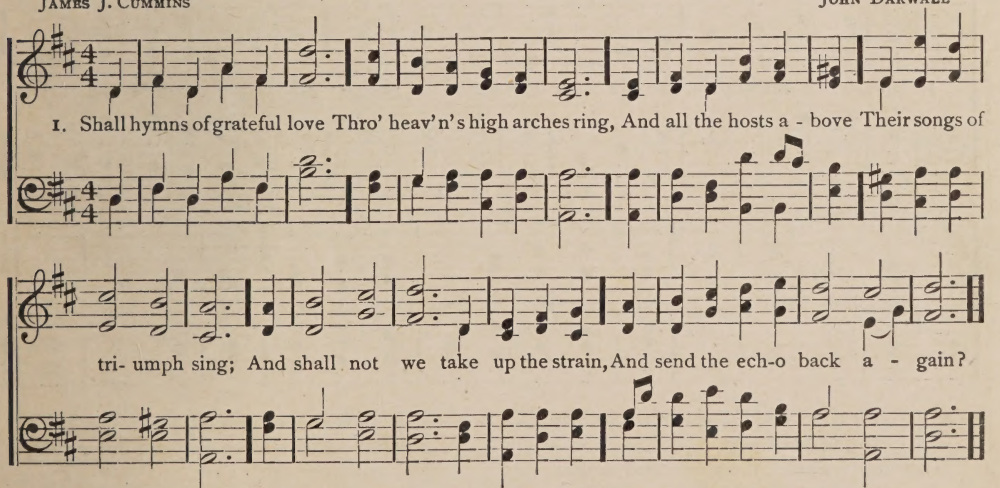

1. Come, thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mer-cy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

14 DARWALL 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

JAMES J. CUMMINS — JOHN DARWALL

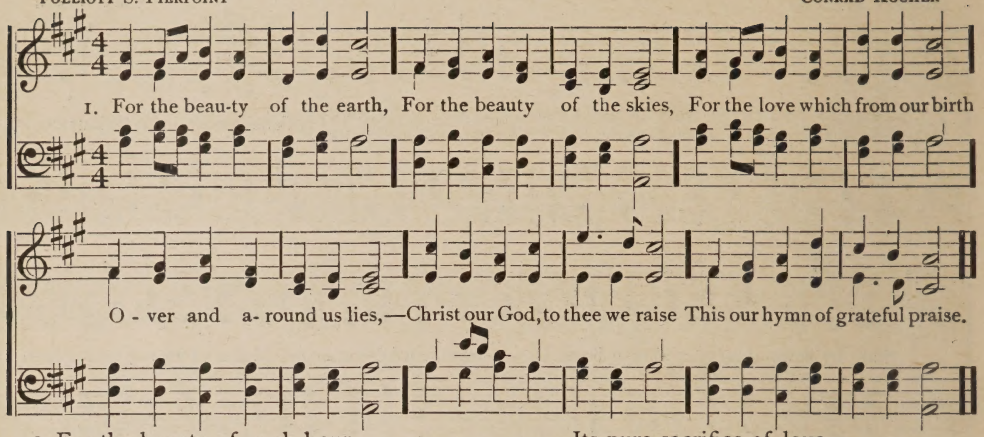

1. Shall hymns of grateful love Thro' heav'n's high arches ring, And all the hosts a - bove Their songs of
tri- umph sing; And shall not we take up the strain, And send the ech-o back a - gain?

2 Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with his blood,
And all the love record
That led them home to God;
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

3 O spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around
Salvation through his name;
Till all the world take up the strain,
And send the echo back again.

15 DIX 7s. 61.

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPOINT — CONRAD KOCHER


1. For the beau-ty of the earth, For the beauty of the skies, For the love which from our birth
O - ver and a- round us lies,—Christ our God, to thee we raise This our hymn of grateful praise.

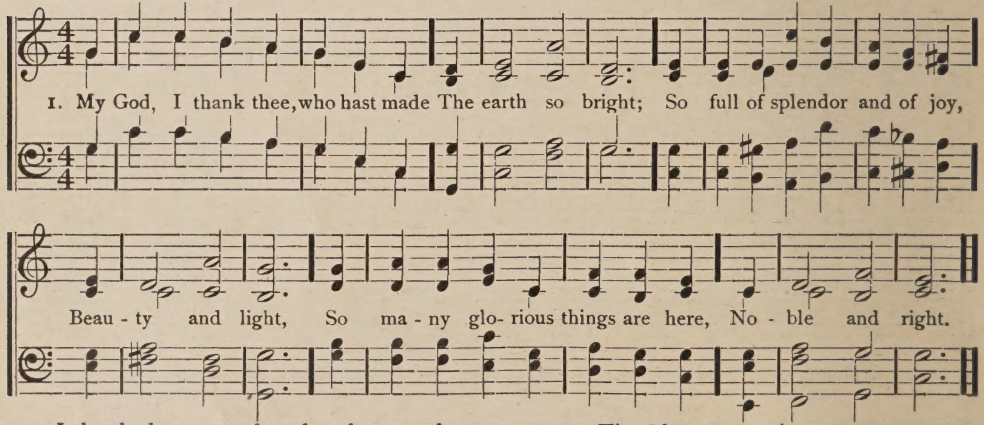
2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,—
Christ our God, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

3 For thy church, that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love—
Christ our God, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

4 For thyself, best Gift Divine!
To our race so freely given;
For that great, great love of thine,
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven,—
Christ our God, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

16 WENTWORTH 8s. 4s. 61.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER — FREDERICK C. MAKER


1. My God, I thank thee, who hast made The earth so bright; So full of splendor and of joy,
Beau - ty and light, So ma - ny glo- rious things are here, No - ble and right.

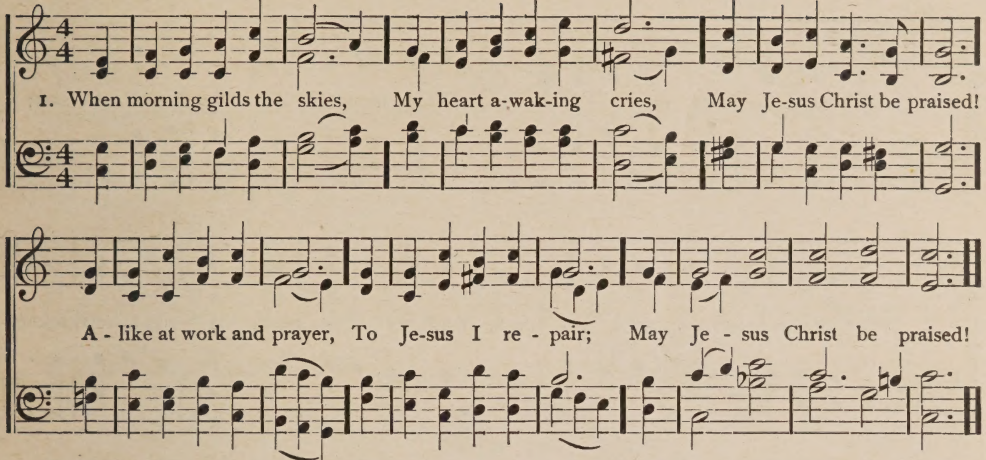
2 I thank thee, too, that thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

17 LAUDES DOMINI 6s. 61.

EDWARD CASWALL — JOSEPH BARNBY


1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
A - like at work and prayer, To Je-sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised!

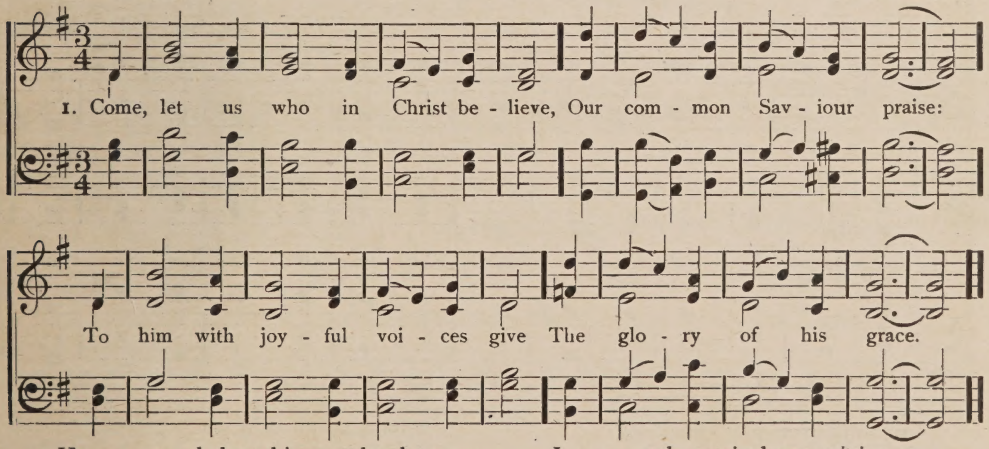
2 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth, and sea, and sky,
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

18 BELMONT C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY — W. GARBLINE



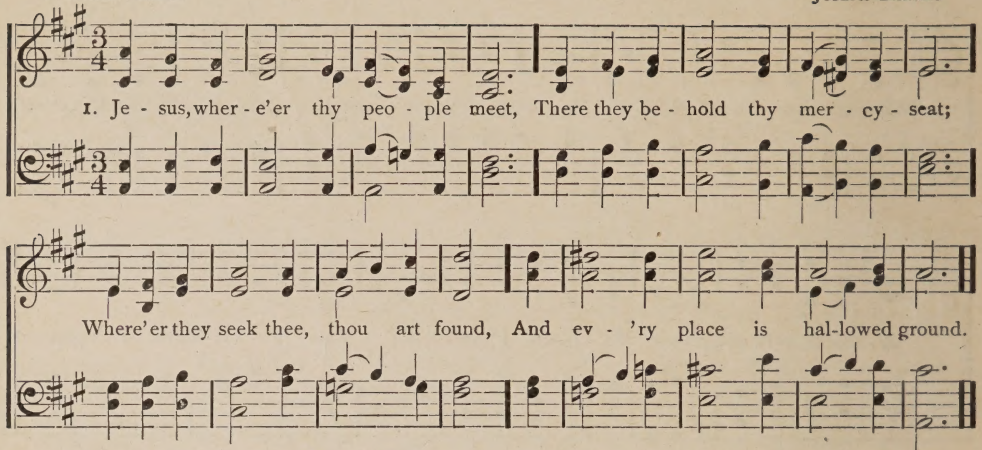
2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart:
The worst need keep him out no more,
Nor force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

19 WESTCOTT L. M.

WILLIAM COWPER — JOSEPH BARNBY

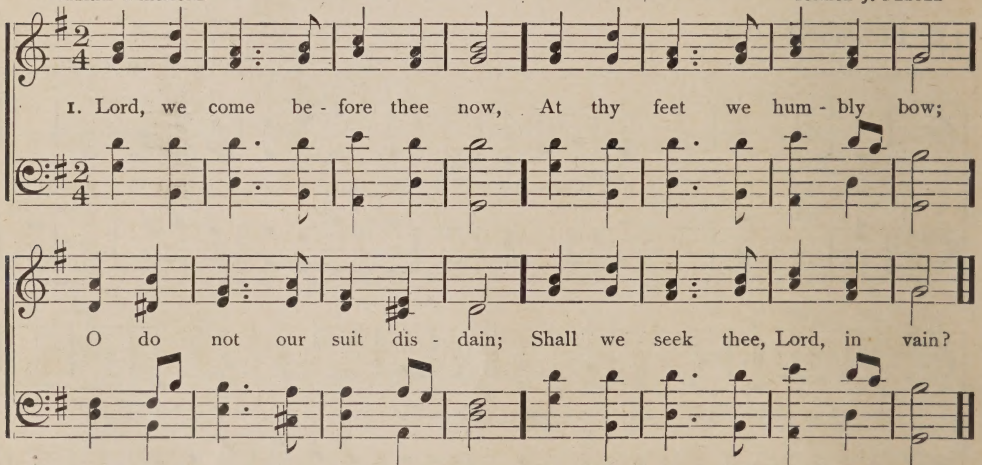

1. Je - sus, wher - e'er thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold thy mer - cy - seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found, And ev - 'ry place is hal-lowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Dost dwell with those of humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

20 PLEYEL'S HYMN 7s.

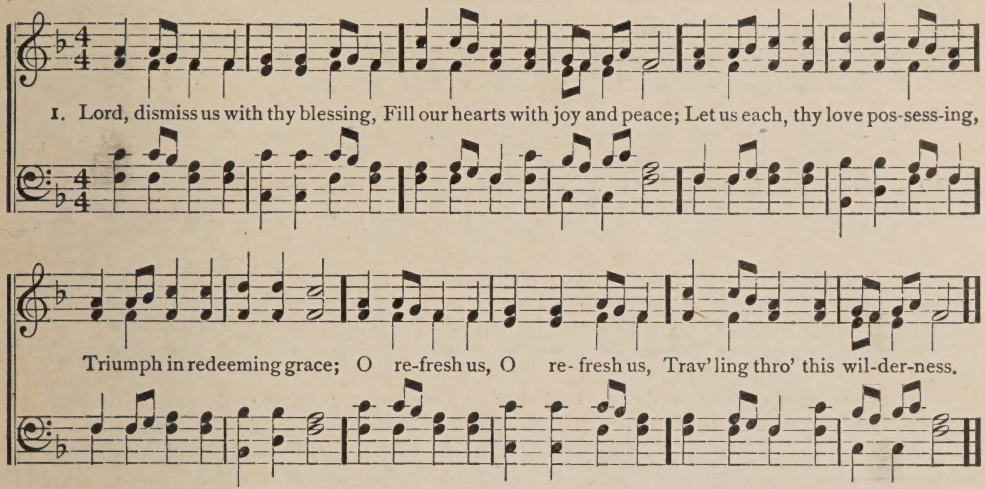
WILLIAM HAMMOND — IGNACE J. PLEYEL

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

21 GREENVILLE 8s. 7s. 6l.

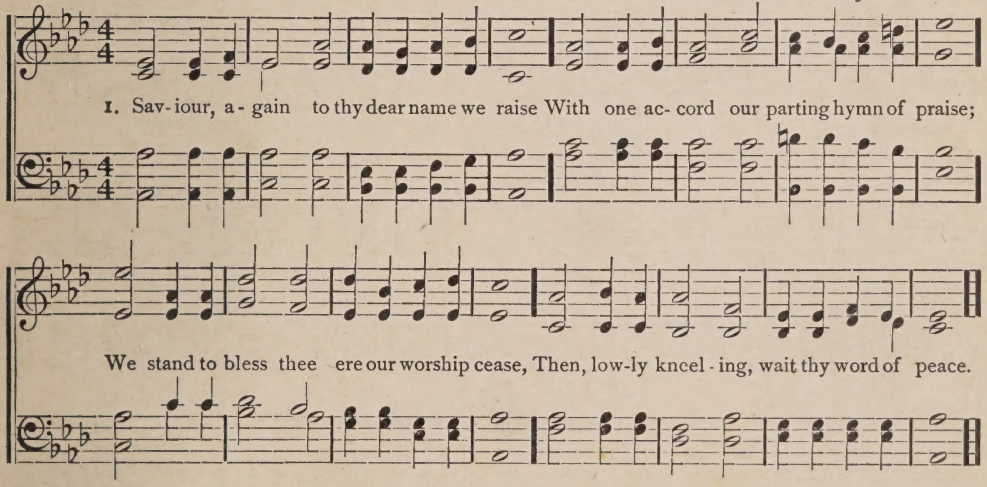
JOHN FAWCETT — JEAN J. ROUSSEAU

1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, thy love pos-sess-ing,
Triumph in redeeming grace; O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil-der-ness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

22 ELLERS 10s.

JOHN ELLERTON — EDWARD J. HOPKINS


1. Sav-iour, a-gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac-cord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease, Then, low-ly kneel-ing, wait thy word of peace.

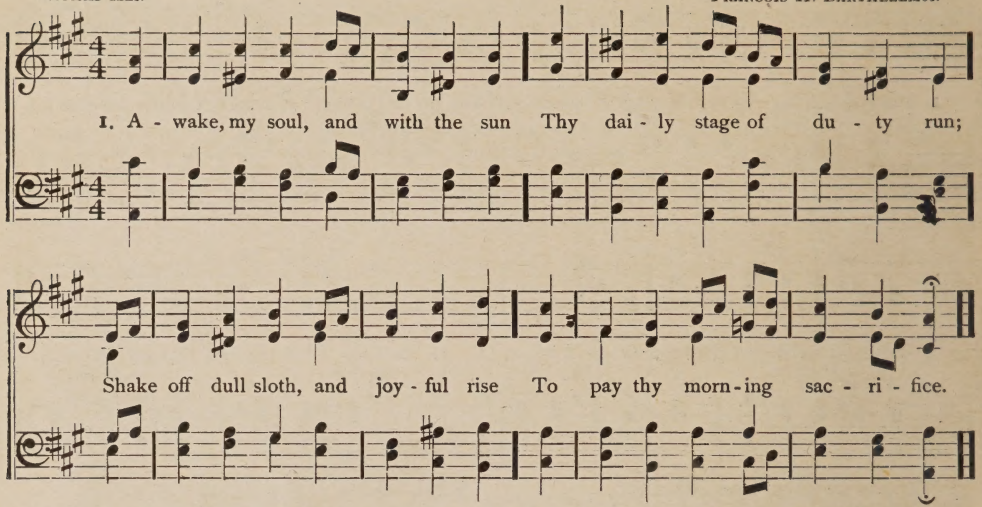
2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way,
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

23 MORNING HYMN L. M.

THOMAS KEN — FRANÇOIS H. BARTHÉLÉMON


1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

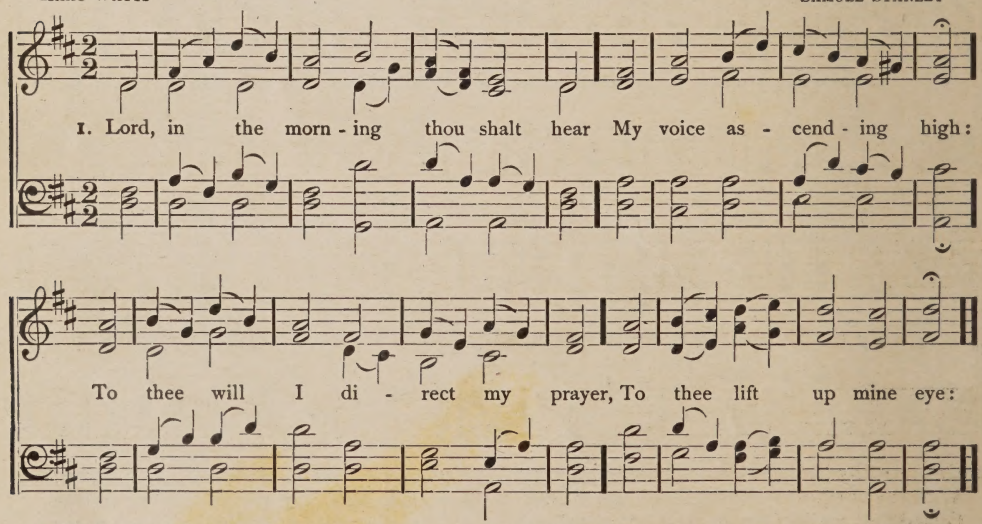
2 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

24 WARWICK C. M.

ISAAC WATTS — SAMUEL STANLEY

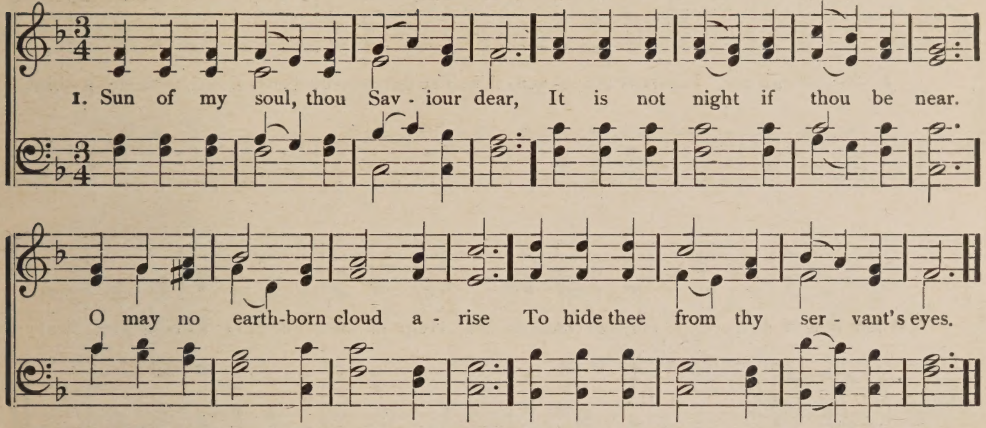


2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting, at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

25 HURSLEY L. M.

JOHN KEBLE — PETER RITTER. Arr. by WILLIAM H. MONK


1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if thou be near.
O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy ser - vant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

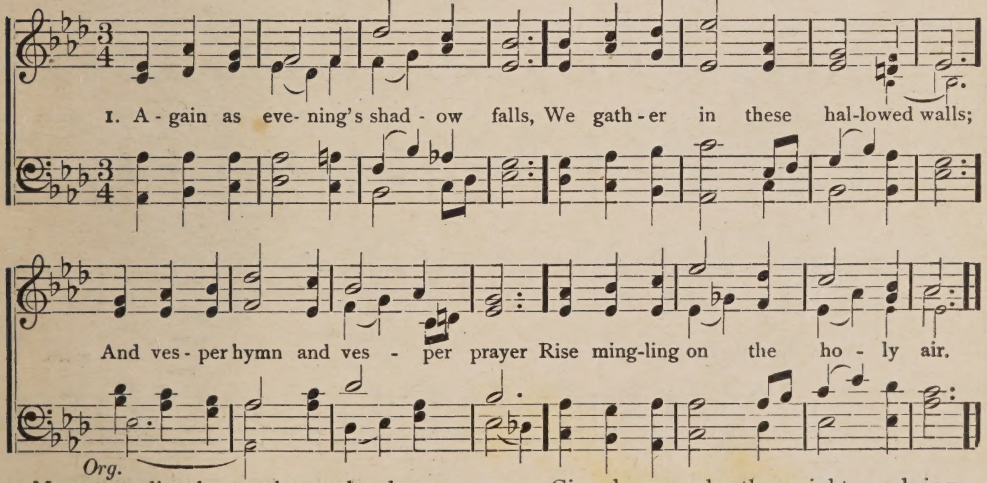
3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

26 ABENDS L. M.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW — HERBERT S. OAKELEY


1. A - gain as eve- ning's shad - ow falls, We gath - er in these hal-lowed walls;
And ves - per hymn and ves - per prayer Rise ming-ling on the ho - ly air.
Org.

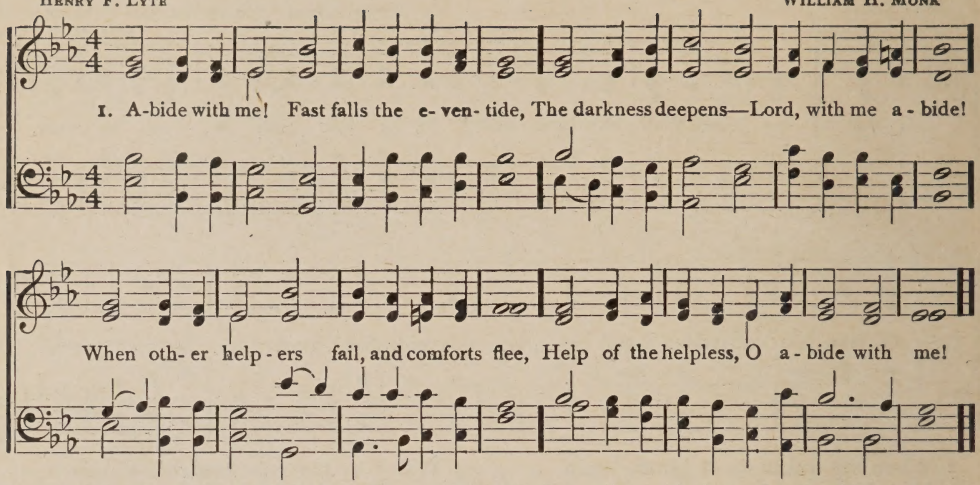
2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God, our light! to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer forever dwell.

27 EVENTIDE 10s.

HENRY F. LYTE — WILLIAM H. MONK


1. A-bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven-tide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me a-bide!
When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

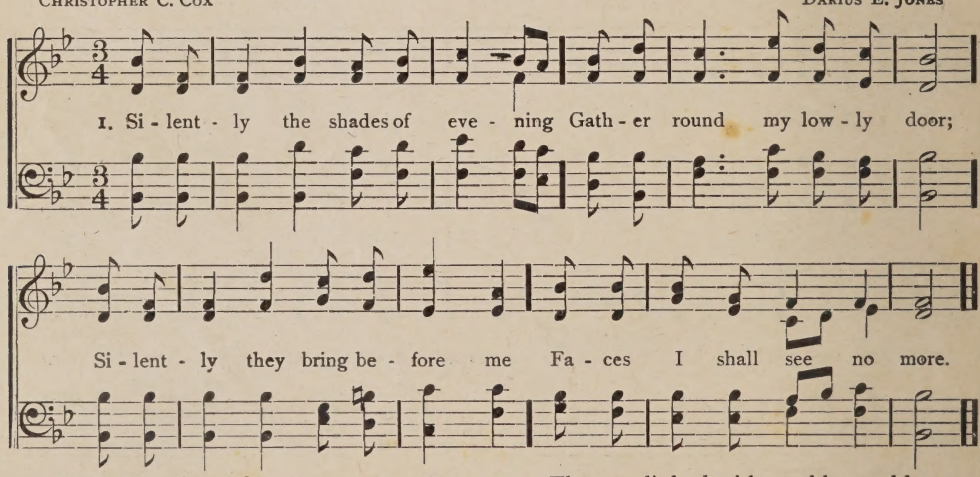
3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

28 STOCKWELL 8s. 7s.

CHRISTOPHER C. COX — DARIUS E. JONES

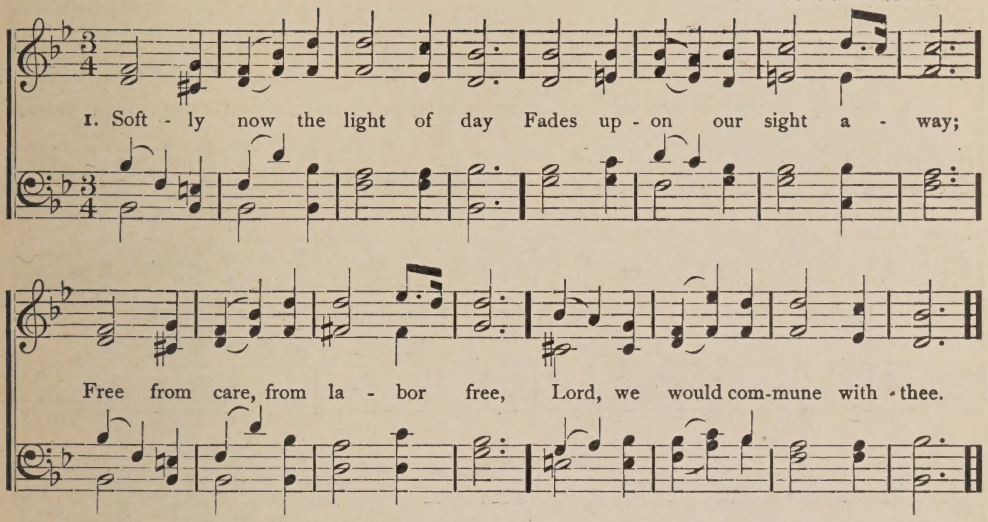


2 O the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot!
O the shrouded and the lonely,
In our hearts they perish not!

3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend,
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
We, still hoping for its end.

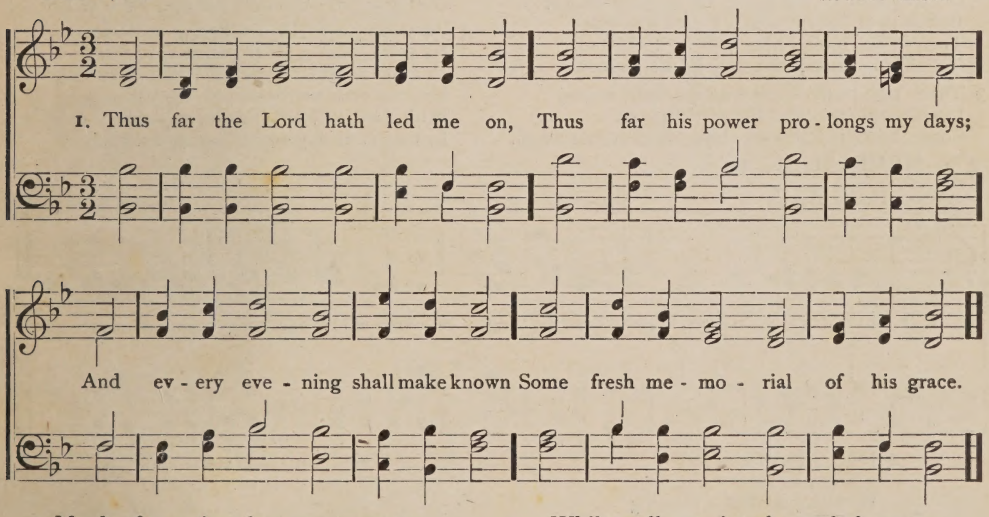
4 How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair heaven
We may hope to gain at last.

29 MERCY 7s.

GEORGE W. DOANE — LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

30 HEBRON L. M.

ISAAC WATTS — LOWELL MASON

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his power pro - longs my days;
And ev - ery eve - ning shall make known Some fresh me - mo - rial of his grace.

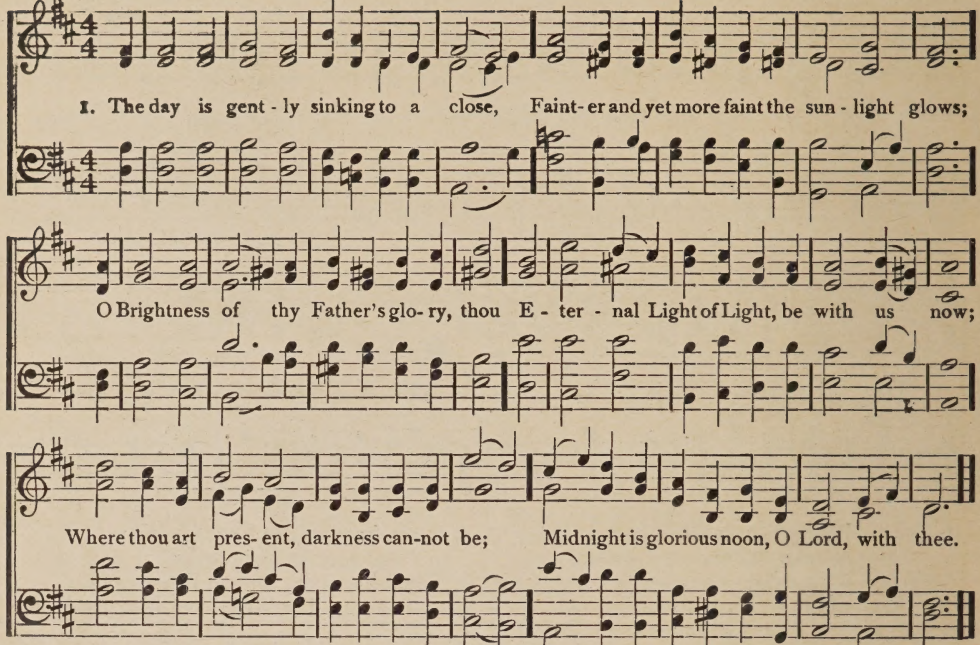
2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful station round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

31 NACHTLIED 10s. 6l.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH — HENRY SMART


1. The day is gent - ly sinking to a close, Faint- er and yet more faint the sun - light glows;
O Brightness of thy Father's glo- ry, thou E - ter - nal Light of Light, be with us now;
Where thou art pres- ent, darkness can-not be; Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with thee.

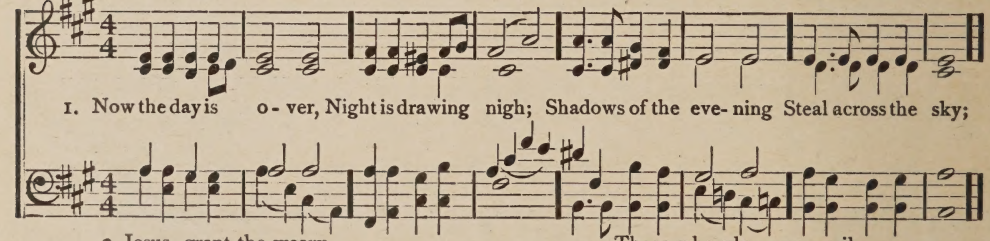
2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
O Conqueror of the grave, be thou our guide;
Be thou our light in death's dark eventide:
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail:
When all is dark may we behold thee nigh
And hear thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is moldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awakened by thy call,
With thee, O Lord, forever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

32 MERRIAL 6s. 5s.

SABINE BARING-GOULD — JOSEPH BARNBY



2 Jesus, grant the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

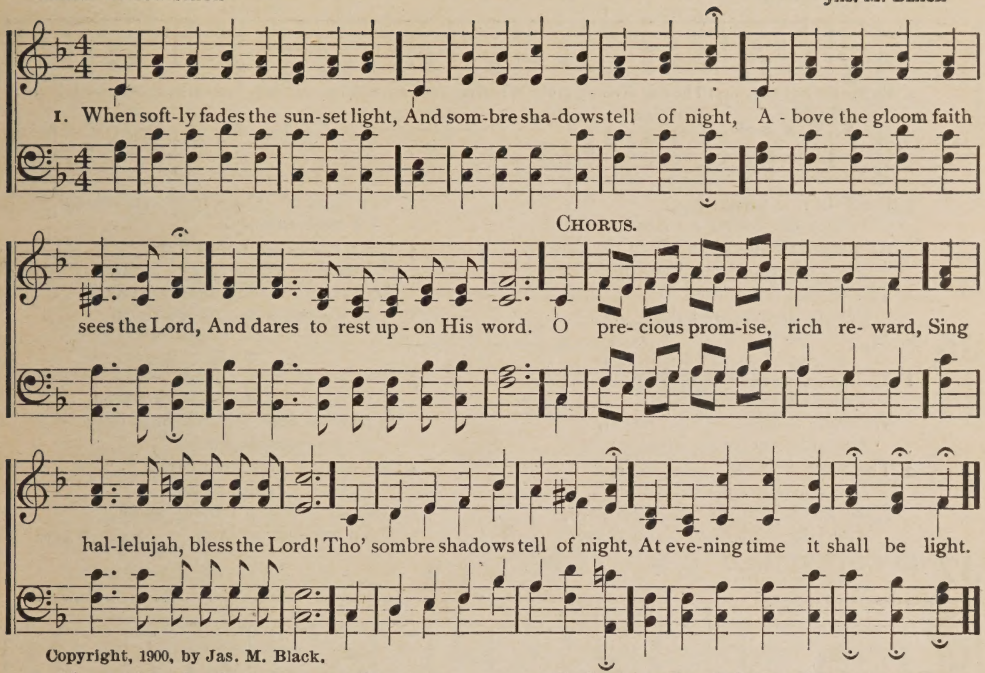
3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

5 Through the long night watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

33 EVENING TIME

LANTA WILSON SMITH — JAS. M. BLACK

1. When soft-ly fades the sun-set light, And som-bre sha-dows tell of night, A - bove the gloom faith
CHORUS.
sees the Lord, And dares to rest up - on His word. O pre- cious prom-ise, rich re- ward, Sing
hal-lelujah, bless the Lord! Tho' sombre shadows tell of night, At eve-ning time it shall be light.

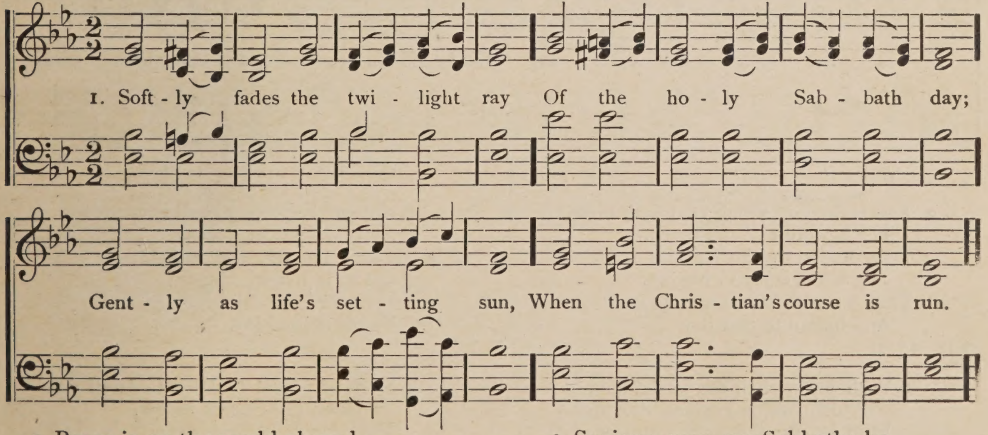
Copyright, 1900, by Jas. M. Black.

2 Above the clouds the stars still shine,
And whisper of the Hand divine;
When on our hearts the shadows fall,
We know God's love is over all.

3 God's love has left its mighty trace
In wondrous deeds of saving grace;
That sacred love still holds the power
To gild with light life's darkest hour.

34 HOLLEY 7s.

SAMUEL F. SMITH — GEORGE HEWS

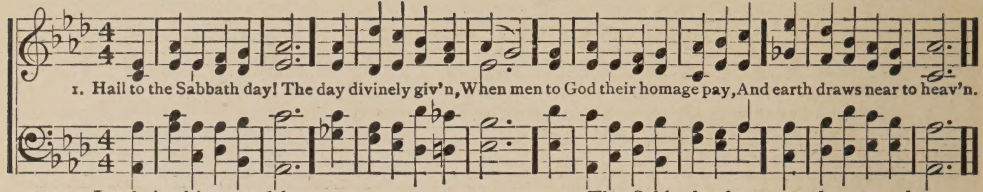


2 Peace is on the world abroad,
'Tis the holy peace of God,
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

3 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

35 SCHUMANN S. M.

STEPHEN G. BULFINCH — Arr. from ROBERT SCHUMANN



2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

3 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky:
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of vast eternity.

4 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

---

36 S. M.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

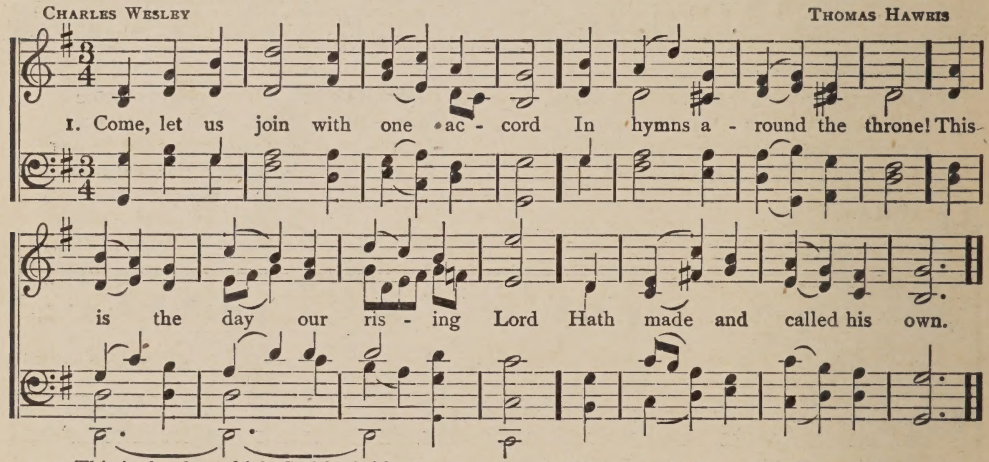
3 One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

ISAAC WATTS

37 CHESTERFIELD C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY — THOMAS HAWEIS



2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing, go
To his eternal joy.

---

38 C. M.

1 With joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.

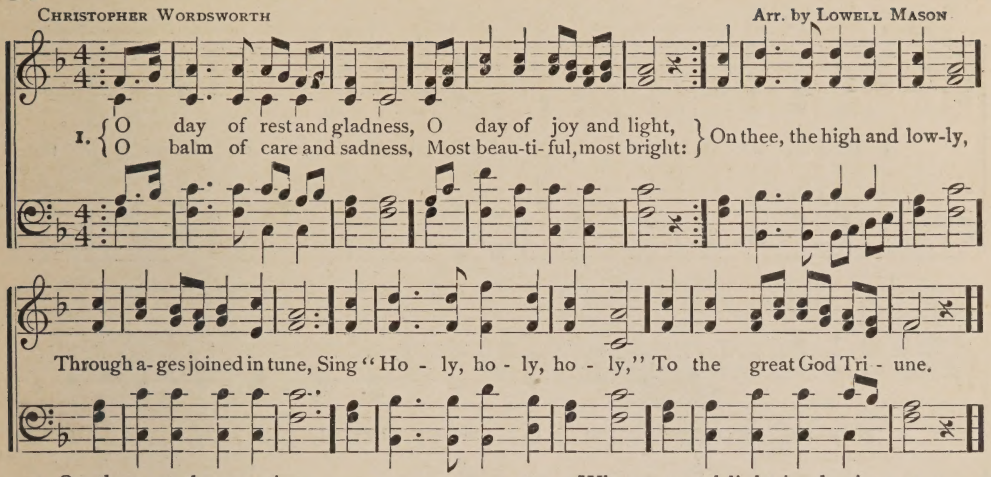
2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Great God, we hail the sacred day,
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

HARRIET AUBER

39 MENDEBRAS 7s. 6s. D.

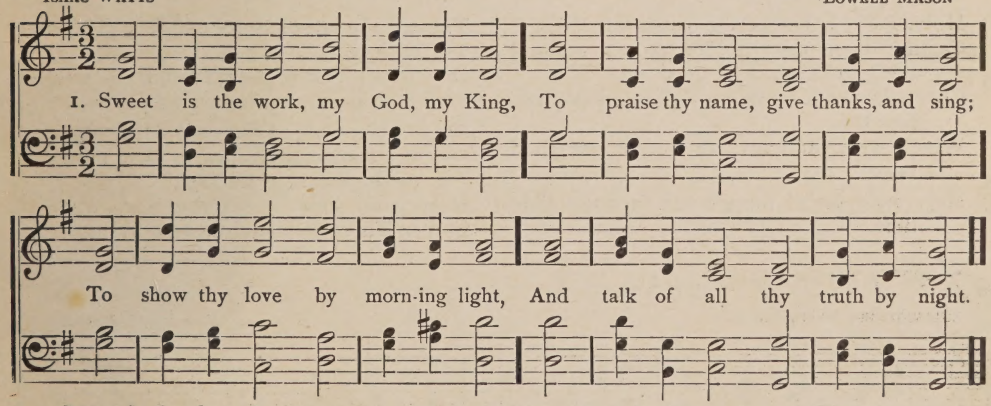
CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH — Arr. by LOWELL MASON

1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, } On thee, the high and low-ly,
O balm of care and sadness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright: }
Through a-ges joined in tune, Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri - une.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

40 ROCKINGHAM L. M.

ISAAC WATTS — LOWELL MASON

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all thy truth by night.

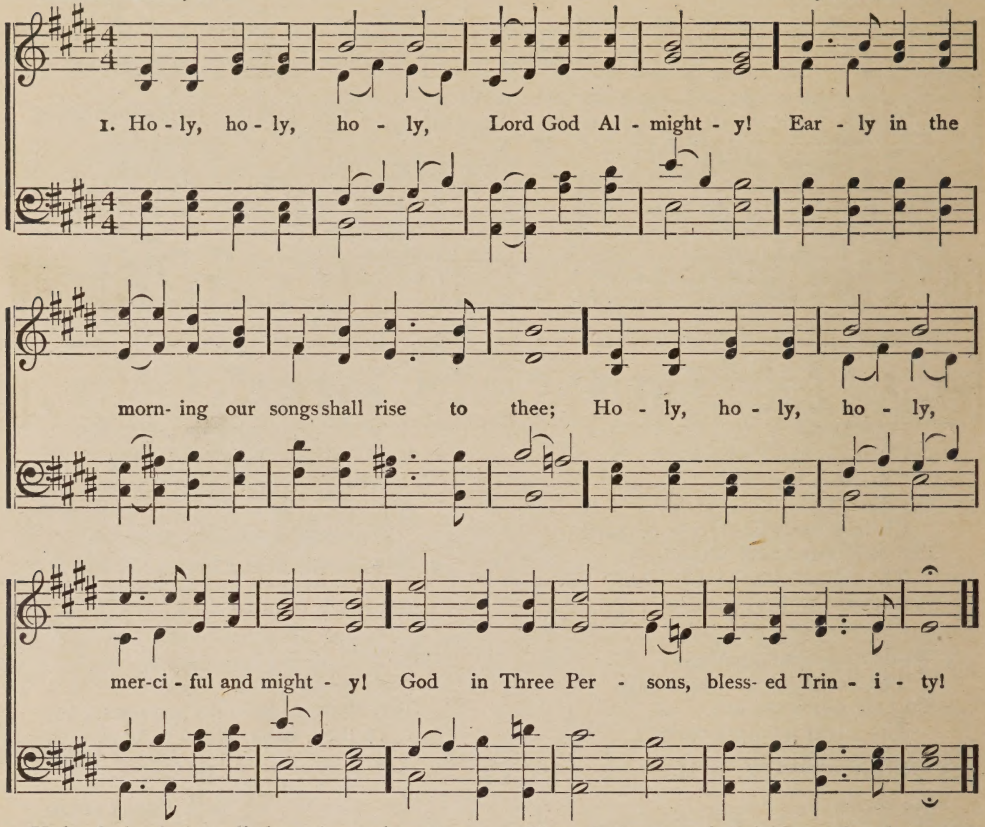
2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part;
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

41 NICÆA 11. 12. 12. 10.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D. — Rev. JOHN B. DYKES

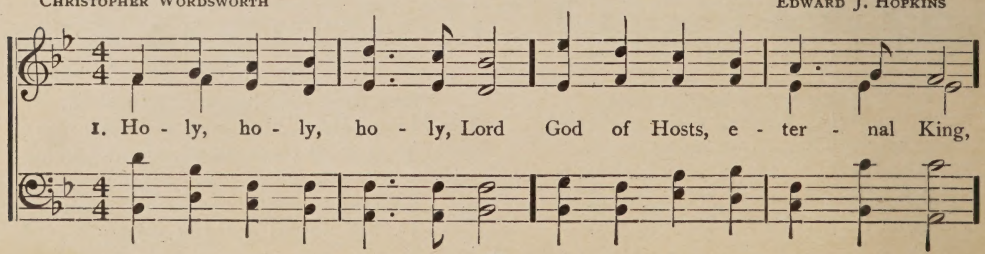
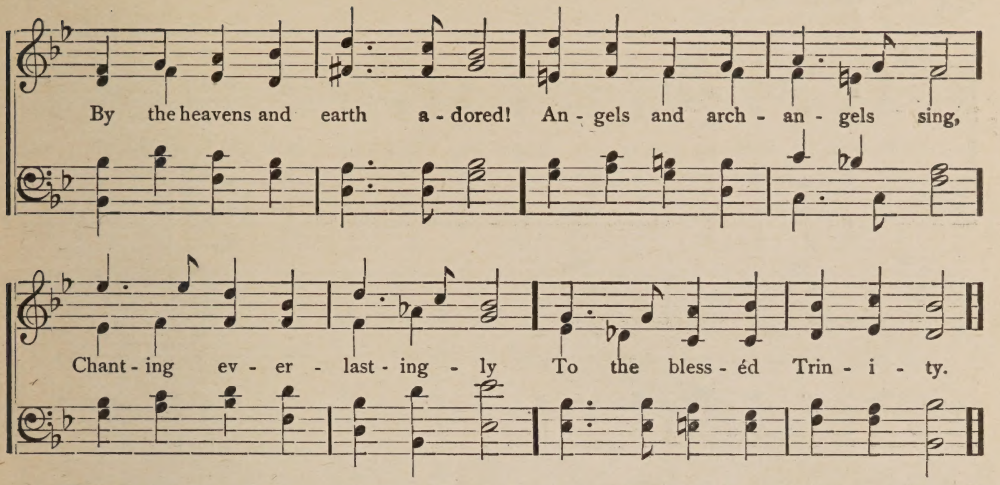

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
morn- ing our songs shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
mer-ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless- ed Trin - i - ty!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shall be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

42 ST. ATHANASIUS 7s. 61.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH — EDWARD J. HOPKINS

The Trinity

2 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
Spirits blest, before thy throne,
Speeding thence at thy command,
And, when thy behests are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

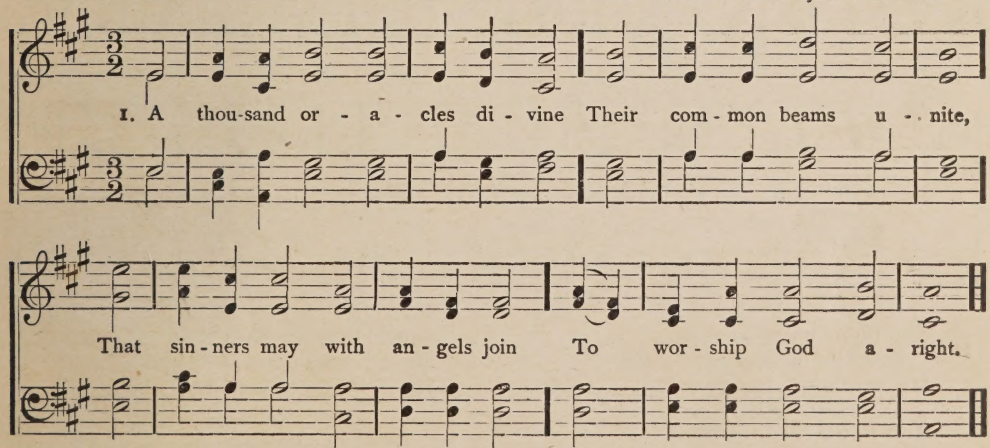
3 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.

4 Thee apostles, prophets thee,
Thee the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee;
Thee, the church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

5 Hallelujah! Lord, to thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Godhead one, and persons three,
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

43 AZMON C. M.

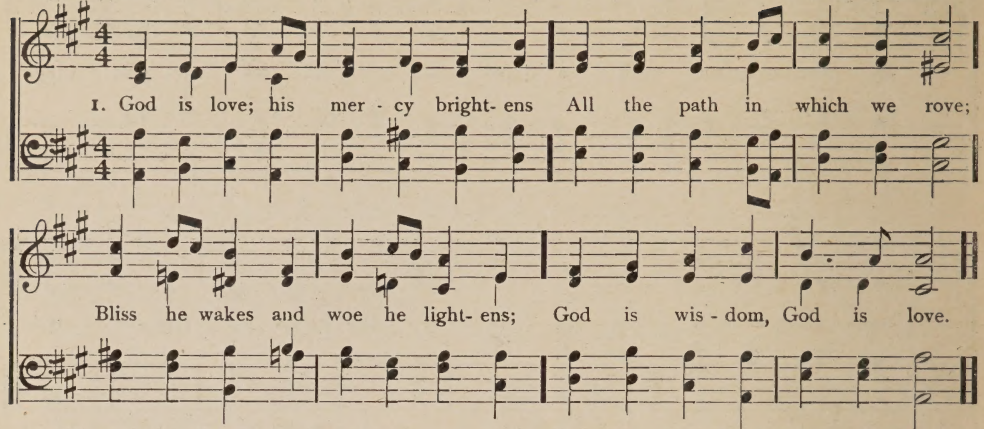
CHARLES WESLEY — CARL G. GLASER. Arr. by LOWELL MASON



2 Triumphant host! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The Triune God of holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky;

3 Whose glory to this earth extends,
When God himself imparts,
And the whole Trinity descends
Into our faithful hearts.

44 ASCHAM 8s. 7s.

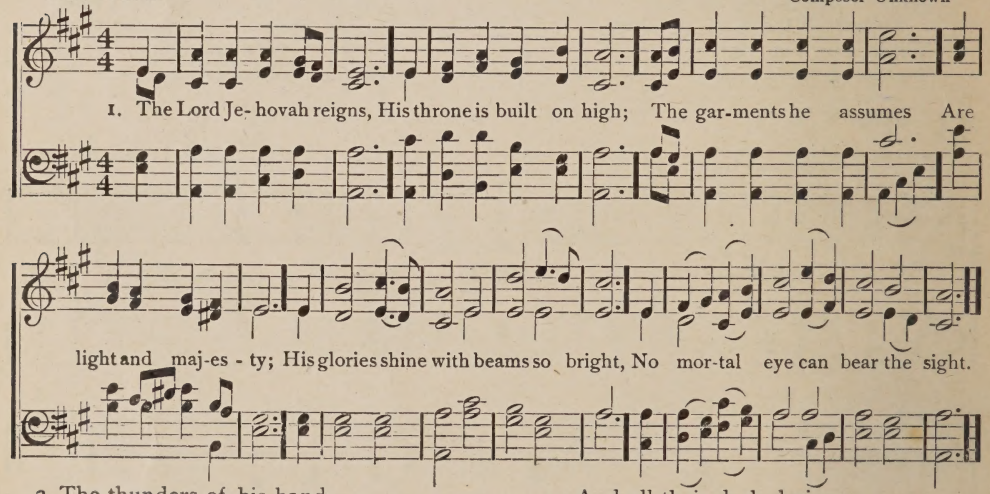
JOHN BOWRING — EDMUND S. CARTER

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'er the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

45 MILLENNIUM 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

ISAAC WATTS — Composer Unknown


1. The Lord Je- hovah reigns, His throne is built on high; The gar-ments he assumes Are
light and maj-es - ty; His glories shine with beams so bright, No mor-tal eye can bear the sight.

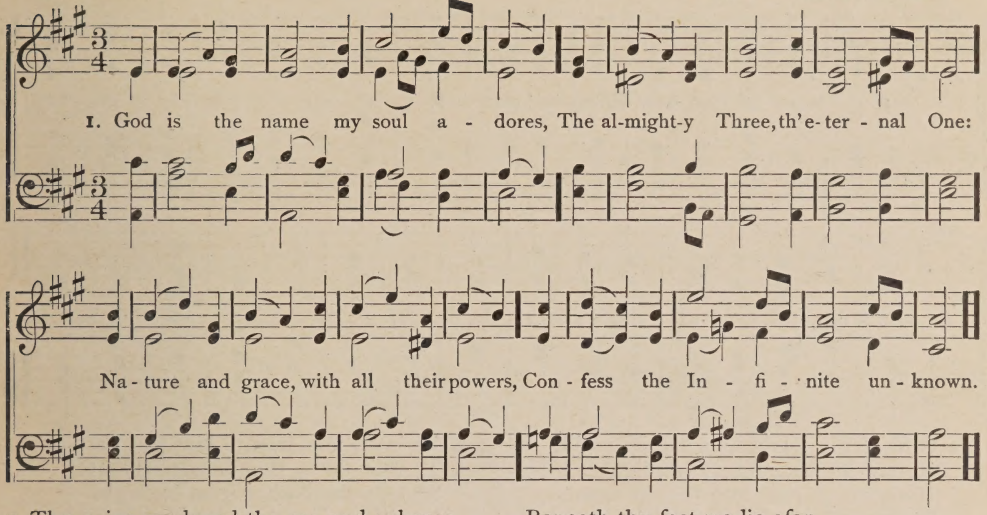
2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And all their dark designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill
His great decrees and sovereign will.

4 And will this sovereign King
Of glory condescend,
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord!

46 JANES L. M.

ISAAC WATTS — From JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART


1. God is the name my soul a - dores, The al-might-y Three, th'e-ter - nal One:
Na - ture and grace, with all their powers, Con - fess the In - fi - nite un - known.

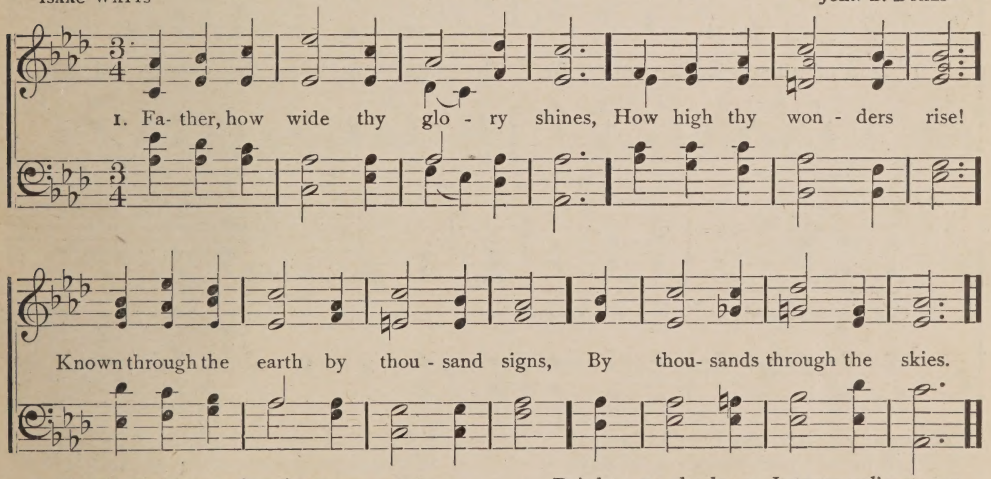
2 Thy voice produced the sea and spheres,
Bade the waves roar, the planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.

3 How shall polluted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie afar,
And see but shadows of thy face.

4 Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might;
None but thy word can speak thy name.

47 BEATITUDO C. M.

ISAAC WATTS — JOHN B. DYKES


1. Fa- ther, how wide thy glo - ry shines, How high thy won - ders rise!
Known through the earth by thou - sand signs, By thou- sands through the skies.

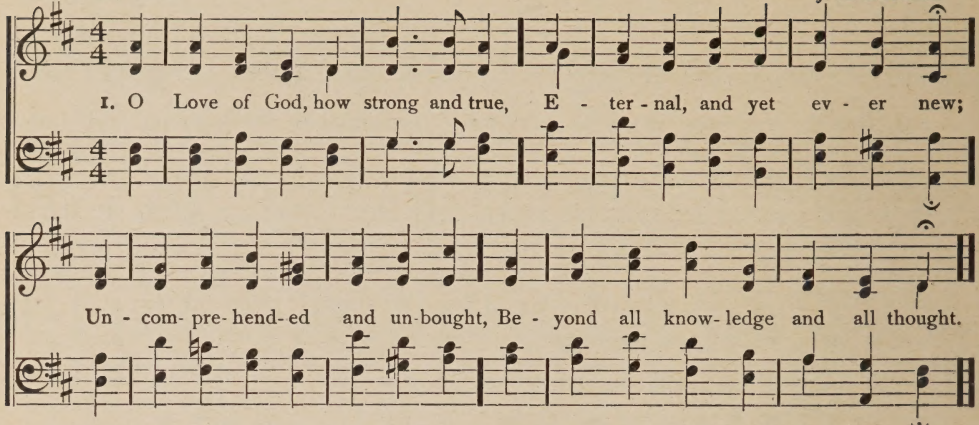
2 Our thoughts are lost in reverent awe;
We love and we adore:
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.

3 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

4 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

48 MARTHAM L. M.

HORATIUS BONAR — J. H. MAUNDER


1. O Love of God, how strong and true, E - ter - nal, and yet ev - er new;
Un - com- pre- hend- ed and un-bought, Be - yond all know- ledge and all thought.

2 O heavenly Love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill,
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless!

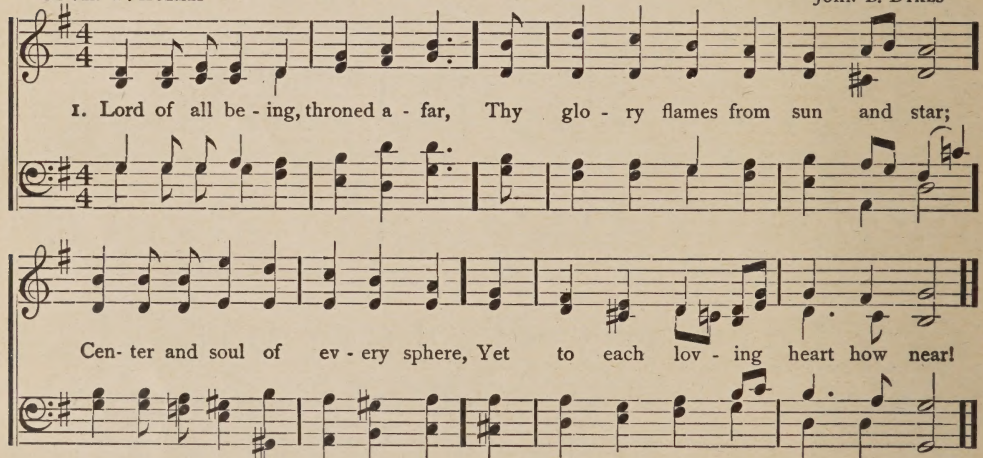
3 O wide-embracing, wondrous Love,
We read thee in the sky above;
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.

4 We read thee best in him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame,
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

5 O Love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way;
Eternal Love, in thee we rest,
Forever safe, forever blest.

49 KEBLE L. M.

OLIVER W. HOLMES — JOHN B. DYKES


1. Lord of all be - ing, throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
Cen- ter and soul of ev - ery sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Shed on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

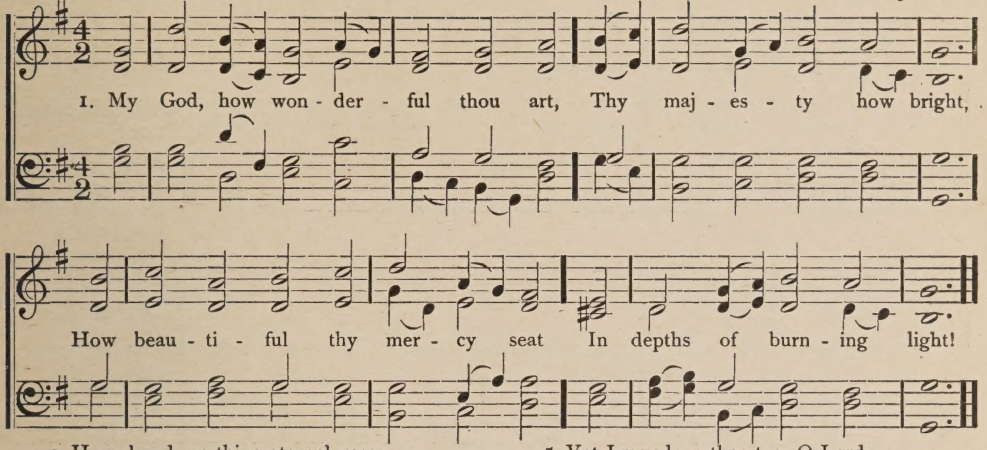
3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

50 ST. STEPHEN C. M.

FREDERICK W. FABER — WILLIAM JONES



2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3 How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

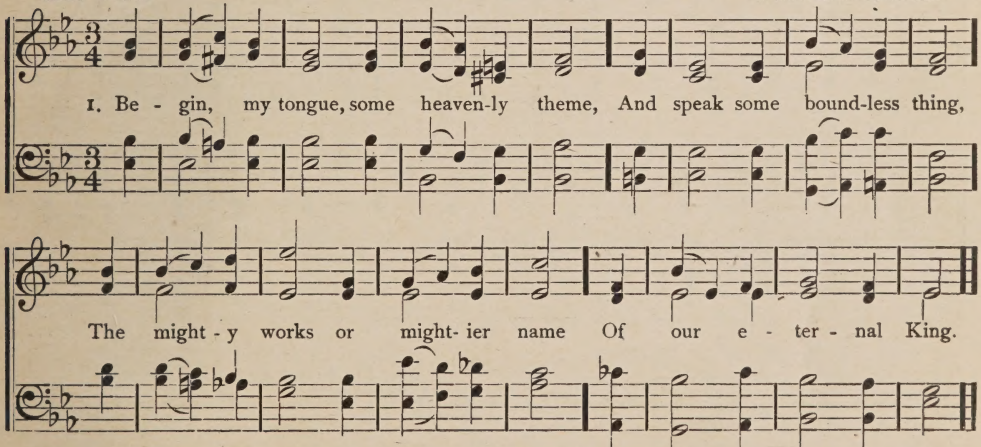
4 O how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

6 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

7 Father of Jesus, love's reward!
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And gaze, and gaze on thee!

51 MAKER C. M.

ISAAC WATTS — FREDERICK C. MAKER

1. Be - gin, my tongue, some heaven-ly theme, And speak some bound-less thing,
The might - y works or might- ier name Of our e - ter - nal King.

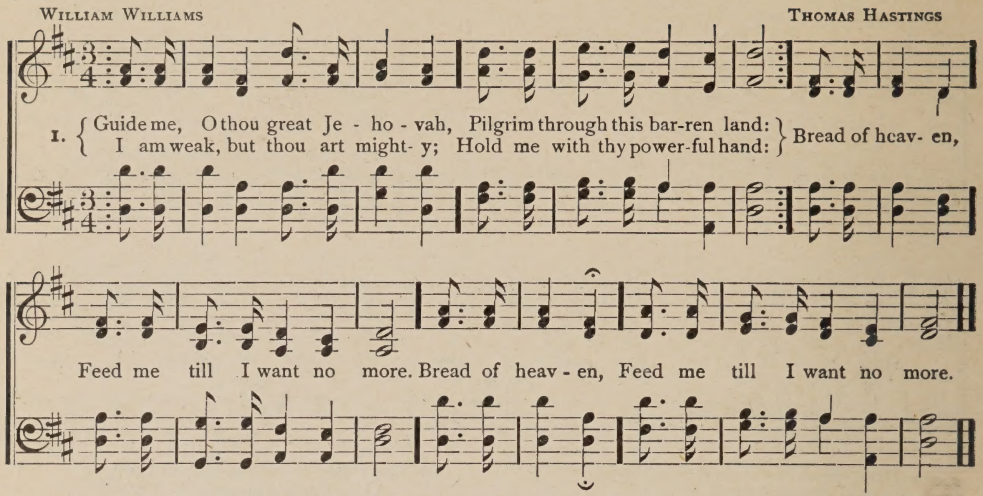
2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace
And the performing God.

3 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

4 O might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

52 ZION 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS — THOMAS HASTINGS

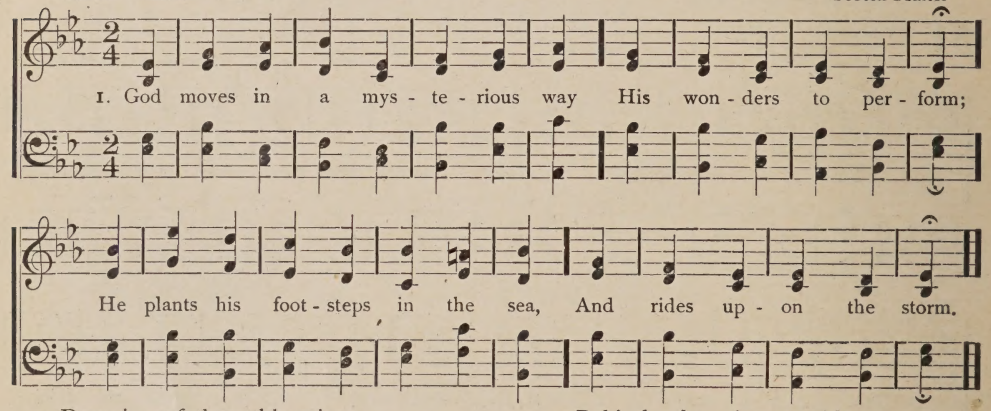

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim through this bar-ren land:
I am weak, but thou art might- y; Hold me with thy power-ful hand:
Bread of heav- en,
Feed me till I want no more. Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

53 DUNDEE C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER — Scotch Psalter



2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

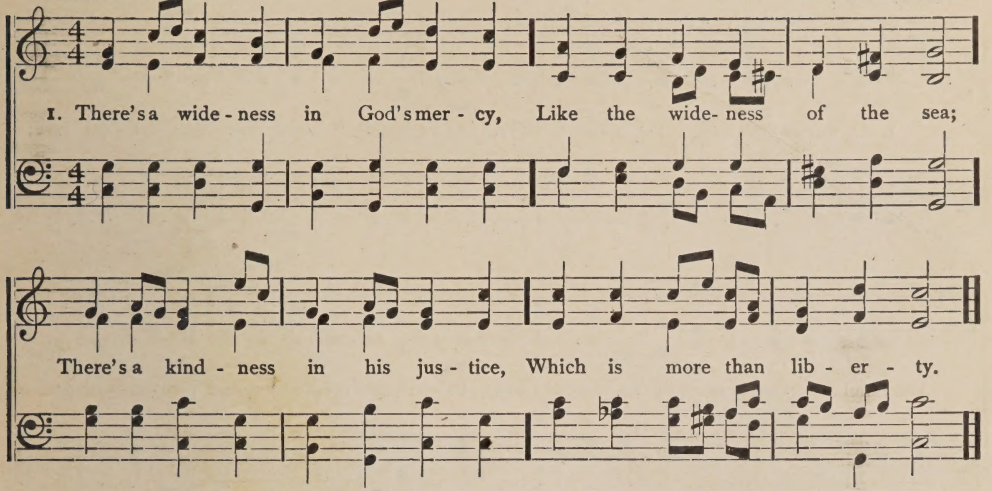
4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

54 WELLSLEY 8s. 7s.

FREDERICK W. FABER — LIZZIE J. TOURJEE

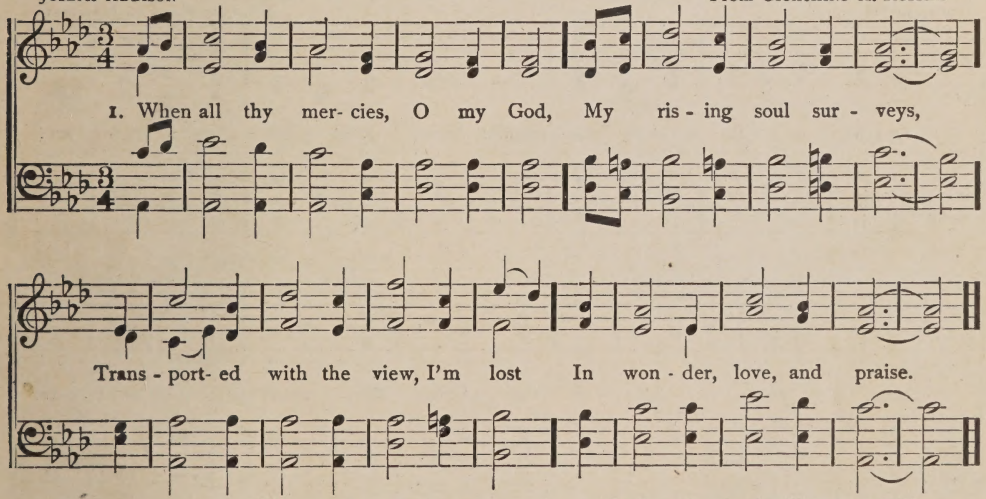


2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

55 MANOAH C. M.

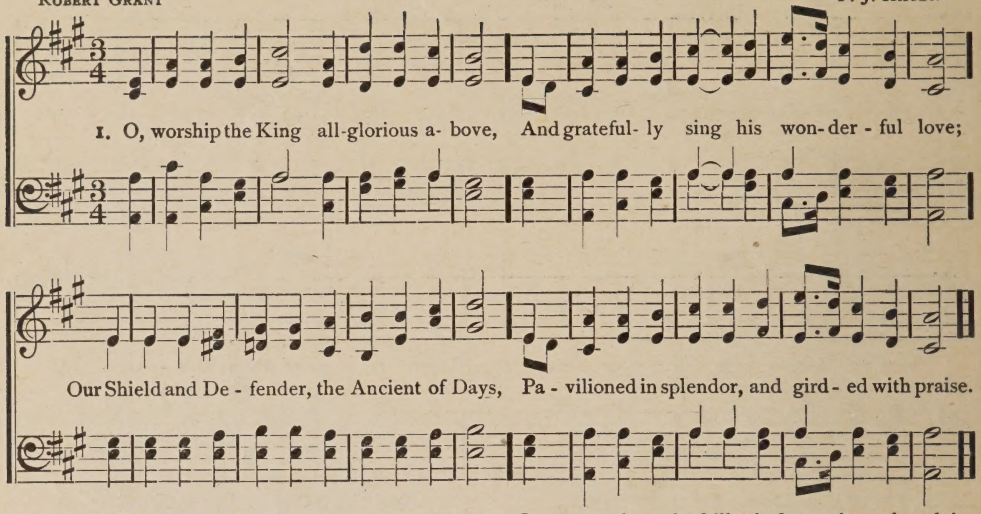
JOSEPH ADDISON — From GIOACHINO A. ROSSINI

2 O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But thou canst read it there.

3 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

4 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
For O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

56 LYONS 10. 10. 11. 11.

ROBERT GRANT — F. J. HAYDN

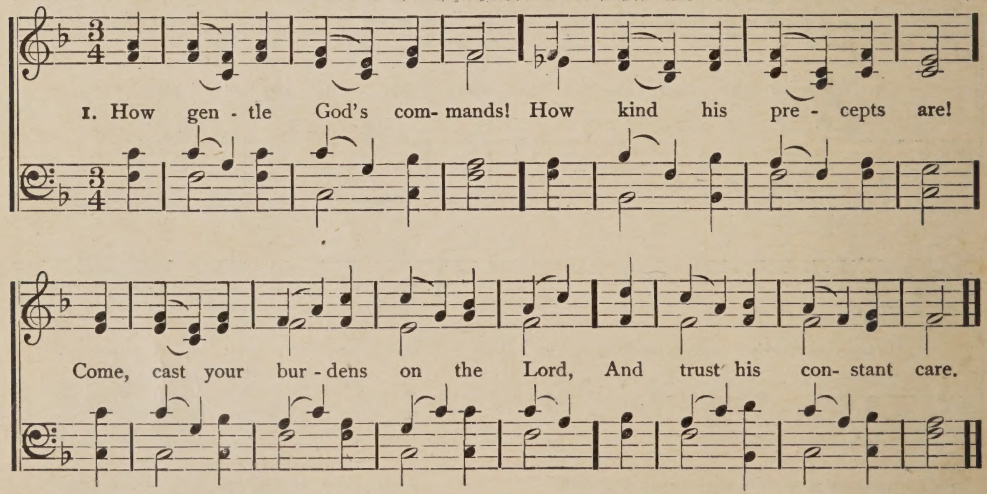

1. O, worship the King all-glorious a- bove, And grateful- ly sing his won- der - ful love;
Our Shield and De - fender, the Ancient of Days, Pa - vilioned in splendor, and gird - ed with praise.

2 O tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

57 DENNIS S. M.

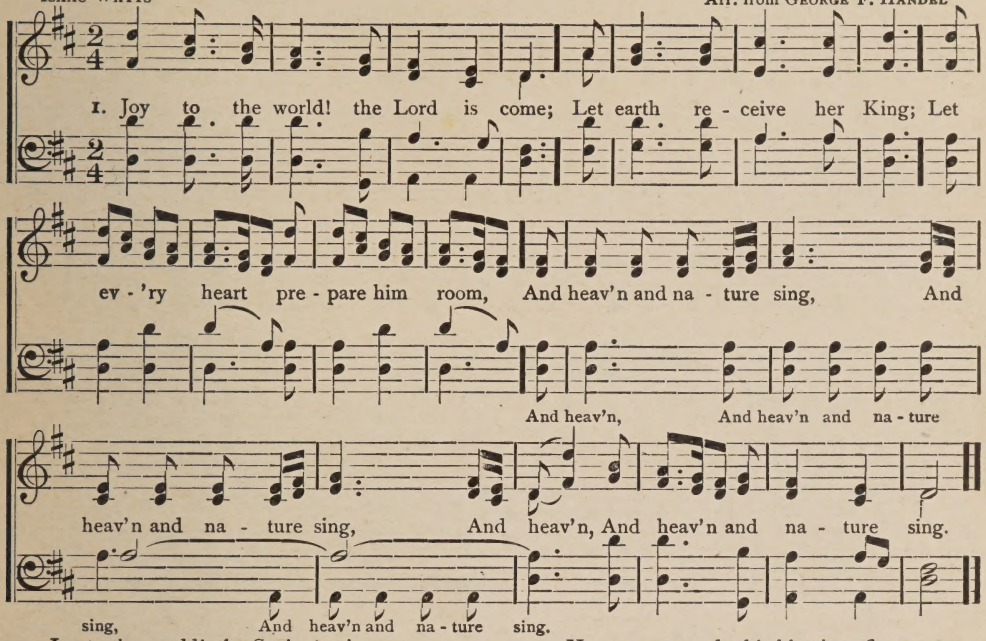
PHILIP DODDRIDGE — ARR. FROM HANS G. NAEGELI

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

58 ANTIOCH C. M.

ISAAC WATTS — Arr. from GEORGE F. HÄNDEL


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King; Let
ev - 'ry heart pre - pare him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
And heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture
heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

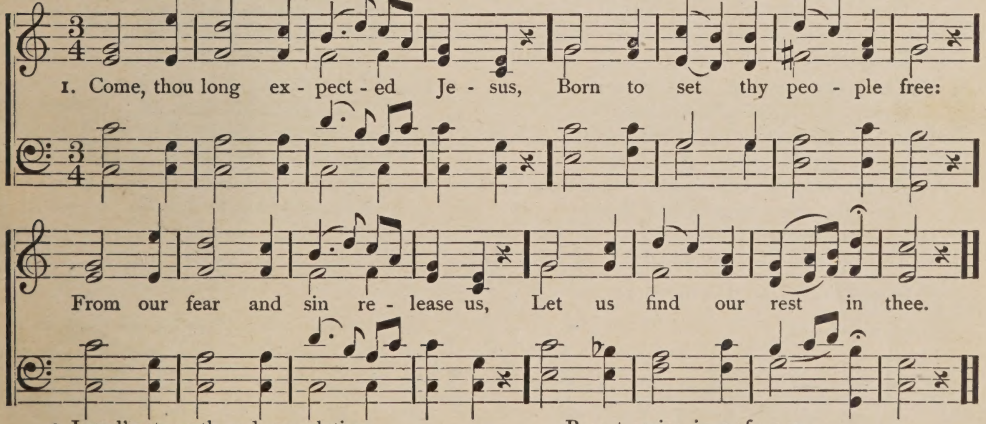
2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

59 WILSON 8s. 7s.

CHARLES WESLEY — From FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY



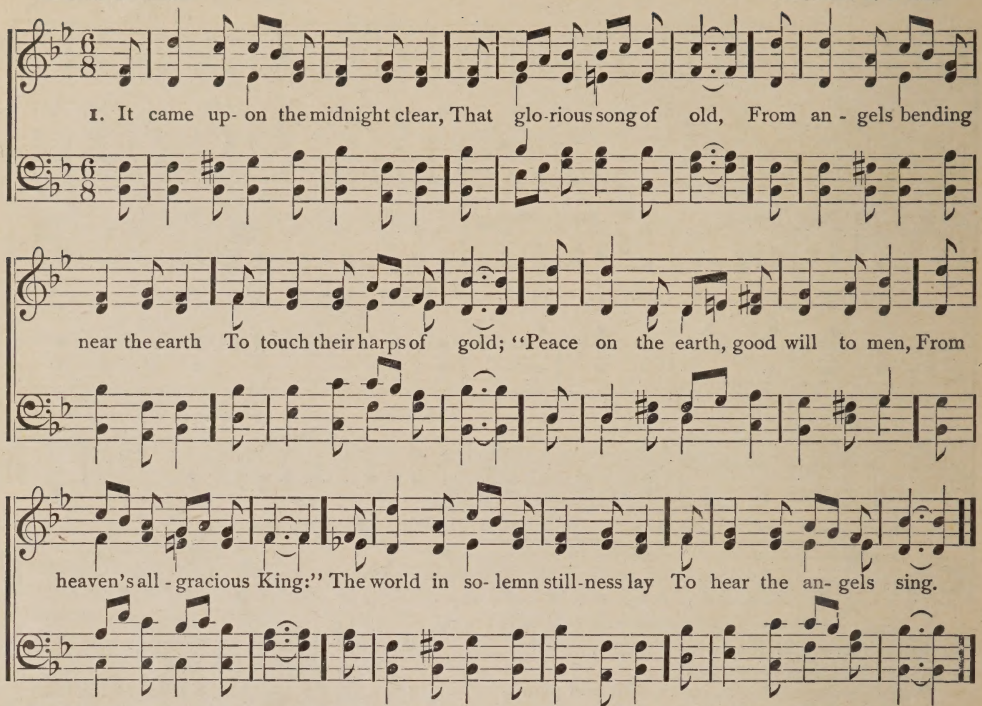
2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring,

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

60 CAROL C. M. D.

EDMUND H. SEARS — RICHARD S. WILLIS


1. It came up- on the midnight clear, That glo-rious song of old, From an - gels bending
near the earth To touch their harps of gold; "Peace on the earth, good will to men, From
heaven's all - gracious King:" The world in so- lemn still-ness lay To hear the an- gels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The Blessèd angels sing.

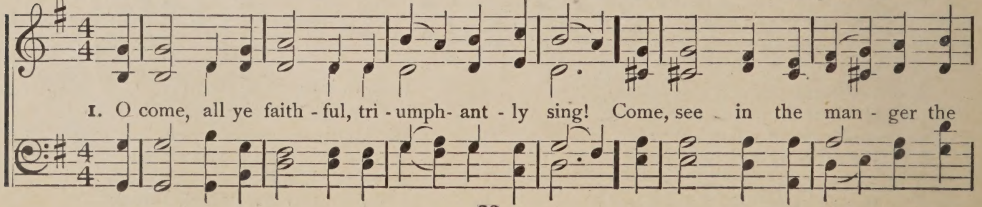
3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world hath suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

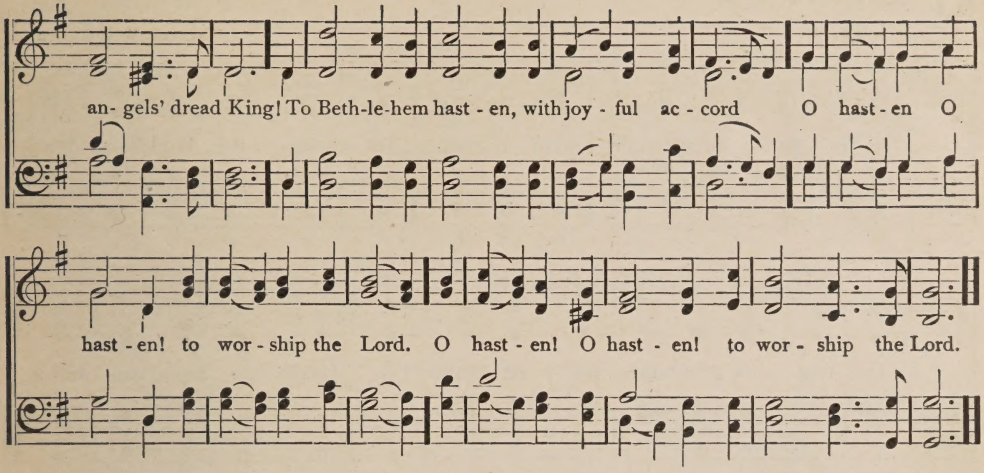
5 For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

61 PORTUGUESE HYMN 11s.

EDWARD CASWALL — Composer Unknown



The Son


an- gels' dread King! To Beth-le-hem hast - en, with joy - ful ac - cord O hast - en O
hast - en! to wor - ship the Lord. O hast - en! O hast - en! to wor - ship the Lord.

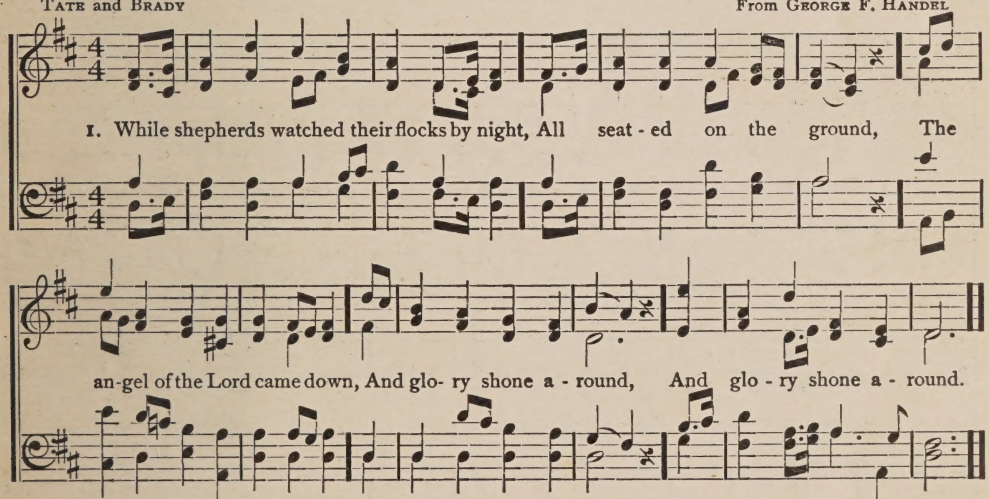
2 True Son of the Father, he comes from the skies;
The womb of the Virgin he doth not despise;
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord;
O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.

3 O hark to the angels, all singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest, all glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord,
O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.

4 To thee, then, O Jesus, this day of thy birth,
Be glory and honor through heaven and earth;
True Godhead Incarnate, Omnipotent Word!
O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.

62 CHRISTMAS C. M.

TATE and BRADY — From GEORGE F. HÄNDEL


1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The
an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo- ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.

2 "Fear not!" said he for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:"

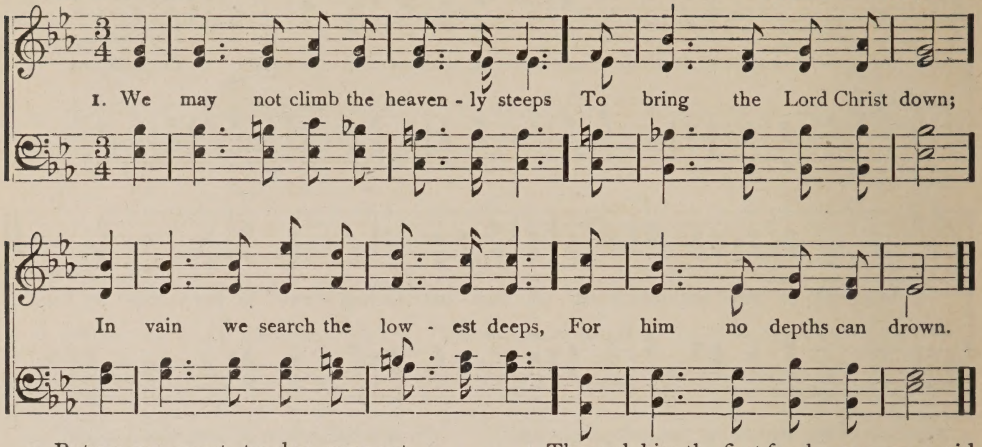
4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God on high,
Who thus addressed their song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease!"

63 SERENITY C. M.

JOHN G. WHITTIER — WILLIAM V. WALLACE


1. We may not climb the heaven - ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the low - est deeps, For him no depths can drown.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, ever yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

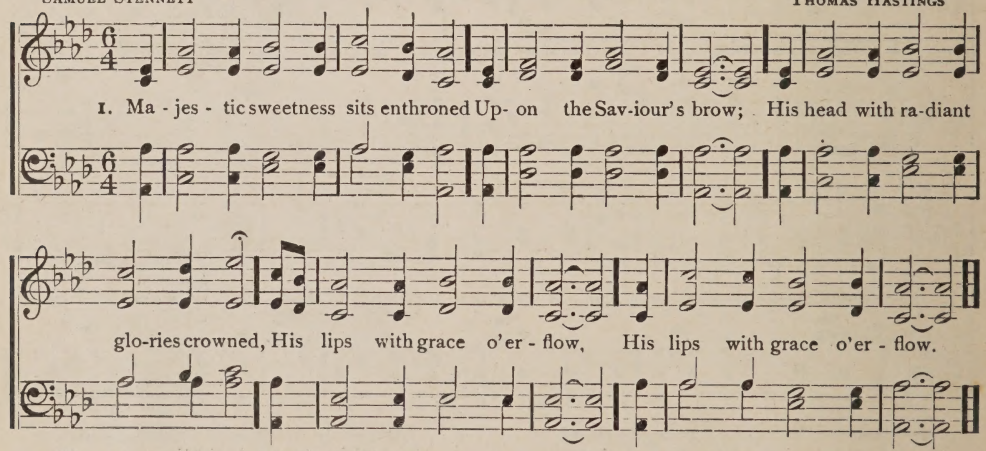
3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine!

64 ORTONVILLE C. M.

SAMUEL STENNETT — THOMAS HASTINGS


1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up- on the Sav-iour's brow; His head with ra-diant
glo-ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.

2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

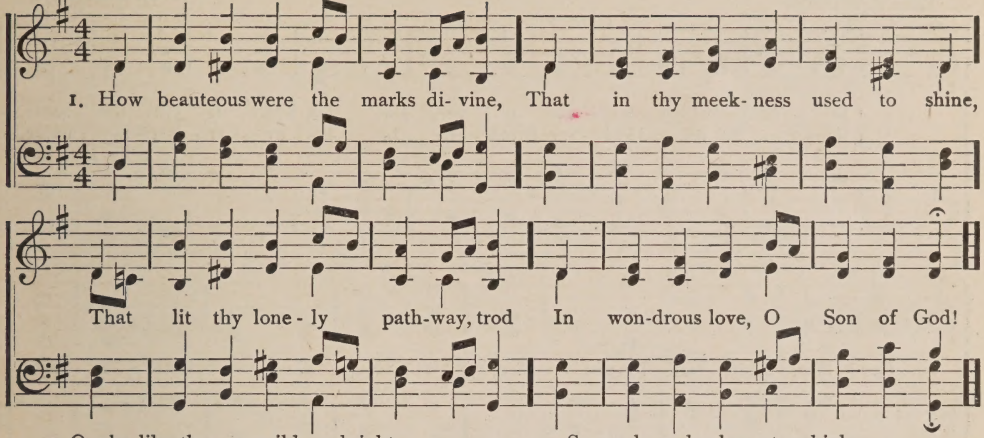
3 To him I own my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

4 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

5 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

65 CANONBURY L. M.

A. Cleveland Coxe — Robert Schumann


1. How beauteous were the marks di- vine, That in thy meek- ness used to shine,
That lit thy lone- ly path-way, trod In won-drous love, O Son of God!

2 O who like thee, so mild, so bright,
Thou Son of man, thou Light of Light?
O who like thee did ever go
So patient, through a world of woe?

3 O who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, so lowly, yet so high,
So glorious in humility?

4 O wondrous Lord, my soul would be
Still more and more conformed to thee,
And learn of thee, the lowly One,
And like thee, all my journey run.

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66 L. M.

1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern: make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name,
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts

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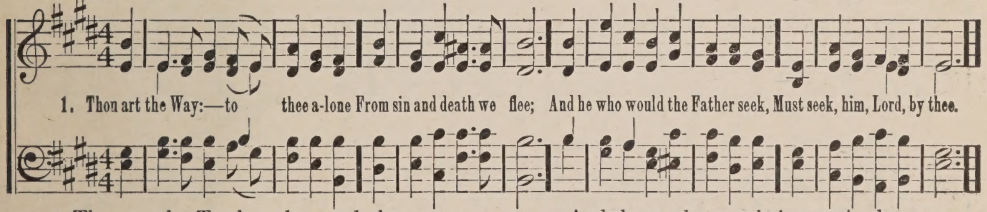
67 ST. BERNARD C. M.

George W. Doane — John Richardson



2 Thou art the Truth:—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life:—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

---

68 C. M.

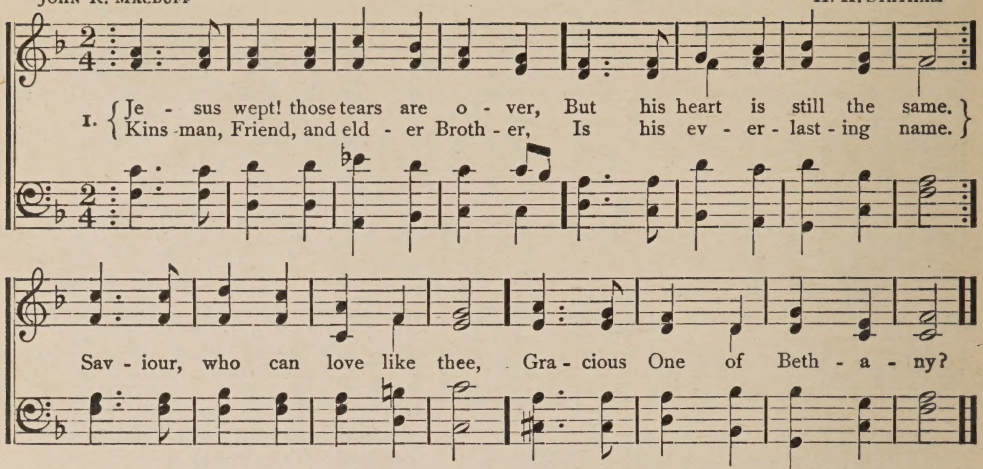
1 The chosen three, on mountain height,
While Jesus bowed in prayer,
Beheld his vesture glow with light,
His face shine wondrous fair.

2 And lo! with the transfigured Lord,
Leader and seer they saw;
With Carmel's hoary prophet stood
The giver of the law.

3 From the low-bending cloud above,
Whence radiant brightness shone,
Spake out the Father's voice of love,
"Hear my beloved Son!"

4 Lord, lead us to the mountain height;
To prayer's transfiguring glow;
And clothe us with the Spirit's might
For grander work below.

69 ST. JOSEPH 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

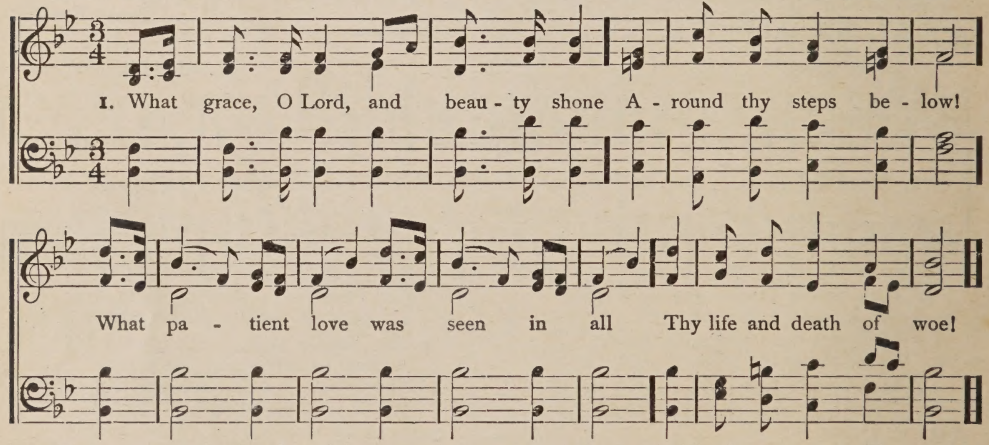
JOHN R. MACDUFF H. H. STATHAM

1. Je - sus wept! those tears are o - ver, But his heart is still the same.
Kins - man, Friend, and eld - er Broth - er, Is his ev - er - last - ing name.
Sav - iour, who can love like thee, Gra - cious One of Beth - a - ny?

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Refuge of the troubled soul.
Surely, none can feel like thee,
Weeping One of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tear;
Loving to retrace the story
Of the hearts he solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove,
Thou art all in all to me,
Loving One of Bethany.

70 DENNY C. M.

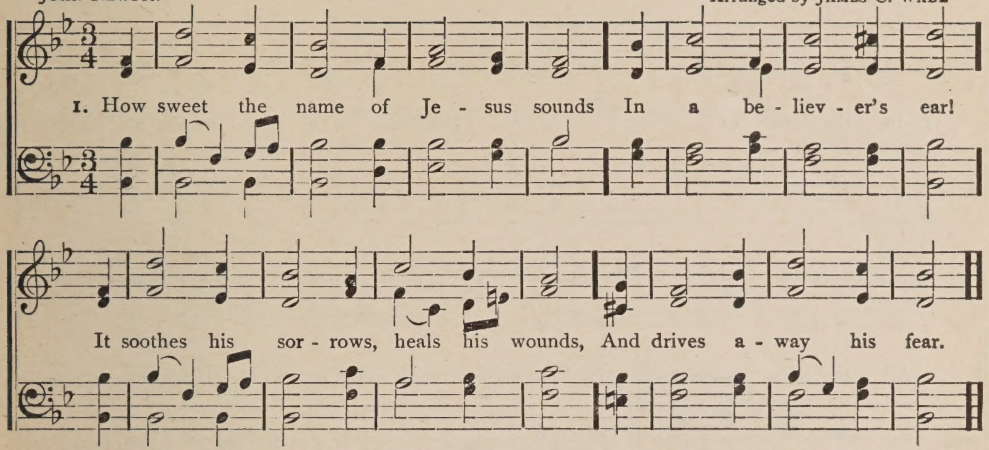
EDWARD DENNY LOWELL MASON

2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like thee,
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

71 HOLY CROSS C. M.

JOHN NEWTON — Arranged by JAMES C. WADE



2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

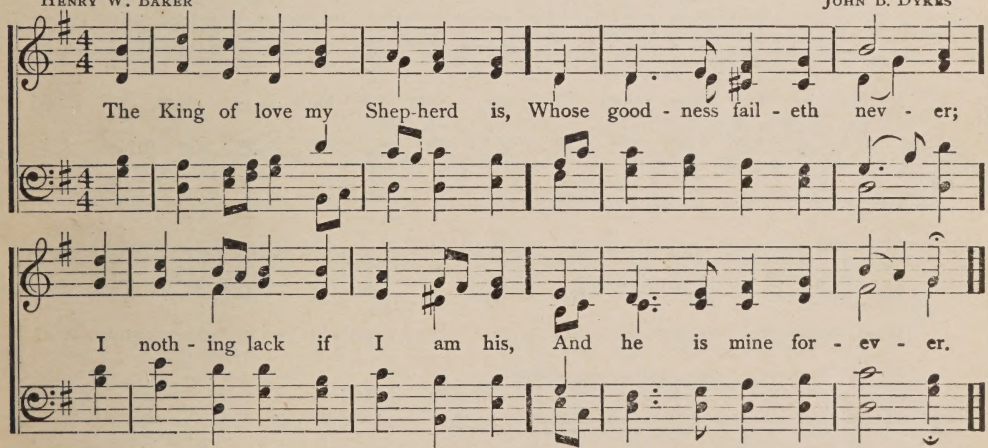
3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought,

5 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

72 DOMINUS REGIT ME 8s. 7s.

HENRY W. BAKER — JOHN B. DYKES



2 Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

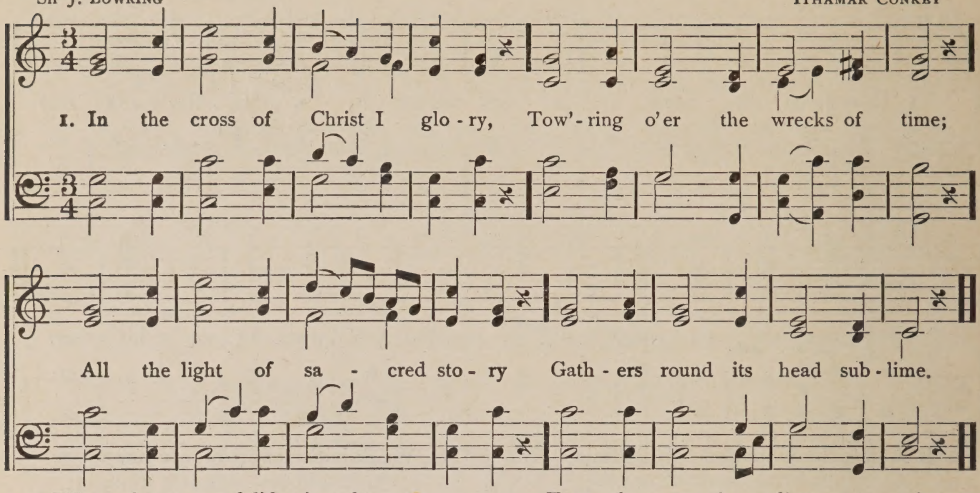
3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house forever.

73 RATHBUN 8s. 7s.

Sir J. Bowring — Ithamar Conkey


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'- ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.

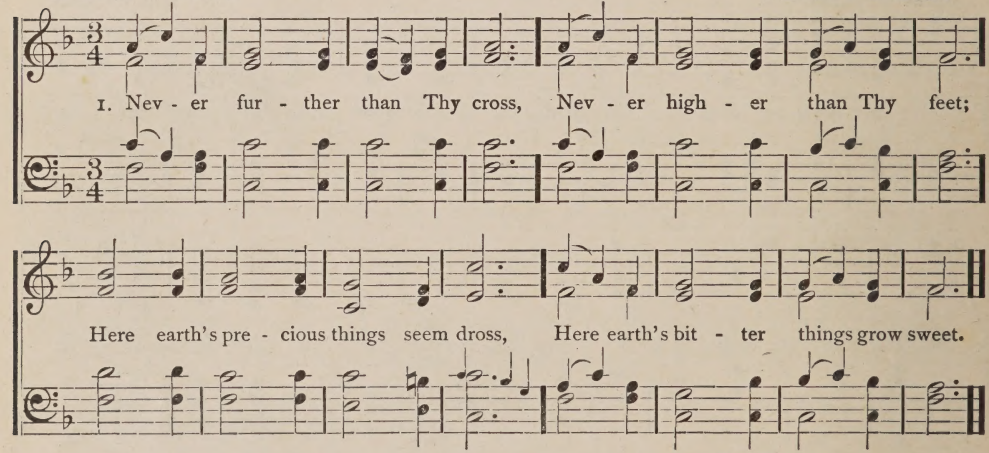
2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

74 ALETTA 7s.

Elizabeth R. Charles — William B. Bradbury


1. Nev - er fur - ther than Thy cross, Nev - er high - er than Thy feet;
Here earth's pre - cious things seem dross, Here earth's bit - ter things grow sweet.

2 Gazing thus our sin we see,
Learn thy love while gazing thus;
Sin, which laid the cross on thee,
Love, which bore the cross for us.

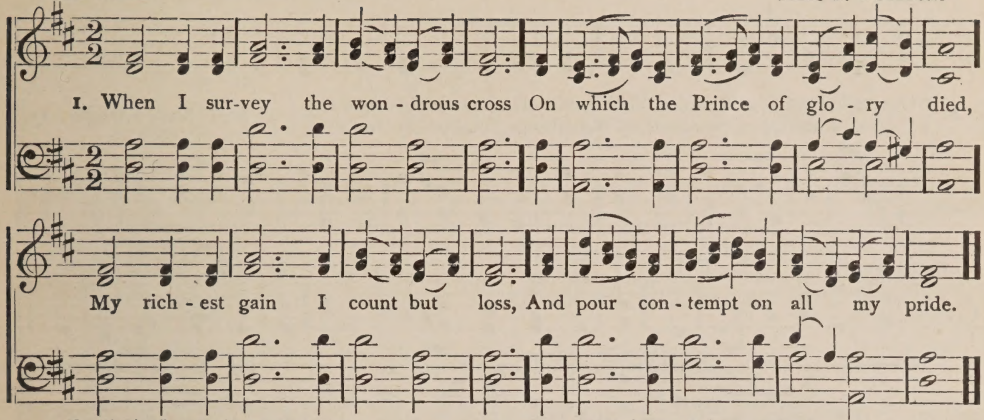
3 Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

4 Pressing onward as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend;
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspiring end;

5 Till amid the hosts of light,
We in thee redeemed, complete,
Through thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before thy feet.

75 EUCHARIST L. M.

ISAAC WATTS — ISAAC B. WOODBURY


1. When I sur-vey the won - drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

76 L. M.

1 Lord Jesus, when we stand afar
And gaze upon thy holy cross,
In love of thee and scorn of self,
O may we count the world as loss.

2 When we behold thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that thou hast trod
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

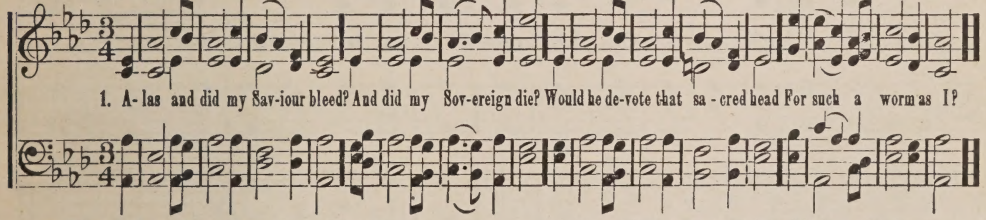
3 O holy Lord! uplifted high
With outstretched arms in mortal woe
Embracing in thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below!

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of thy death
Draw us and all men after thee!

WILLIAM W. HOW

77 COMMUNION C. M.

ISAAC WATTS — STEPHEN JENKS



2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

78 C. M.

1 Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend:
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

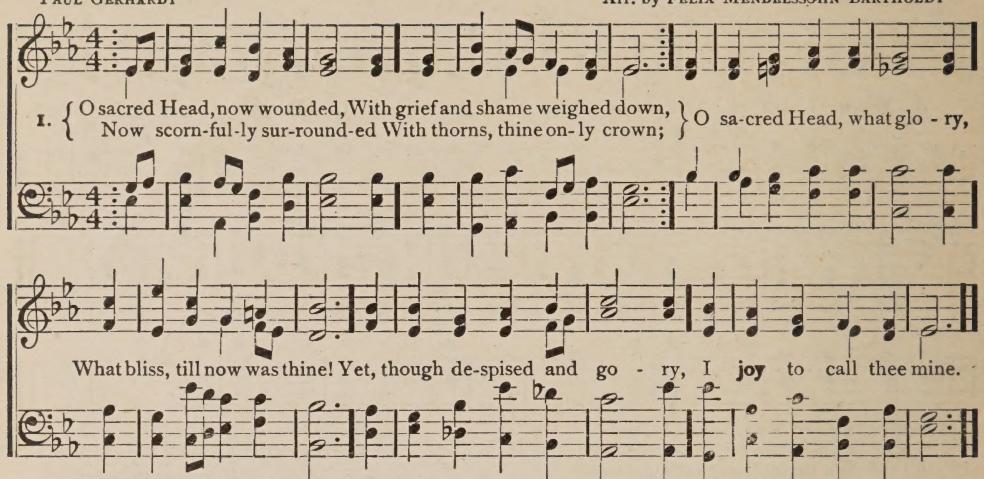
3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
"Receive my soul!" he cries;
See where he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

SAMUEL WESLEY

79 MUNICH 7s. 6s. D.

PAUL GERHARDT — Arr. by FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

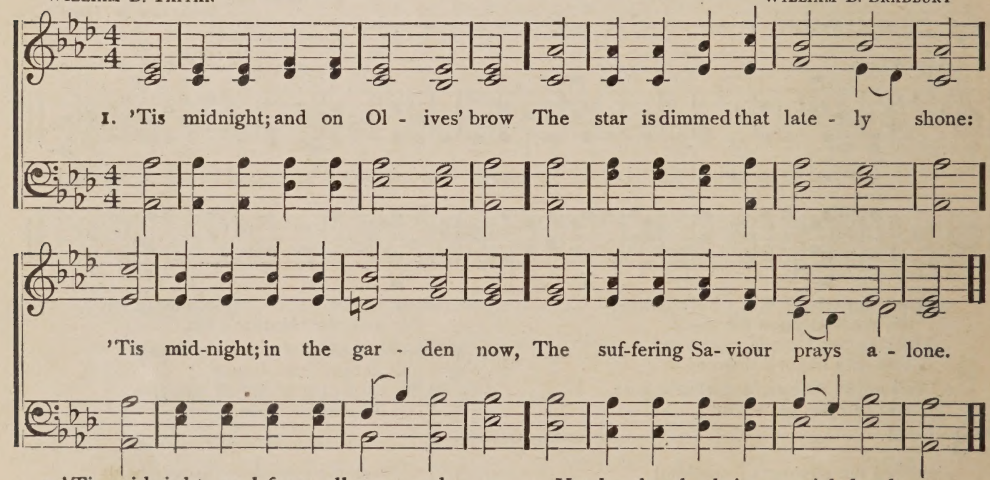

1. O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scorn-ful-ly sur-round-ed With thorns, thine on-ly crown;
O sa-cred Head, what glo - ry,
What bliss, till now was thine! Yet, though de-spised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.

2 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee.

3 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show thy cross to me;
And, for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through thy love.

80 OLIVES' BROW L. M.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY


1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ives' brow The star is dimmed that late - ly shone:
'Tis mid-night; in the gar - den now, The suf-fering Sa- viour prays a - lone.

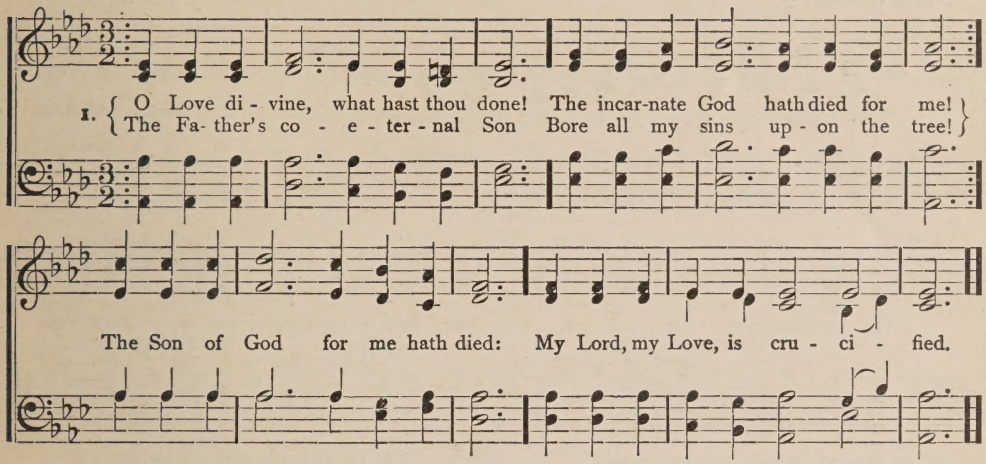
2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

81 SELENA L. M. 61.

CHARLES WESLEY — ISAAC B. WOODBURY


1. O Love di - vine, what hast thou done! The incar-nate God hath died for me!
The Fa- ther's co - e - ter - nal Son Bore all my sins up - on the tree!
The Son of God for me hath died: My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fied.

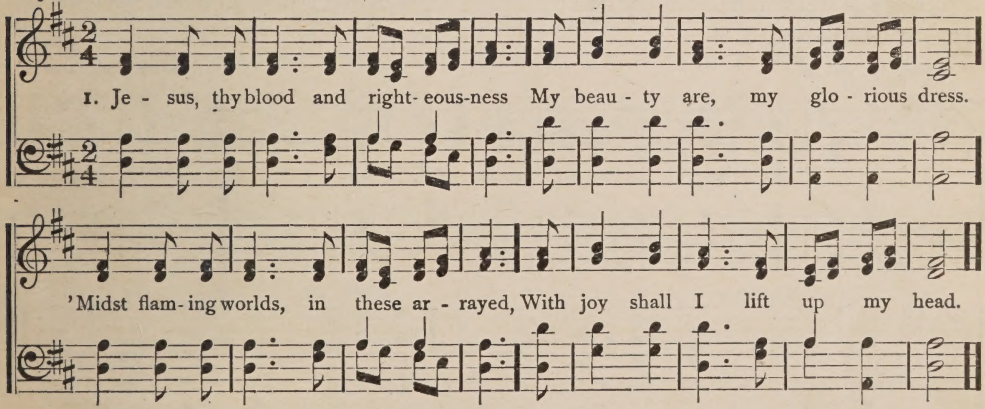
2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come, sinners, see your Saviour die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified:

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood:
Pardon for all flows from his side:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him:
Of nothing think or speak beside:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

82 MALVERN L. M.

JOHN WESLEY — LOWELL MASON


1. Je - sus, thy blood and right- eous-ness My beau - ty are, my glo - rious dress.
'Midst flam- ing worlds, in these ar - rayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

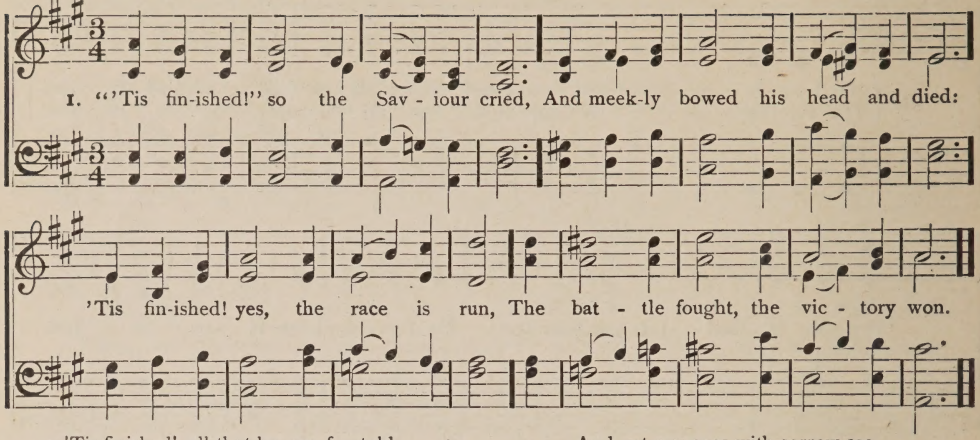
3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

83 WESTCOTT L. M.

SAMUEL STENNETT — JOSEPH BARNBY


1. "'Tis fin-ished!" so the Sav - iour cried, And meek-ly bowed his head and died:
'Tis fin-ished! yes, the race is run, The bat - tle fought, the vic - tory won.

2 'Tis finished! all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view,
That kings and prophets never knew.

3 'Tis finished! Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

4 'Tis finished! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finished! let the triumph rise
And swell the chorus of the skies!

84 L. M.

1 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

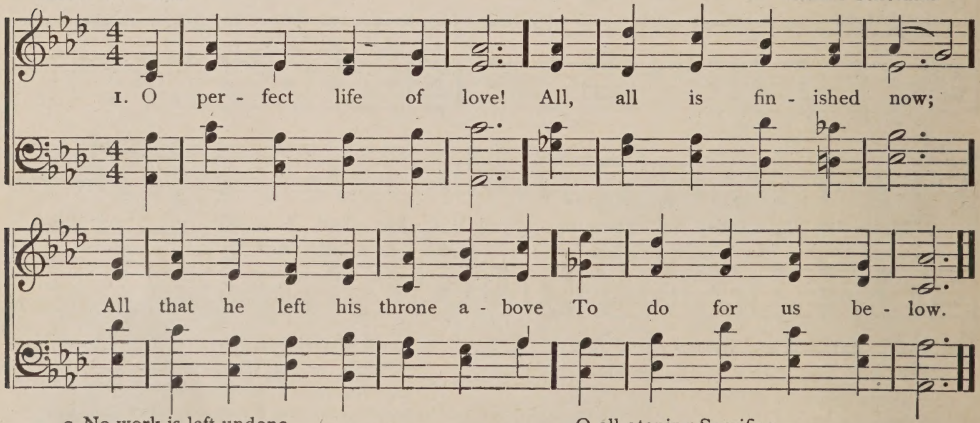
2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father, on his sapphire throne,
Expects his own anointed Son.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

85 SCHUMANN S. M.

HENRY W. BAKER — ROBERT SCHUMANN



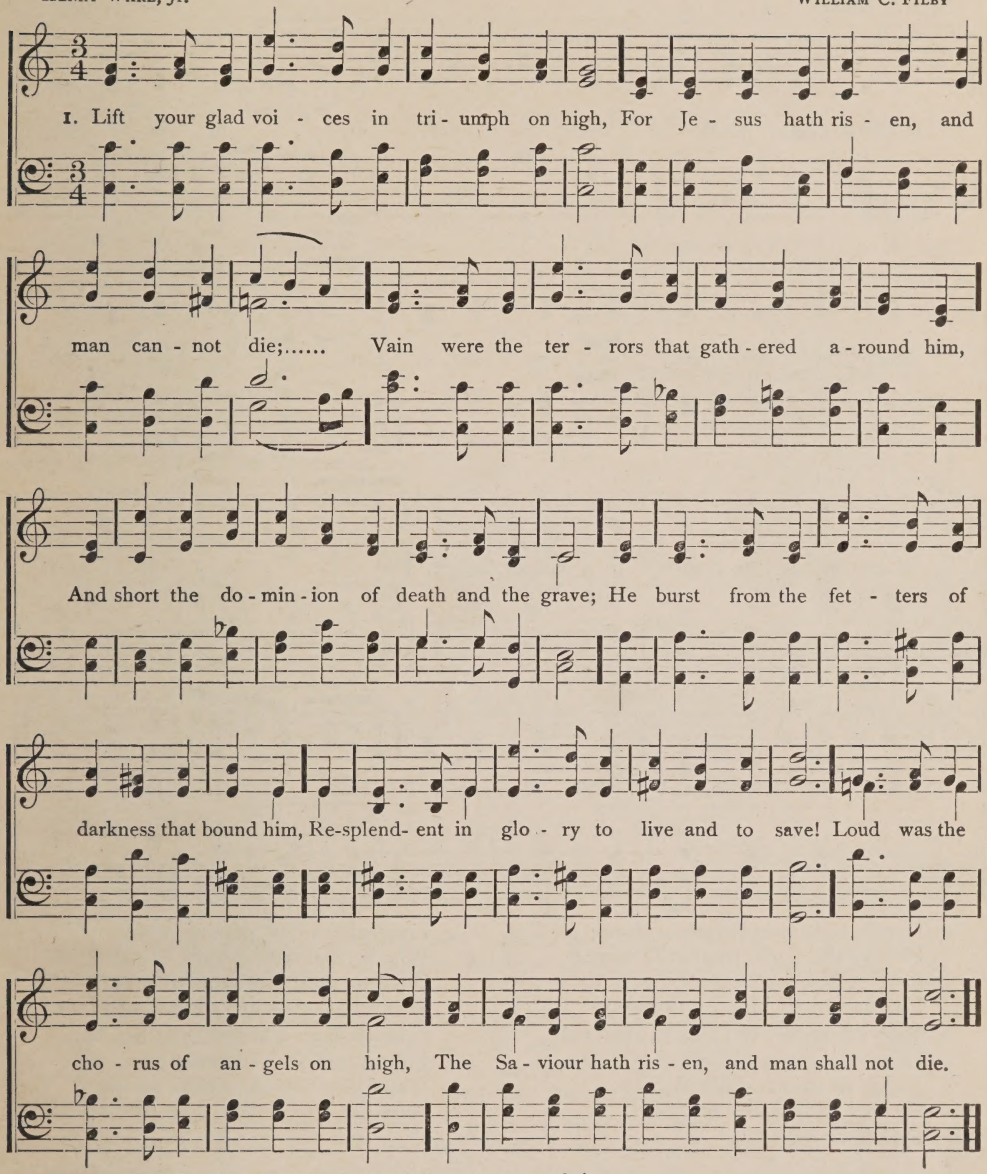
2 No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed;
His toil, his sorrows, one by one,
The Scripture have fulfilled.

3 In perfect love he died;
For me he dies, for me:
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to thee.

4 In every time of need,
Before the judgment throne,
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not my own.

86 EPIPHANY 10s. 11s. D. Irregular.

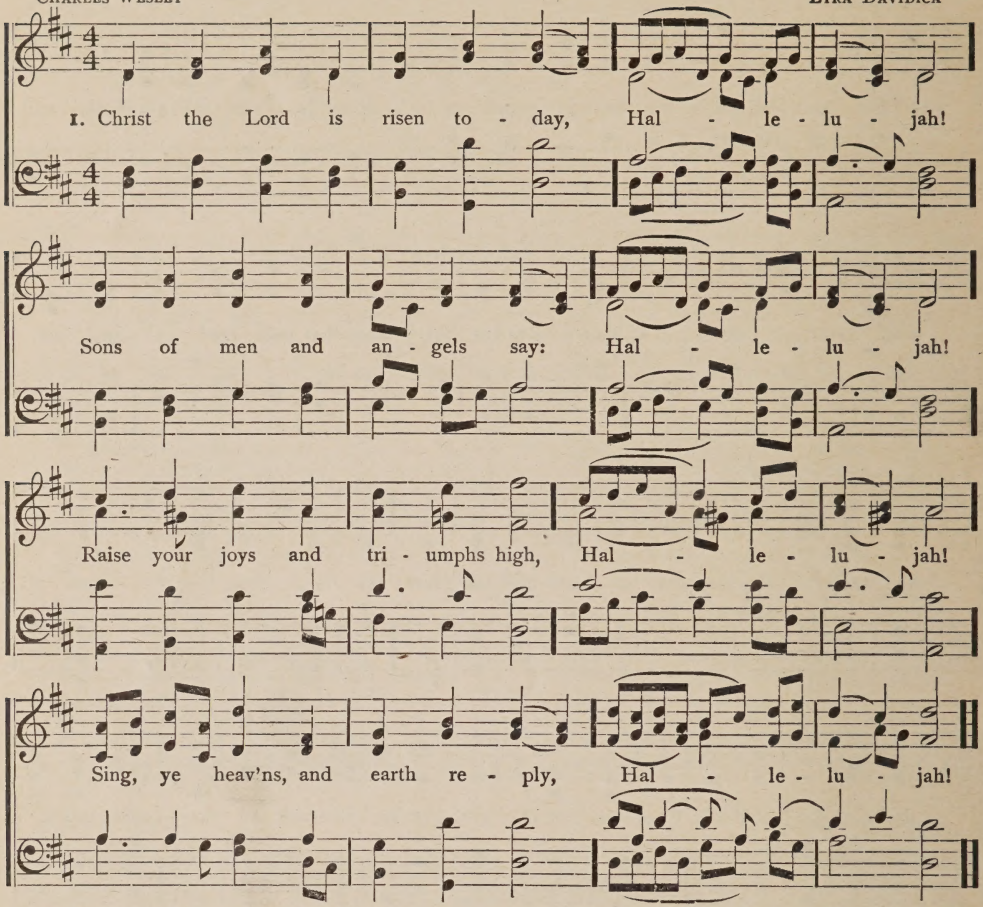
HENRY WARE, Jr. WILLIAM C. FILBY


1. Lift your glad voi - ces in tri - umph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and
man can - not die;..... Vain were the ter - rors that gath - ered a - round him,
And short the do - min - ion of death and the grave; He burst from the fet - ters of
darkness that bound him, Re-splend- ent in glo - ry to live and to save! Loud was the
cho - rus of an - gels on high, The Sa - viour hath ris - en, and man shall not die.

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
The being he gave us death cannot destroy:
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend:
Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

87 EASTER HYMN 7s. *With Hallelujah*

CHARLES WESLEY — LYRA DAVIDICA


1. Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Sons of men and an - gels say: Hal - le - lu - jah!
Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply, Hal - le - lu - jah!

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

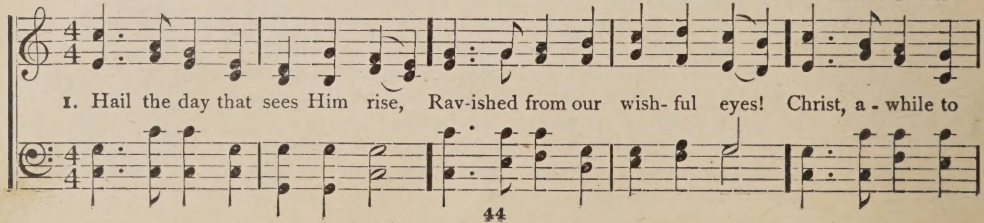
3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

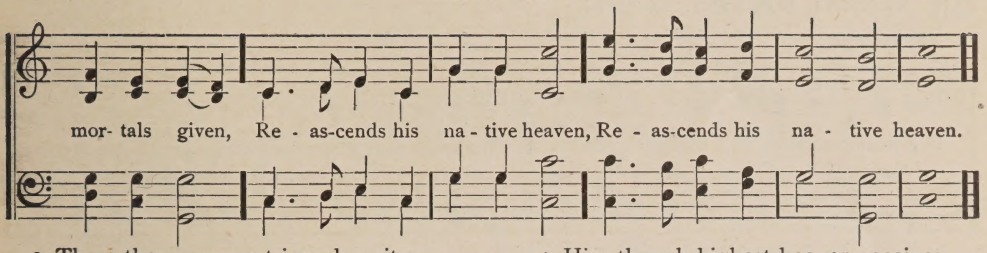
5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

88 ESSEX 7s.

CHARLES WESLEY — THOMAS CLARK



The Son



2 There the pompous triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of glory in!

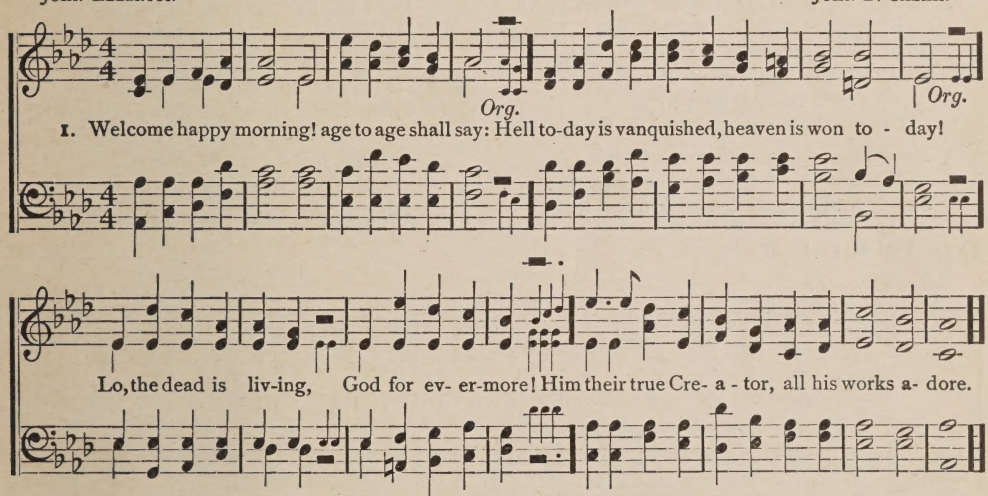
3 Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin,
Take the King of glory in!

4 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

5 Saviour, parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.

89 BAPTISTE 11s.

JOHN ELLERTON — JOHN B. CALKIN


Org.
Org.
1. Welcome happy morning! age to age shall say: Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to - day!
Lo, the dead is liv-ing, God for ev- er-more! Him their true Cre- a - tor, all his works a- dore.

2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King,
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak his sorrows ended, hail his triumph now.

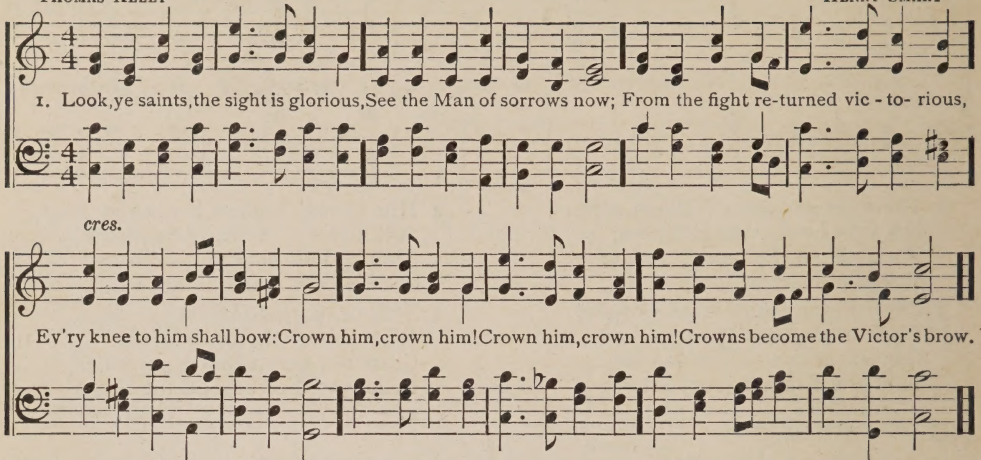
3 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou, from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.

4 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, true and faithful, now fulfill thy word,
'Tis thine own third morning, rise, O buried Lord!

5 Loose the souls long-prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight; day returns with thee!

90 REGENT SQUARE 8s. 7s. 61.

THOMAS KELLY — HENRY SMART


1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the Man of sorrows now; From the fight re-turned vic - to- rious,
cres.
Ev'ry knee to him shall bow: Crown him, crown him! Crown him, crown him! Crowns become the Victor's brow.

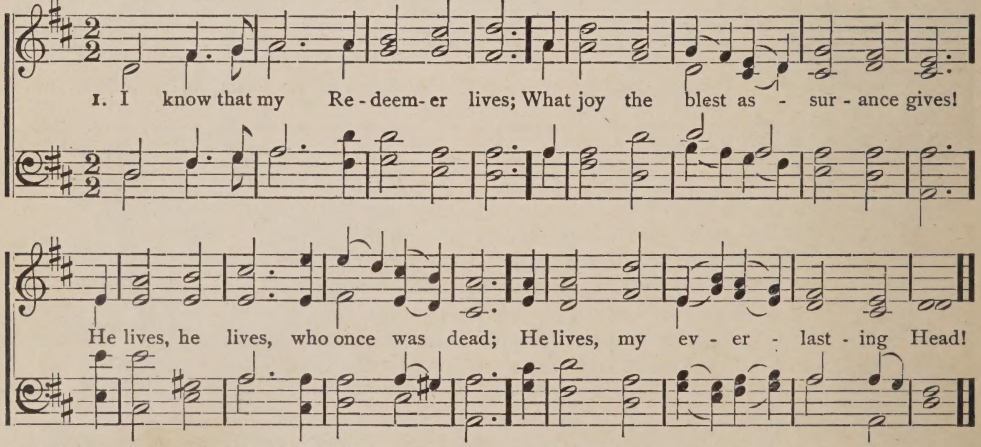
2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him:
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him, crown him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

91 TRURO L. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY — CHARLES BURNEY

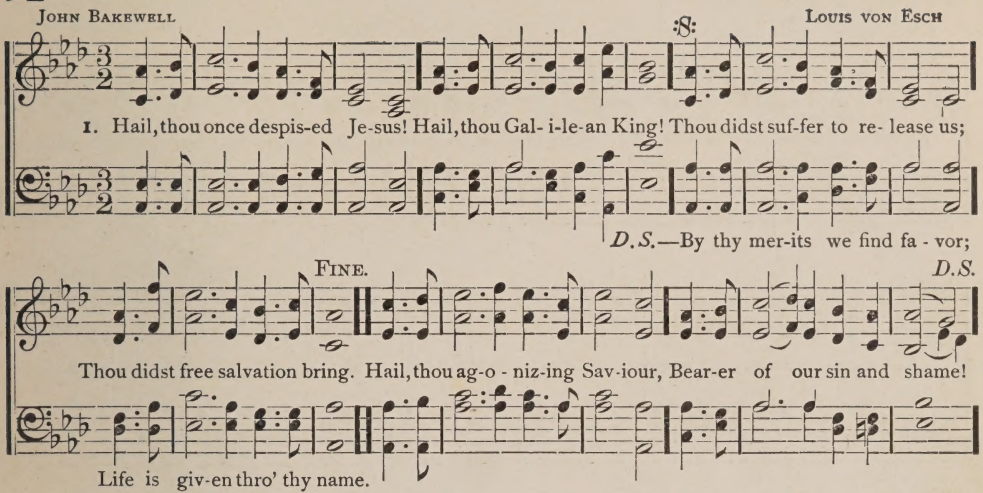

1. I know that my Re - deem- er lives; What joy the blest as - sur - ance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead; He lives, my ev - er - last - ing Head!

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to his name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

92 AUTUMN 8s. 7s. D.

JOHN BAKEWELL — LOUIS VON ESCH

1. Hail, thou once despis-ed Je-sus! Hail, thou Gal- i-le-an King! Thou didst suf-fer to re- lease us;
D.S.—By thy mer-its we find fa - vor;
FINE.
D.S.
Thou didst free salvation bring. Hail, thou ag-o - niz-ing Sav-iour, Bear-er of our sin and shame!
Life is giv-en thro' thy name.

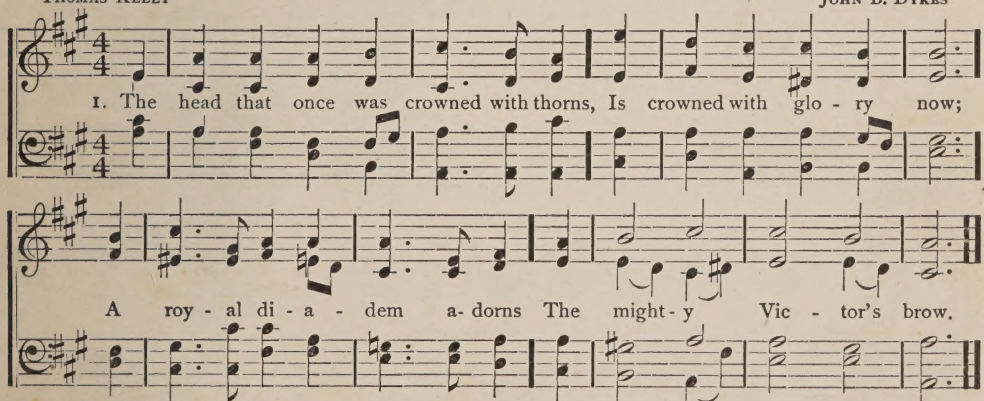
2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

93 LAUD C. M.

THOMAS KELLY — JOHN B. DYKES



2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is his, is his by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light:

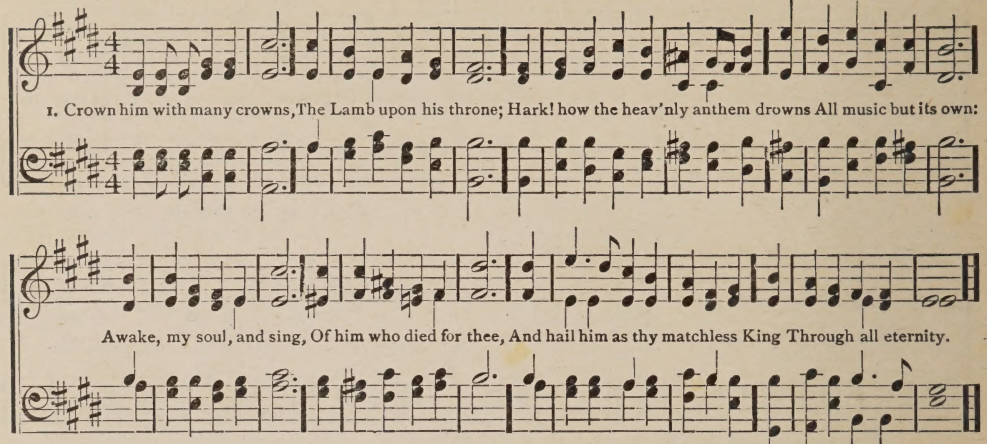
3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their everlasting joy to know
The mystery of his love.

94 DIADEMATA S. M. D.

MATTHEW BRIDGES — GEORGE J. ELVEY

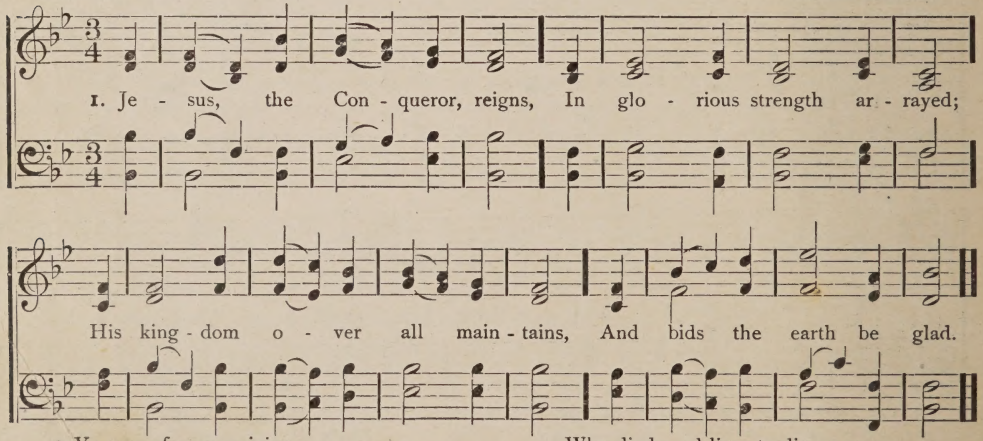

1. Crown him with many crowns, The Lamb upon his throne; Hark! how the heav'nly anthem drowns All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing, Of him who died for thee, And hail him as thy matchless King Through all eternity.

2 Crown him the Lord of love;
Behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eyes
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a scepter sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round his pierced feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!
All hail! Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

95 FERGUSON S. M.

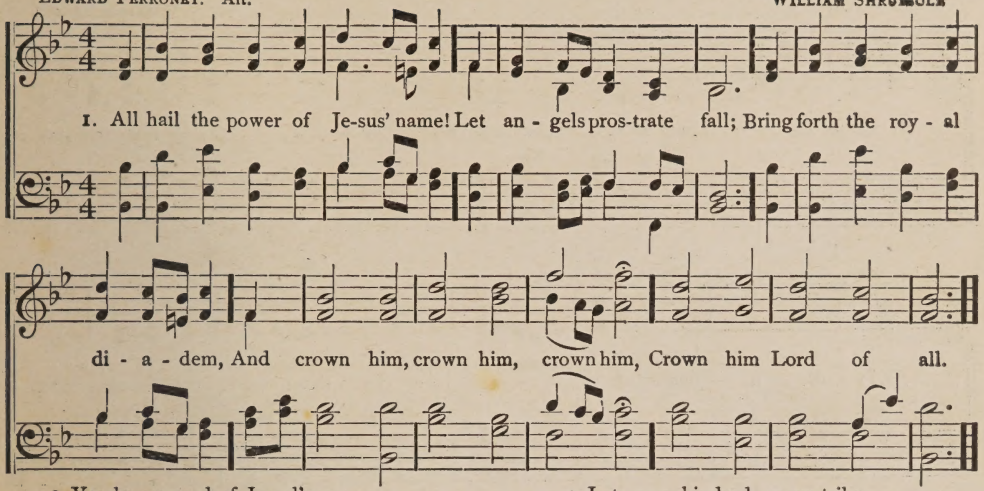
CHARLES WESLEY — GEORGE KINGSLEY

2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

3 Extol his kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne:

4 Our advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his cross.

96 MILES' LANE C. M.

EDWARD PERRONET. Alt. WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE


1. All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

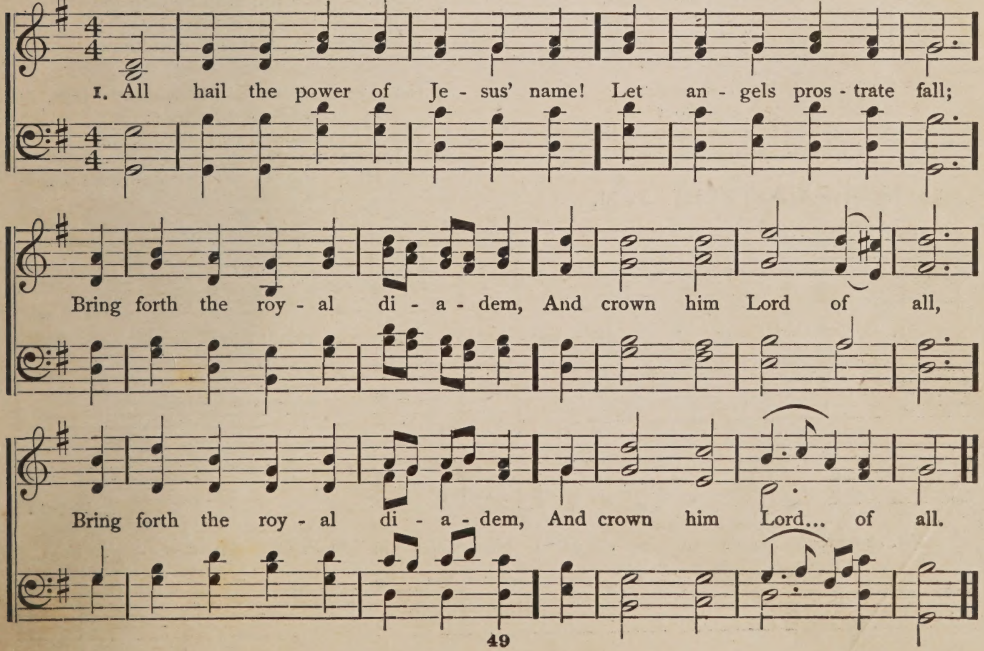
3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

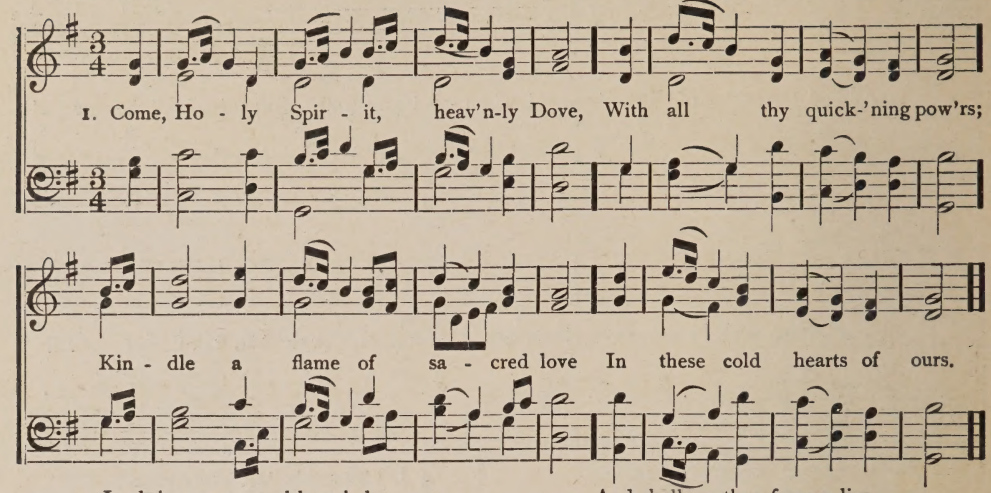
5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

97 CORONATION C. M. (*Second Tune*)

OLIVER HOLDEN


1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord... of all.

98 ST. MARTIN'S C. M.

ISAAC WATTS — WILLIAM TANSUR

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 And shall we then forever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

99 C. M.

1 Spirit Divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

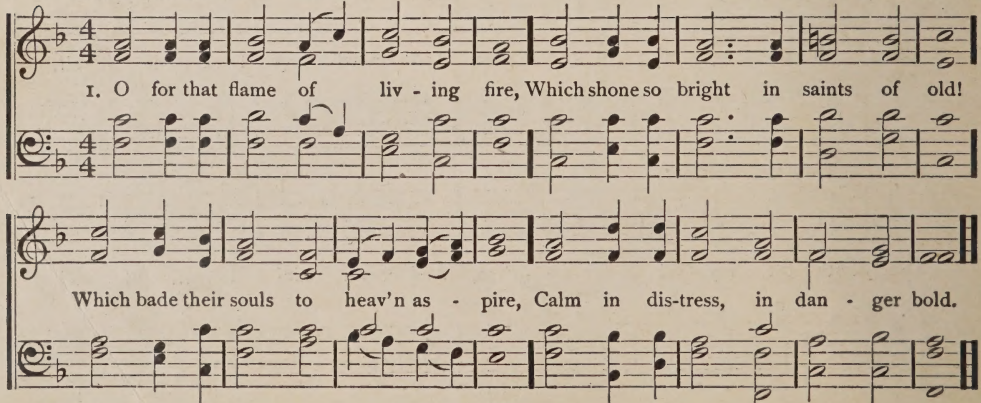
3 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

4 Come as the dove, and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let thy church on earth become
Blest as thy church above.

ANDREW REED

100 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST — HENRY K. OLIVER


1. O for that flame of liv - ing fire, Which shone so bright in saints of old!
Which bade their souls to heav'n as - pire, Calm in dis-tress, in dan - ger bold.

The Holy Spirit

2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abraham's breast, and sealed him thine?
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine?
3 Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power;
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?
4 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew thy work; thy grace restore;
Warm our cold hearts to prayer and praise,
And teach us how to love thee more.

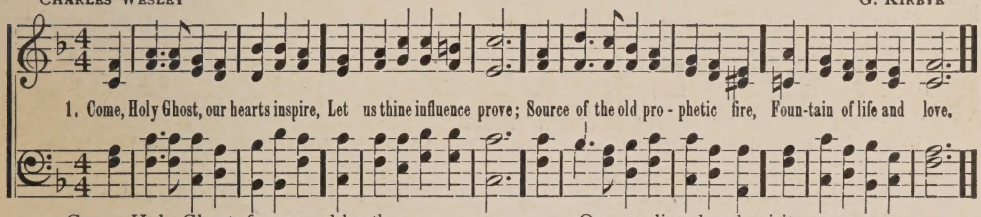
101 L. M.

1 O Spirit of the living God,
In all thy plentitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion—order, in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

102 WINCHESTER OLD C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY — G. KIRBYE


1. Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire, Let us thine influence prove; Source of the old pro - phetic fire, Foun-tain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.
3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.
4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

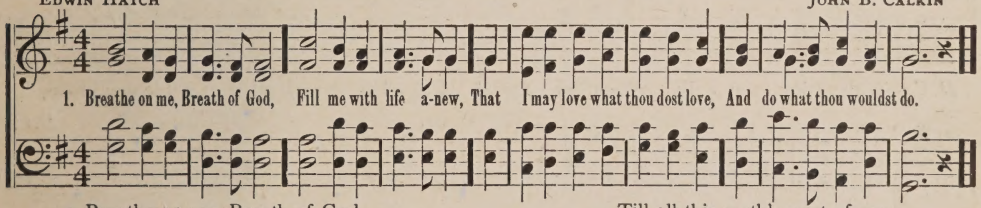
103 C. M.

1 I worship thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee;
My risen Lord for aye were lost
But for thy company.
2 I worship thee, O holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee;
Thy patient love, at what a cost
At last it conquered me!
3 I worship thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee;
With thee each day is Pentecost,
Each night Nativity.

W. F. WARREN

104 PURLEIGH S. M.

EDWIN HATCH — JOHN B. CALKIN



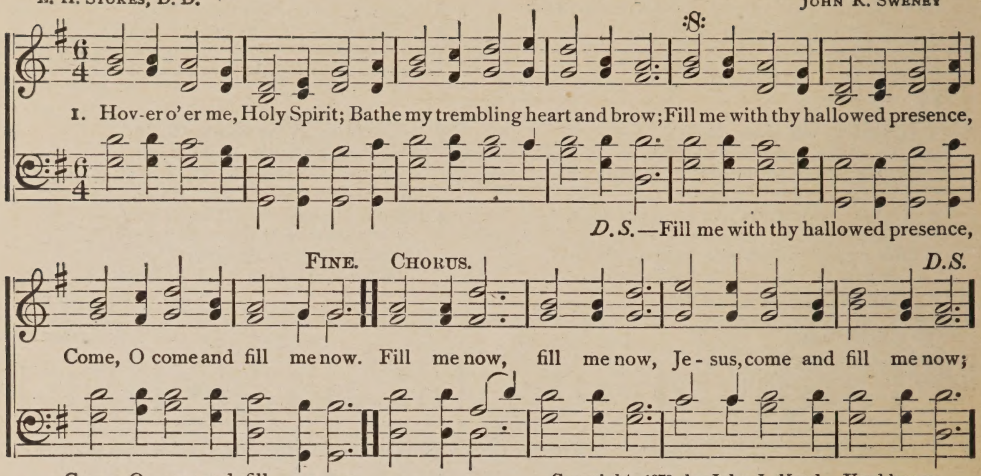
2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.
3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with thy fire divine.
4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with thee the perfect life
Of thine eternity.

105 S. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.
2 From the celestial hills
Light, life, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly, feel
Thy quickening influence.
3 O melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.
4 The profit will be mine,
But thine shall be the praise;
Cheerful to thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME

106 FILL ME NOW 8s. 7s.

E. H. Stokes, D. D. — John R. Sweney

1. Hov-er o'er me, Holy Spirit; Bathe my trembling heart and brow; Fill me with thy hallowed presence,
D.S.—Fill me with thy hallowed presence,
Fine. Chorus. D.S.
Come, O come and fill me now. Fill me now, fill me now, Je-sus, come and fill me now;
Come, O come and fill me now.

Copyright, 1879, by John J. Hood. Used by per.

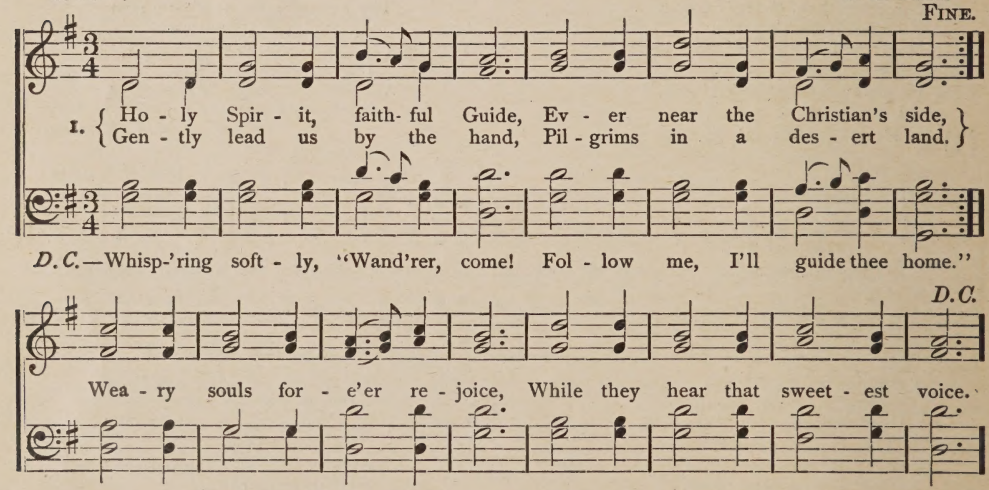
2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell thee how;
But I need thee, greatly need thee;
Come, O come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me now.

4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

107 HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE

M. M. W. — M. M. Wells

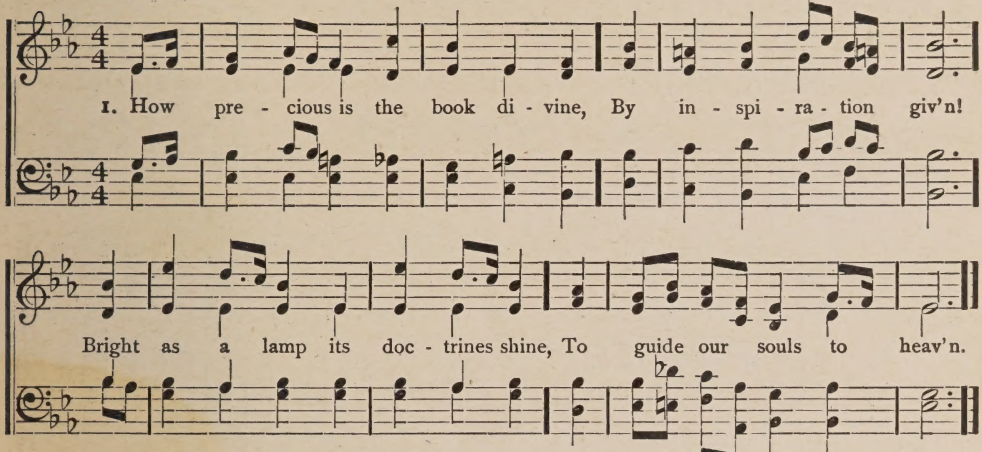

Fine.
1. Ho-ly Spir-it, faith-ful Guide, Ev-er near the Christian's side,
Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des-ert land.
D.C.—Whisp-'ring soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home."
D.C.
Wea-ry souls for-e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice.

2 Ever-present, truest Friend,
Ever near, thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

108 BURLINGTON C. M.

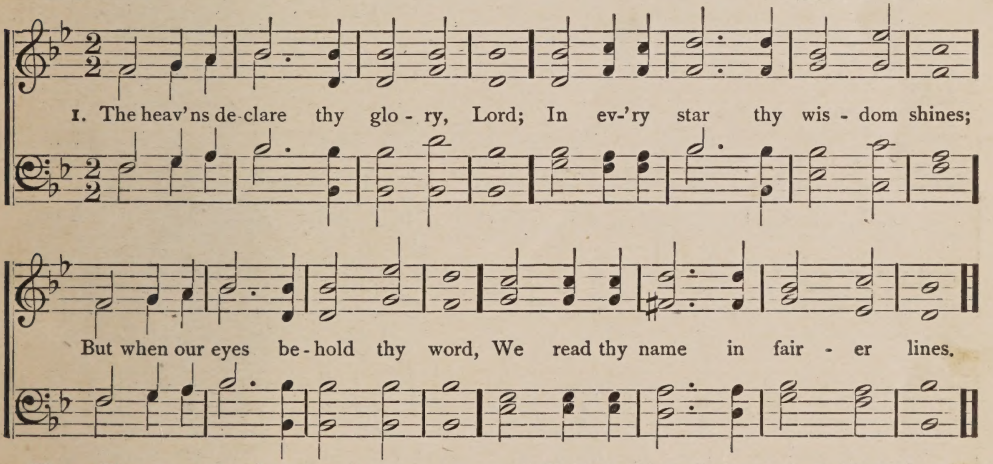
JOHN FAWCETT — JOHN F. BURROWES



2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

109 GILEAD L. M.

ISAAC WATTS — ETIENNE H. MEHUL

1. The heav'ns de-clare thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev-'ry star thy wis - dom shines;
But when our eyes be-hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

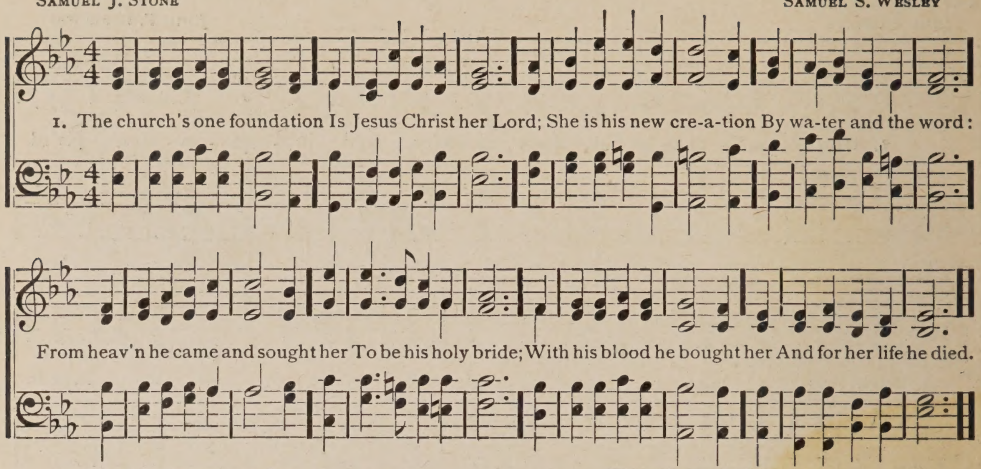
4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

110 AURELIA 7s. 6s. D.

SAMUEL J. STONE — SAMUEL S. WESLEY


1. The church's one foundation Is Jesus Christ her Lord; She is his new cre-a-tion By wa-ter and the word:
From heav'n he came and sought her To be his holy bride; With his blood he bought her And for her life he died.

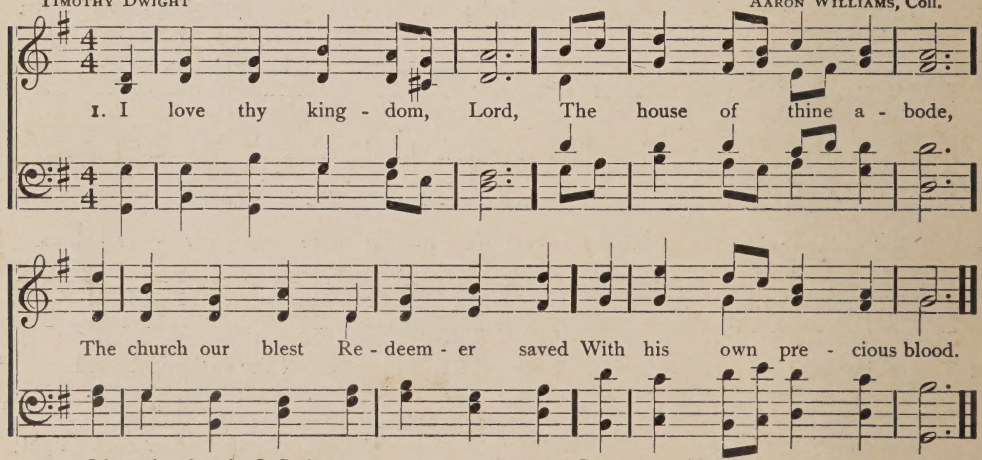
2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious,
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious
Shall be the church at rest.

4 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee.

111 ST. THOMAS S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT — AARON WILLIAMS, Coll.



2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

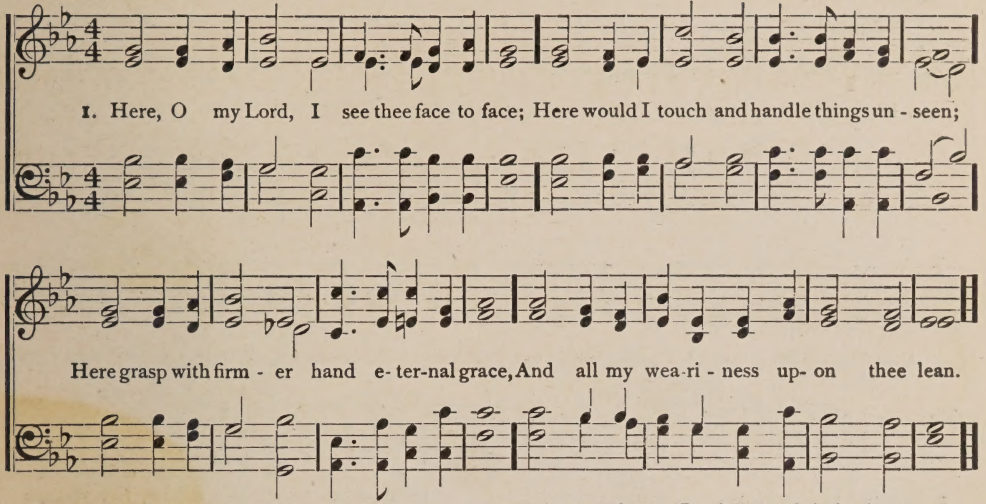
3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given;
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

112 PENITENTIA 10s.

HORATIUS BONAR — EDWARD DEARLE


1. Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face; Here would I touch and handle things un - seen;
Here grasp with firm - er hand e - ter-nal grace, And all my wea-ri - ness up- on thee lean.

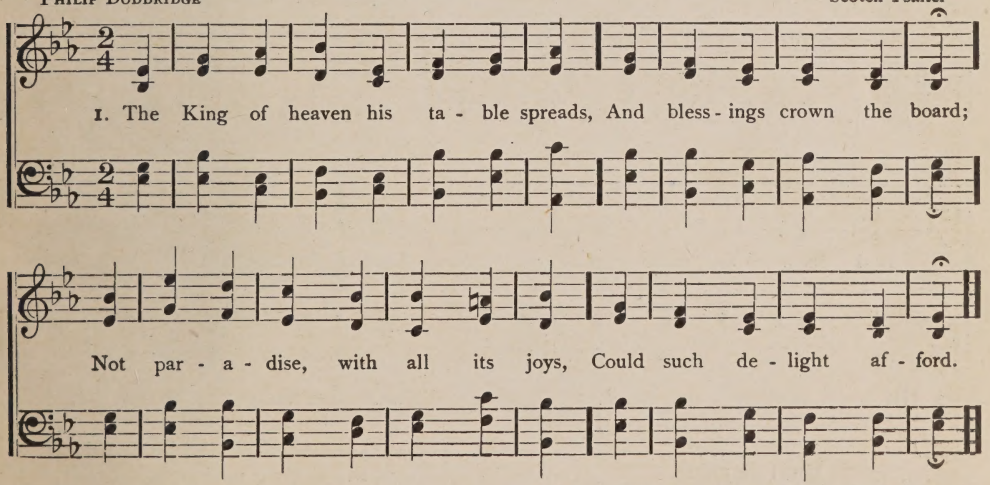
2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 I have no help but thine, nor do I need
Another arm save thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed:
My strength is in thy might,—thy might alone.

4 Feast after feast thus comes, and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

113 DUNDEE C. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — Scotch Psalter


1. The King of heaven his ta - ble spreads, And bless - ings crown the board;
Not par - a - dise, with all its joys, Could such de - light af - ford.

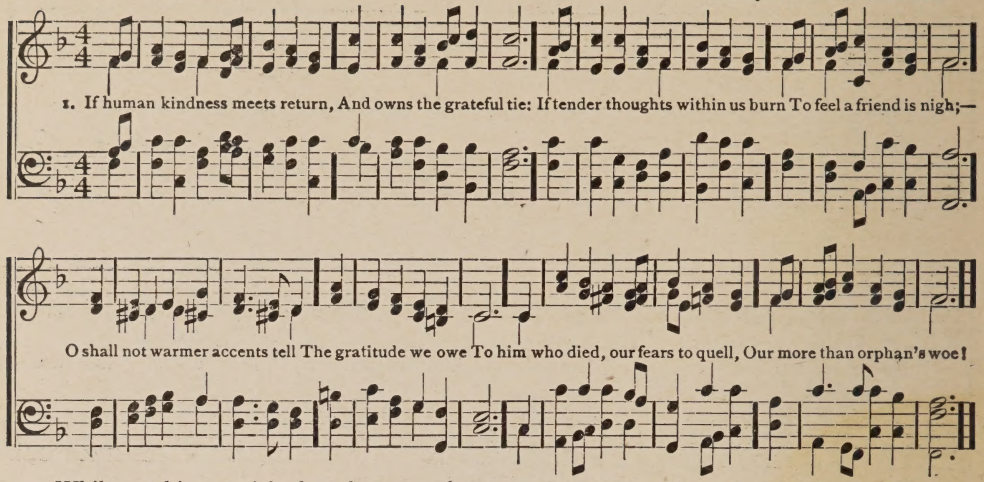
2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

114 GERARD C. M. D.

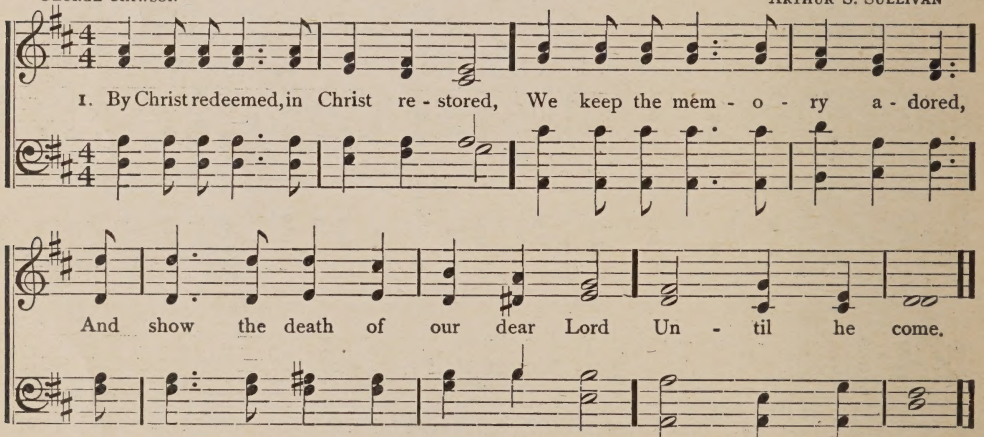
GERARD T. NOEL — Arr. by ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN


1. If human kindness meets return, And owns the grateful tie: If tender thoughts within us burn To feel a friend is nigh;—
O shall not warmer accents tell The gratitude we owe To him who died, our fears to quell, Our more than orphan's woe!

2 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed,—
"Meet and remember me!"
Remember thee! thy death, thy shame
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there!

115 HANFORD 8. 8. 8. 4.

GEORGE RAWSON — ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN



2 His body, broken in our stead,
Is here, in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed
Until he come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
His lifeblood shed for us we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until he come.

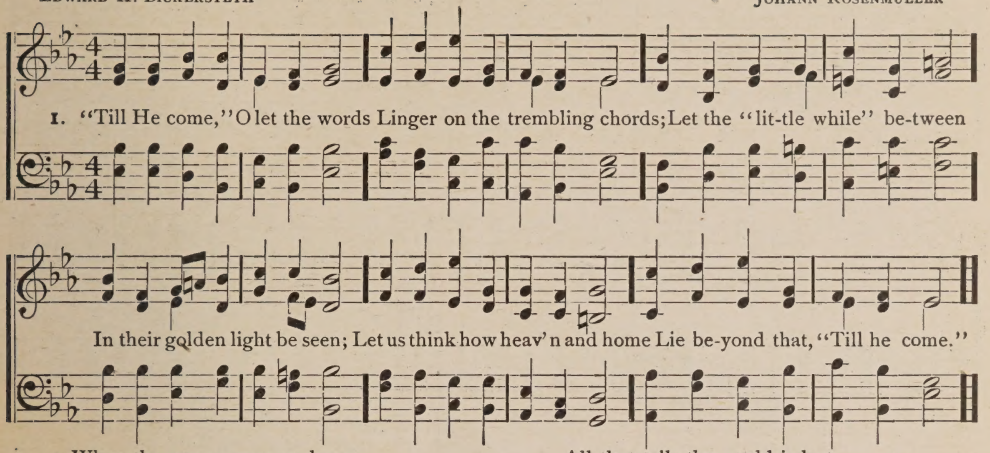
4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last advent we unite—
The shame, the glory, by this rite,
Until he come.

5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word
The Lord shall come.

6 O blessed hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But strong in faith, in patience wait
Until he come!

116 NASSAU 7s. 6l.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH — JOHANN ROSENMÜLLER

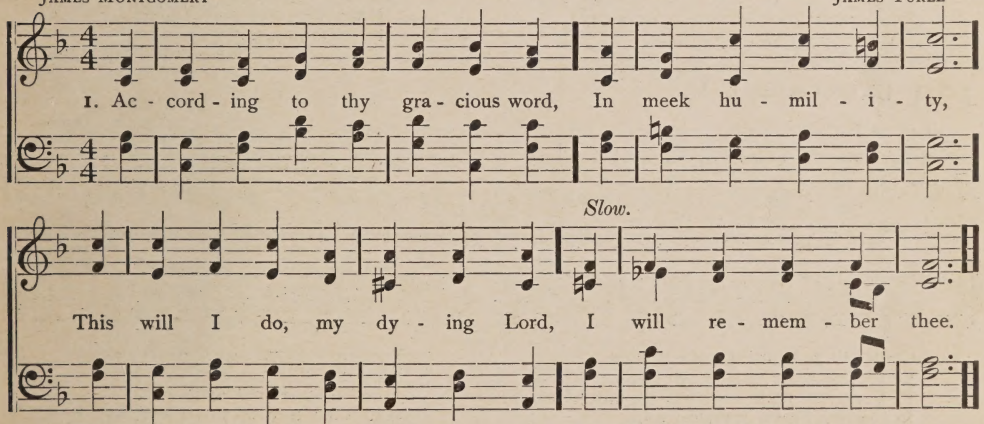

1. "Till He come," O let the words Linger on the trembling chords; Let the "lit-tle while" be-tween
In their golden light be seen; Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be-yond that, "Till he come."

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only, "Till he come."

3 Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is lost,
Death and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper, "Till he come."

4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread;
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only, "Till he come."

117 ST. JOHN'S, WESTMINSTER C. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY — JAMES TURLE

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget,
Or there thy conflict see
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

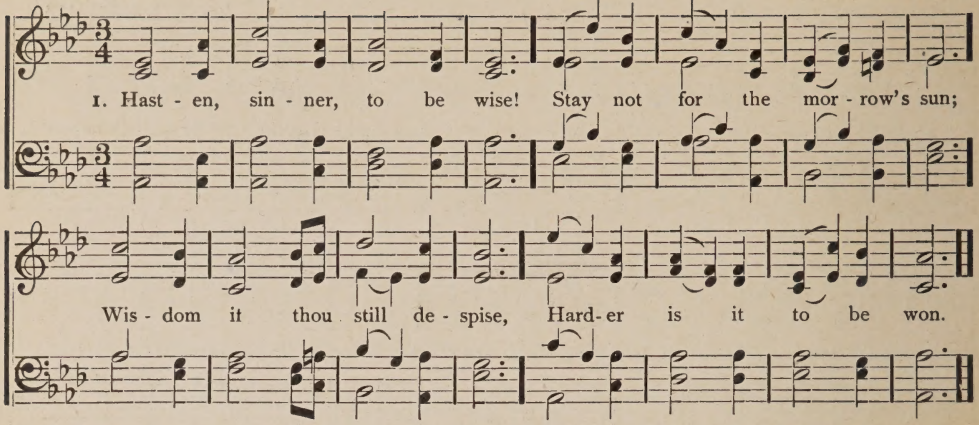
4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee!

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee!

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me!

118 HORTON 7s.

THOMAS SCOTT — XAVIER SCHNEIDER



2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest swift death should thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

119 7s.

1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my path your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

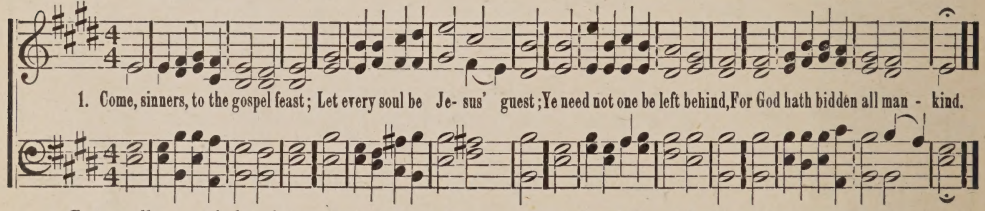
3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

MRS. ANNA L. BARBAULD

120 UXBRIDGE L. M.

CHARLES WESLEY — LOWELL MASON


1. Come, sinners, to the gospel feast; Let every soul be Je- sus' guest; Ye need not one be left behind, For God hath bidden all man - kind.

2 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

3 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

121 L. M.

1 Ho! every one that thirsts draw nigh:
'Tis God invites the fallen race:
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find his grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

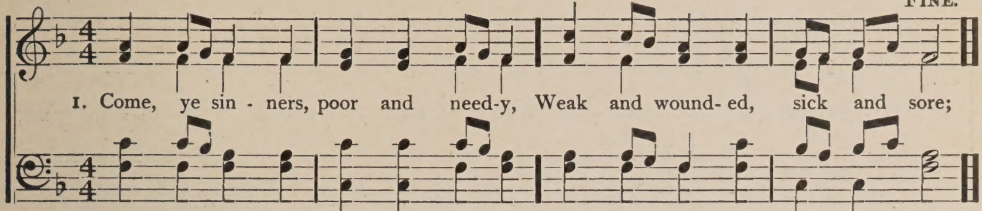
4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have and are behind;
Frankly the gift of God recieve;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

JOHN WESLEY

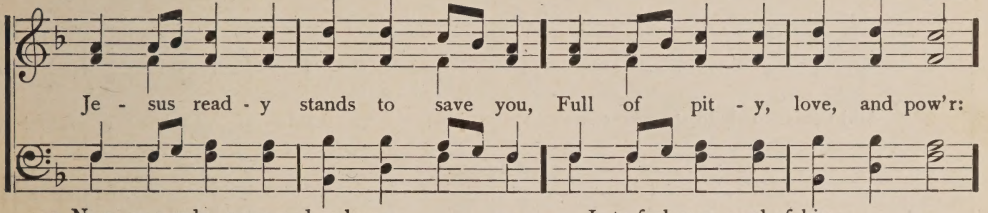
122 GREENVILLE 8s. 7s. 61.

JOSEPH HART — JEAN J. ROUSSEAU

FINE.



D.C.



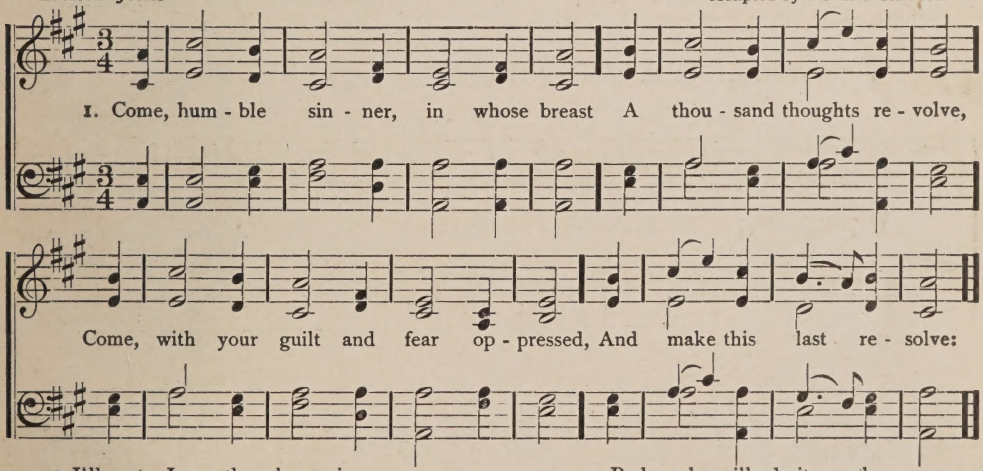
2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till your better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

123 BALERMA C. M.

EDMUND JONES — Adapted by ROBERT SIMPSON


1. Come, hum - ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou - sand thoughts re - volve,
Come, with your guilt and fear op - pressed, And make this last re - solve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

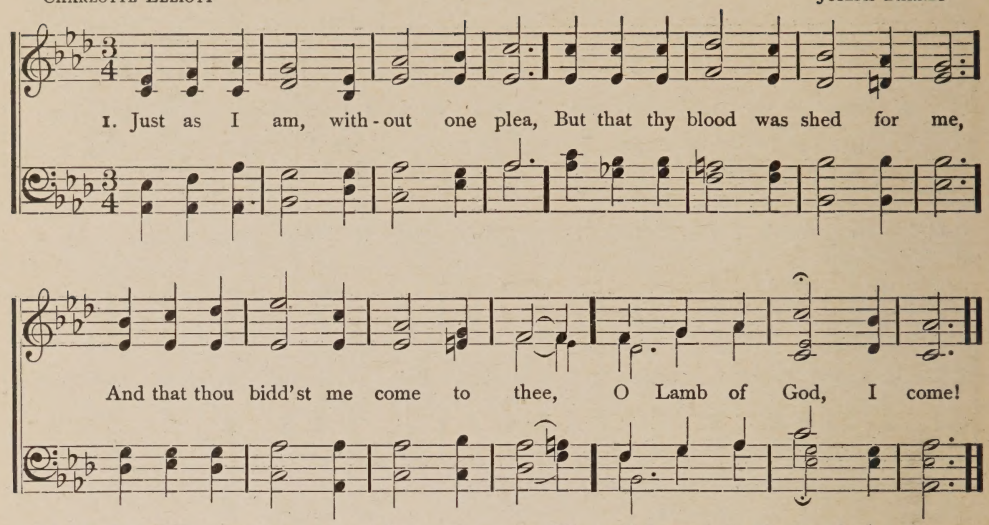
3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

124 DUNSTAN 8. 8. 8. 6.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT — JOSEPH BARNBY



2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

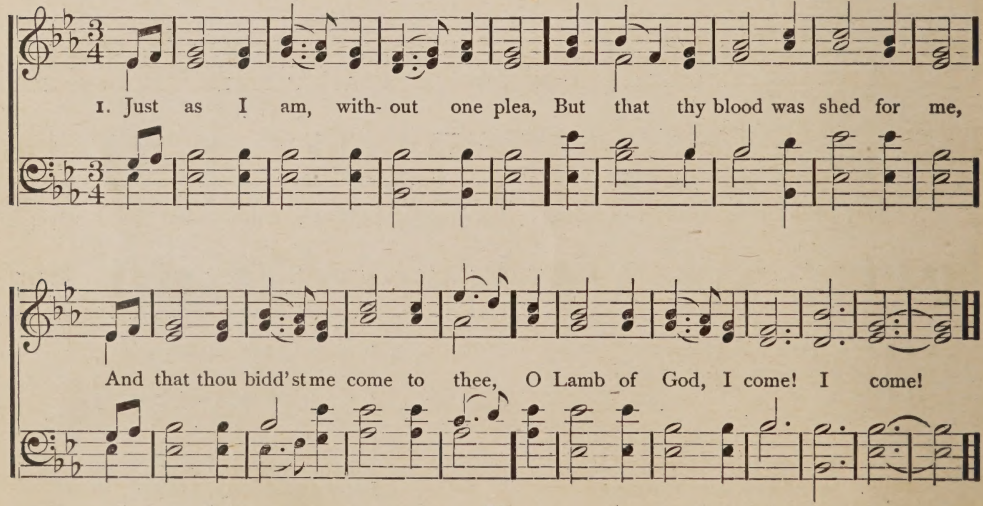
4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am, thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

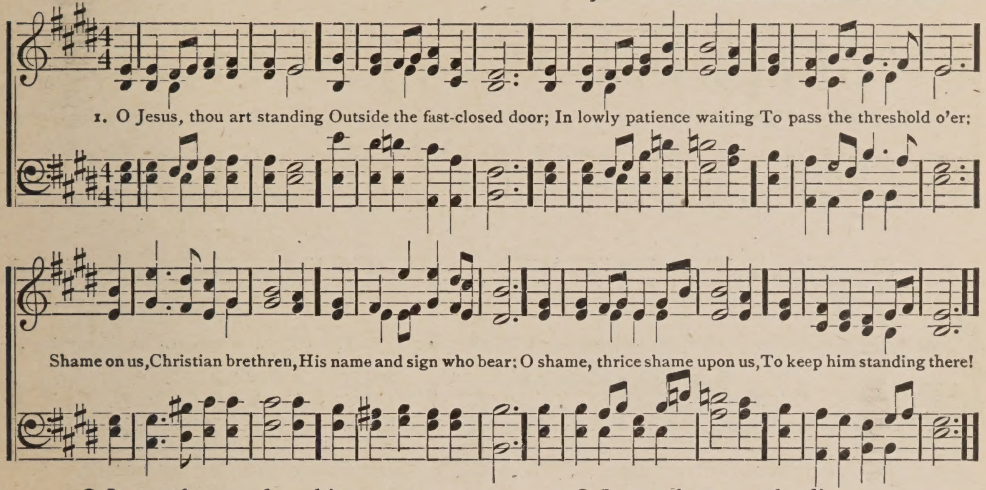
125 WOODWORTH L. M. (*Second Tune*)

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

126 ST. HILDA 7s. 6s. D.

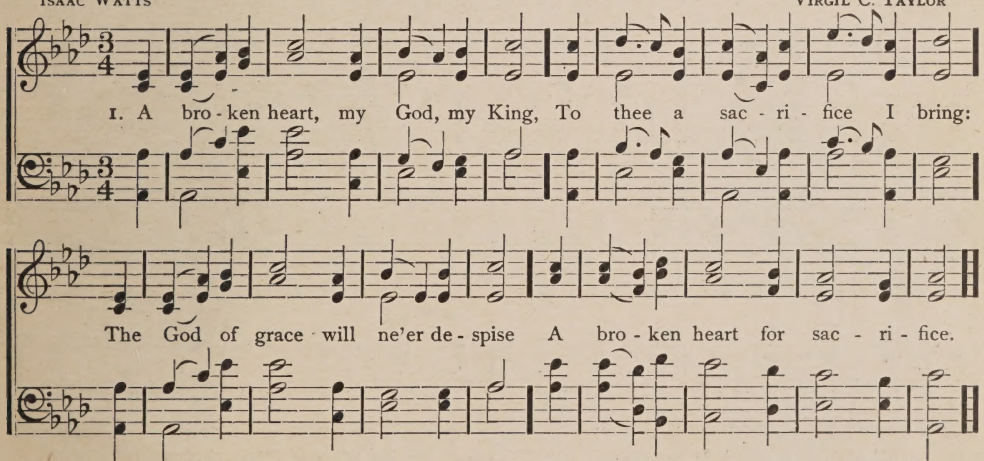
WILLIAM W. HOW — JUSTIN H. KNECHT and EDWARD HUSBAND


1. O Jesus, thou art standing Outside the fast-closed door; In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er;
Shame on us, Christian brethren, His name and sign who bear: O shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep him standing there!

2 O Jesus, thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred.
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, thou are pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

127 LOUVAN L. M.

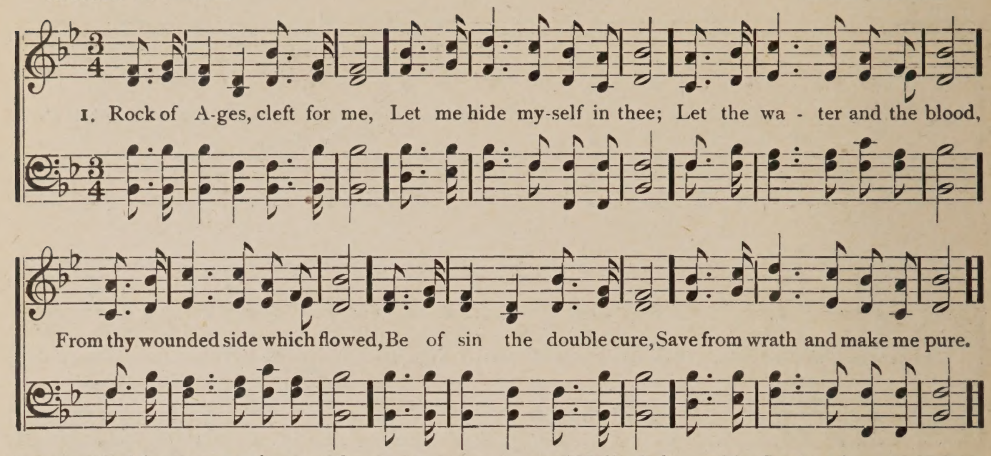
ISAAC WATTS — VIRGIL C. TAYLOR

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

128 TOPLADY 7s. 61.

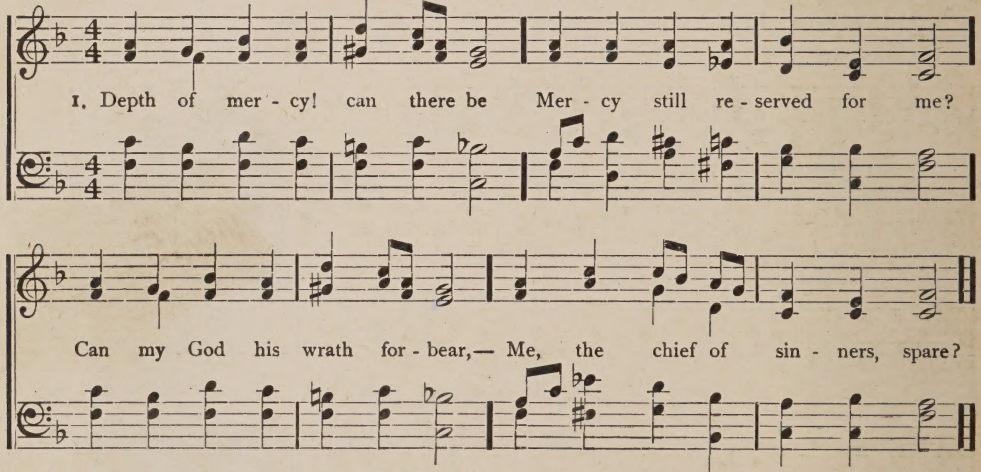
AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY — THOMAS HASTINGS


1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed, Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

129 SEYMOUR 7s.

CHARLES WESLEY — CARL M. VON WEBER

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

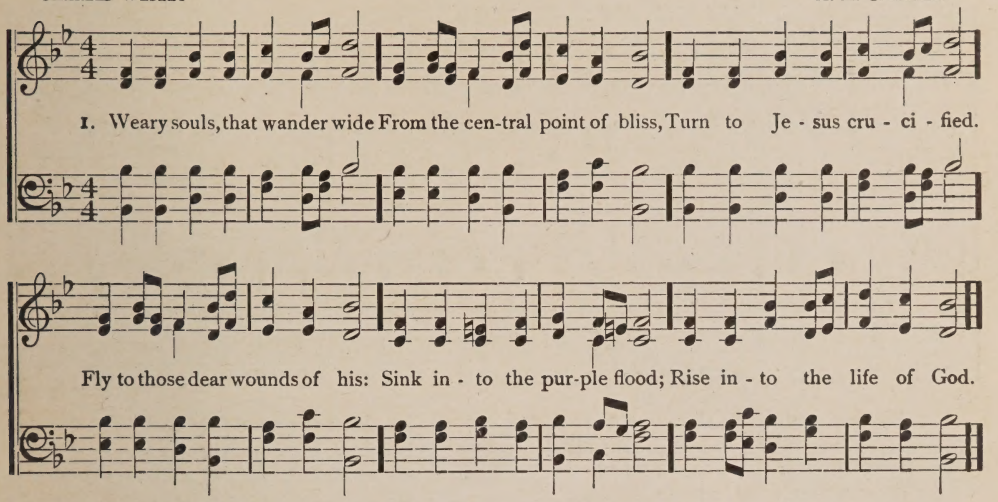
3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

130 ROSEFIELD 7s. 61.

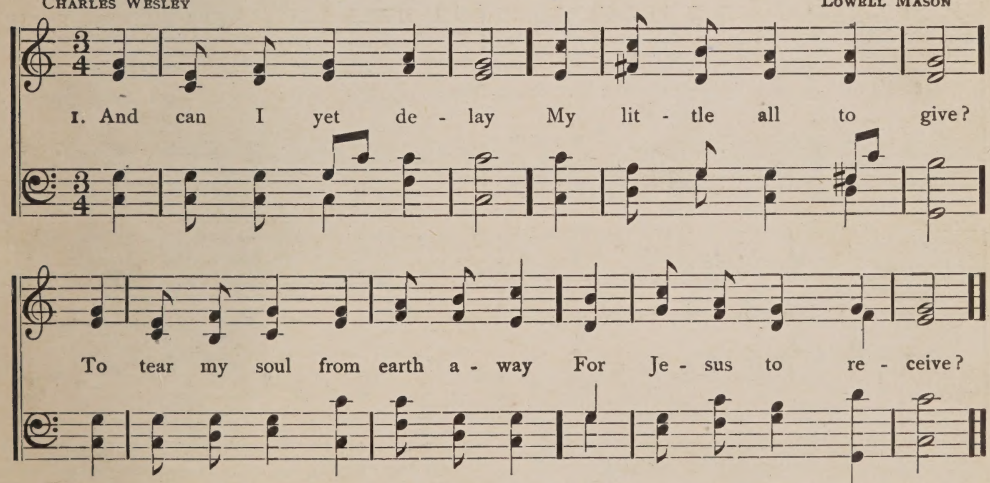
CHARLES WESLEY — A. H. C. MALAN


1. Weary souls, that wander wide From the cen-tral point of bliss, Turn to Je - sus cru - ci - fied.
Fly to those dear wounds of his: Sink in - to the pur-ple flood; Rise in - to the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise, exalted by his fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given;
Ye may now be happy too,
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

131 BOYLSTON S. M.

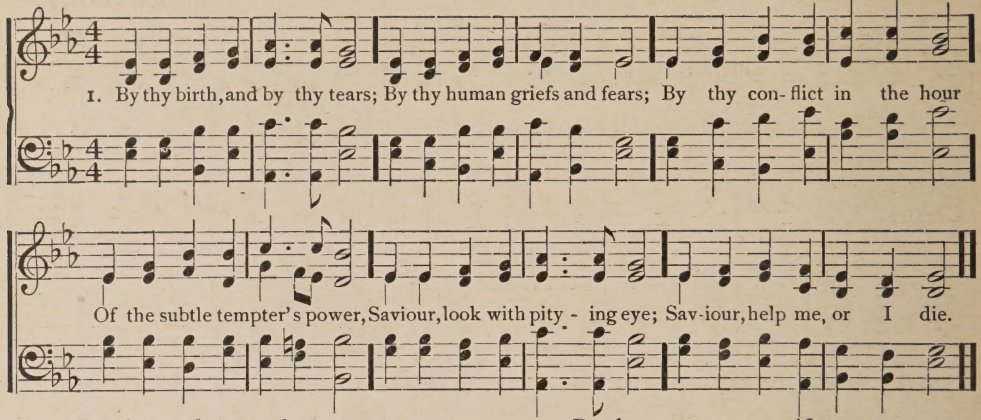
CHARLES WESLEY — LOWELL MASON

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!

4 Come and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

132 GETHSEMANE 7s. 61.

ROBERT GRANT — RICHARD REDHEAD


1. By thy birth, and by thy tears; By thy human griefs and fears; By thy con- flict in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power, Saviour, look with pity - ing eye; Sav-iour, help me, or I die.

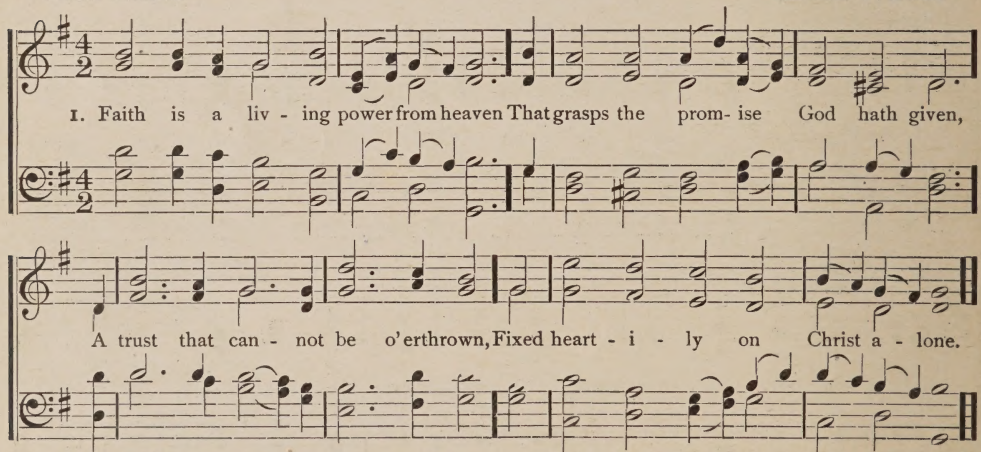
2 By the tenderness that swept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the bitter tears that flowed
Over Salem's lost abode,
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

3 By thy lonely hour of prayer;
By thy fearful conflict there;
By thy cross and dying cries;
By thy one great sacrifice,
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

4 By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power the lost to save;
By thy high, majestic throne;
By the empire all thine own,
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

133 CONFIDENCE L. M.

PETRUS HERBERT — Arr. from W. MOORE


1. Faith is a liv - ing power from heaven That grasps the prom- ise God hath given,
A trust that can - not be o'erthrown, Fixed heart - i - ly on Christ a - lone.

2 Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need
To save or strengthen us indeed,
Receives the grace he sends us down,
And makes us share his cross and crown.

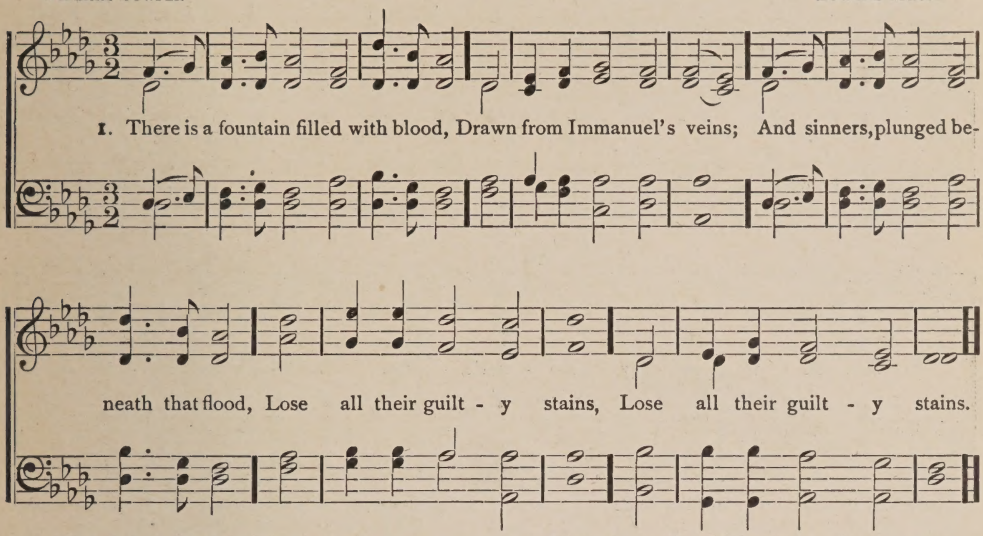
3 Faith in the conscience worketh peace,
And bids the mourner's weeping cease;
By faith the children's place we claim,
And give all honor to one name.

4 Faith feels the Spirit's kindling breath
In love and hope that conquer death;
Faith worketh hourly joy in God,
And trust and blesses e'en the rod.

5 We thank thee then, O God of heaven,
That thou to us this faith hast given
In Jesus Christ thy Son, who is
Our only fount and source of bliss.

134 COWPER C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER — LOWELL MASON


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged be-
neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

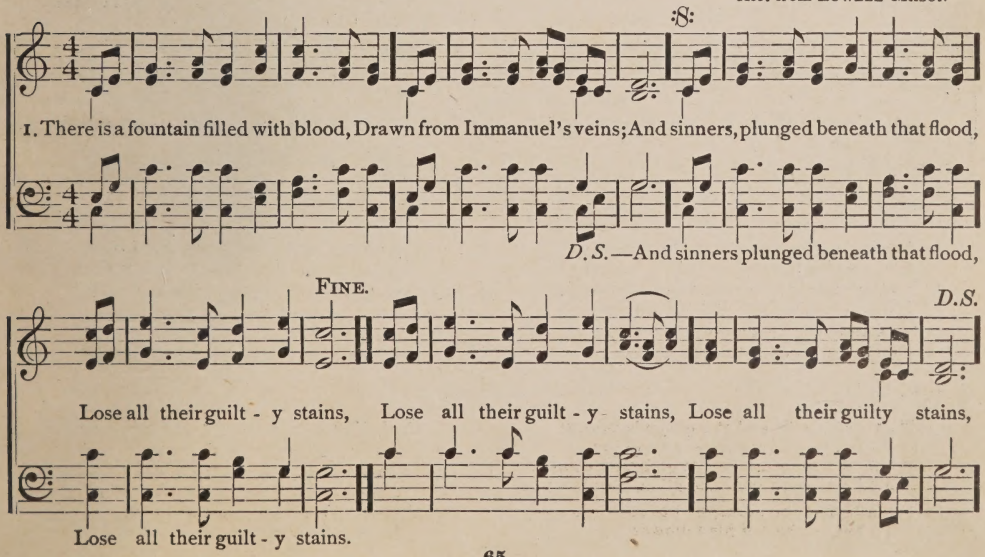
3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

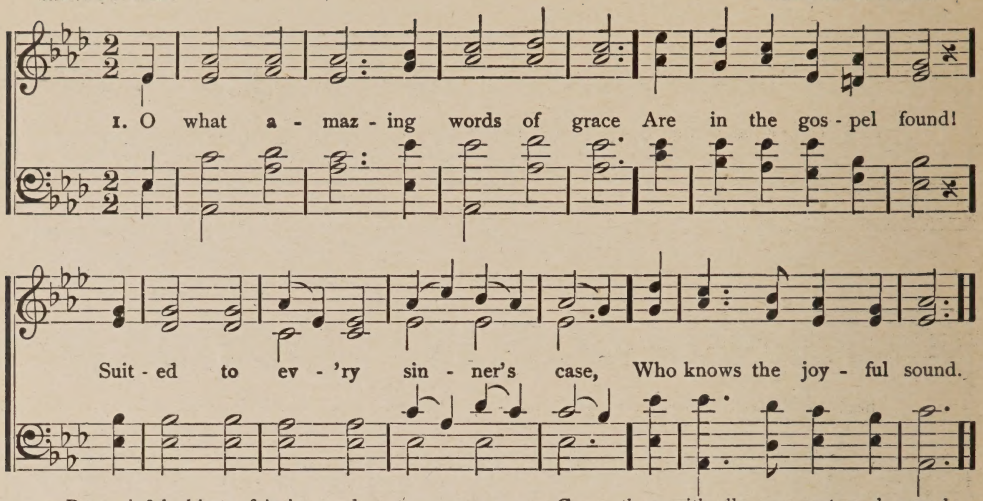
135 CLEANSING FOUNTAIN C. M. (*Second Tune*)

Arr. from LOWELL MASON


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
D. S.—And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
FINE.
D.S.
Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilty stains,
Lose all their guilt - y stains.

136 HUMMEL C. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY — HEINRICH C. ZEUNER



2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your every burden bring:
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

137 C. M.

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

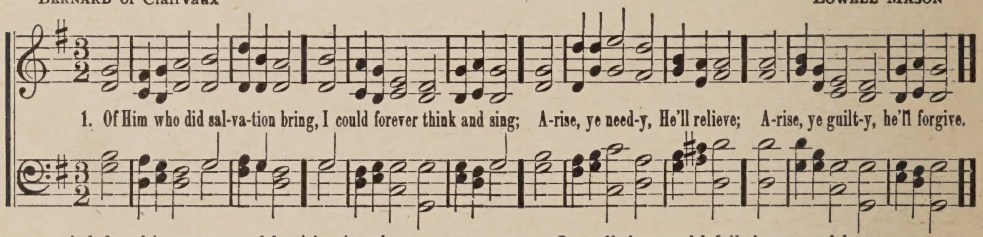
2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

ISAAC WATTS

138 ROCKINGHAM L. M.

BERNARD of Clairvaux — LOWELL MASON



2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given!
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

139 L. M.

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
While listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

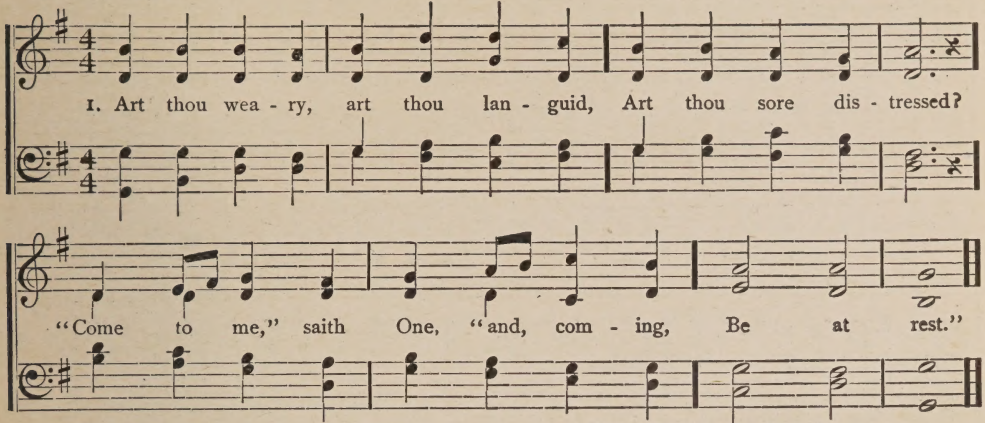
2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest."
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

JOHN BOWRING

140 STEPHANOS 8. 5. 8. 3.

JOHN M. NEALE — HENRY W. BAKER



2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

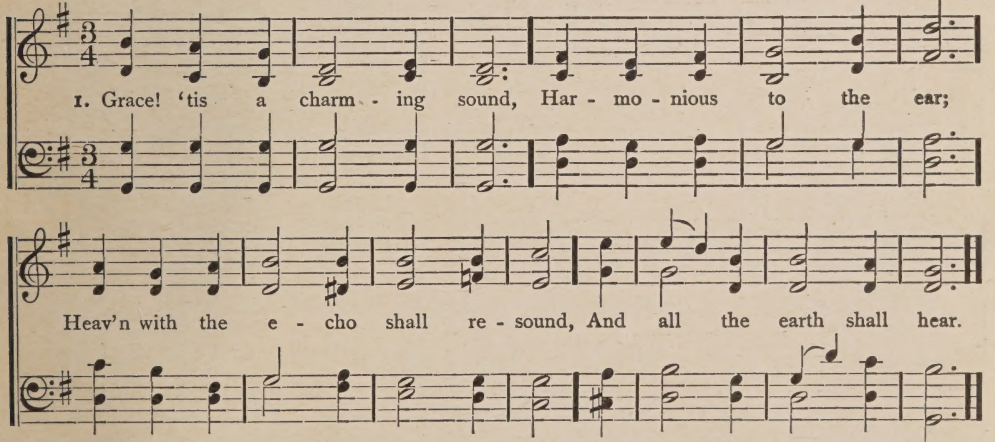
5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
"Saints, apostle, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

141 GREENWOOD S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — JOSEPH E. SWEETSER



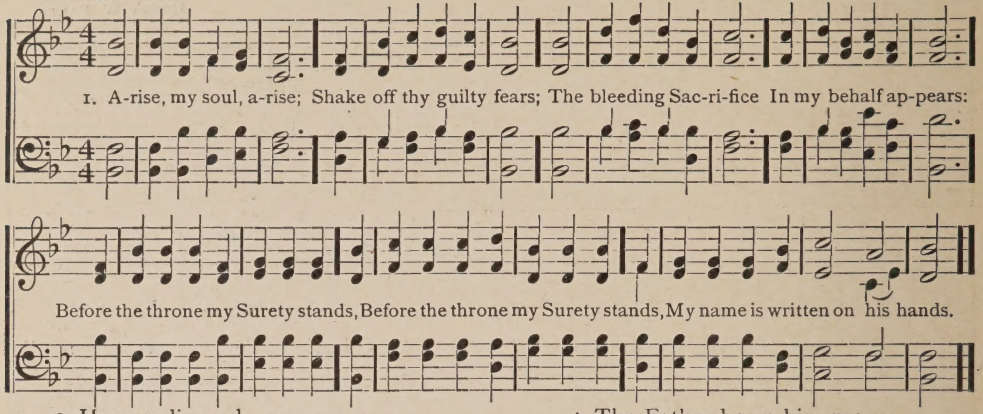
2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

142 LENOX 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

CHARLES WESLEY — LEWIS EDSON


1. A-rise, my soul, a-rise; Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding Sac-ri-fice In my behalf ap-pears:
Before the throne my Surety stands, Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

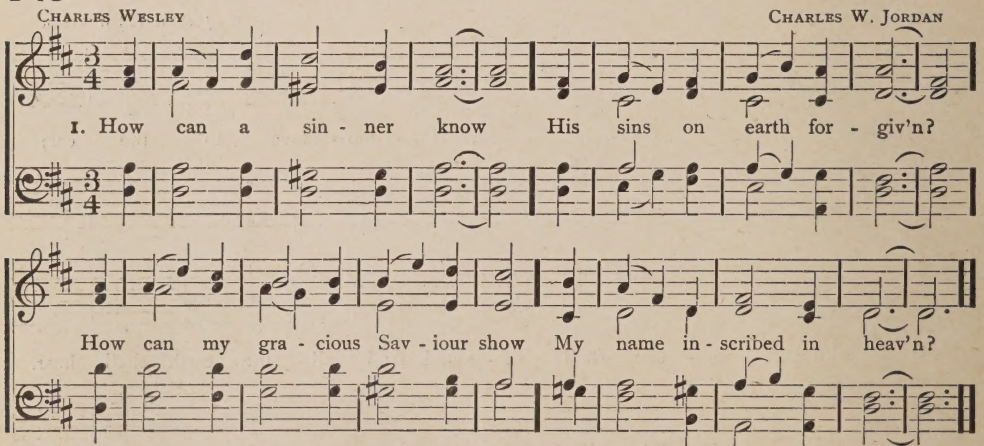
3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

143 RHODES S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY — CHARLES W. JORDAN



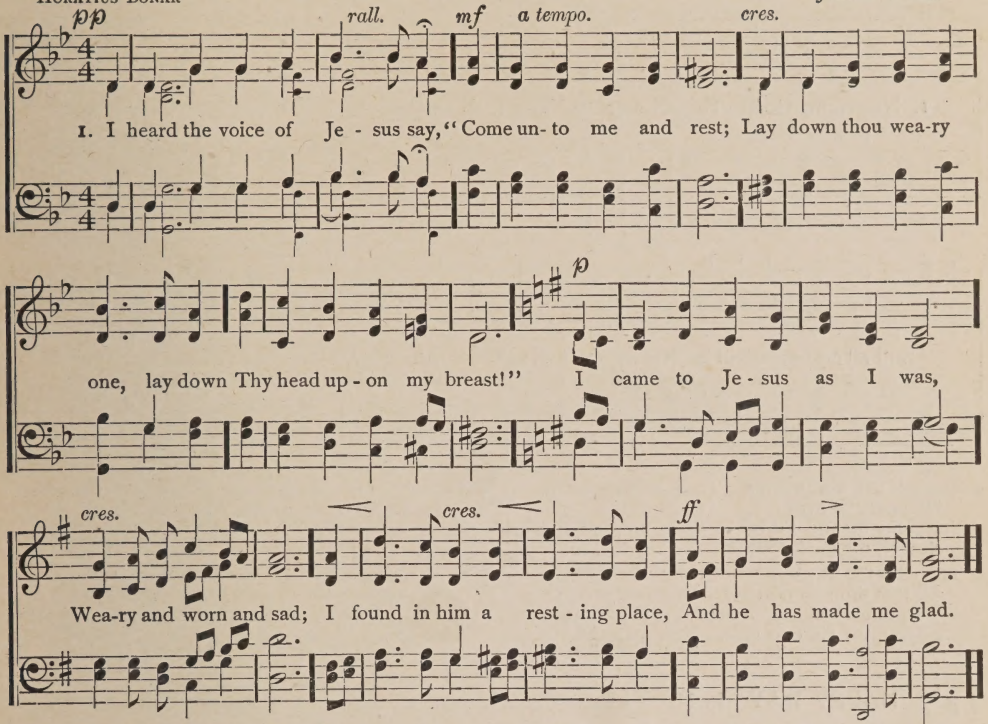
2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburdened of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

144 VOX DILECTI C. M. D.

HORATIUS BONAR — JOHN B. DYKES

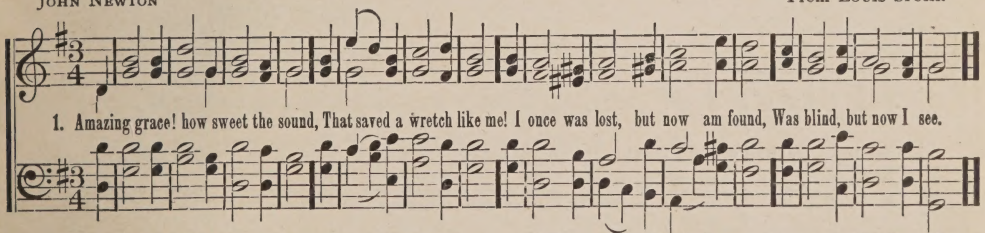

pp
rall.
mf
a tempo.
cres.
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un- to me and rest; Lay down thou wea-ry
p
one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!" I came to Je - sus as I was,
cres.
cres.
ff
Wea-ry and worn and sad; I found in him a rest - ing place, And he has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done.

145 SIMPSON C. M.

JOHN NEWTON — From LOUIS SPOHR



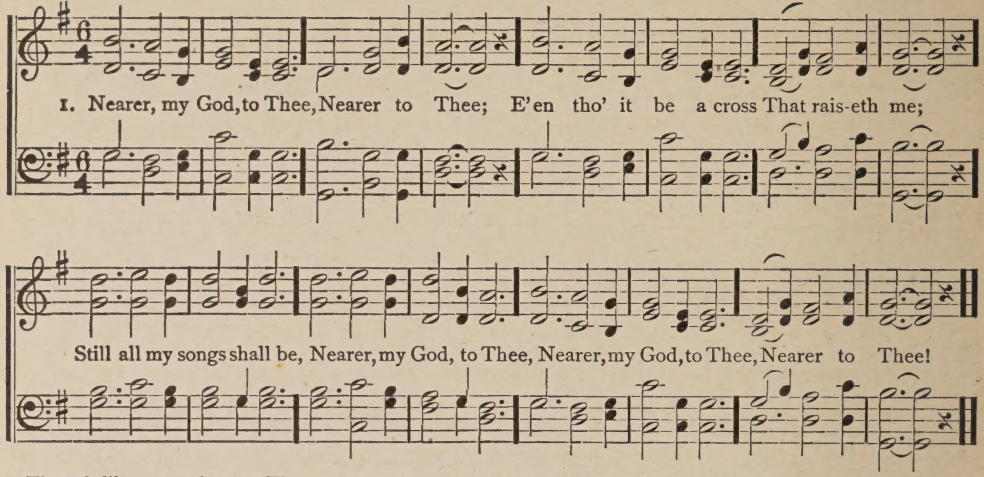
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

146 BETHANY 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

SARAH F. ADAMS — LOWELL MASON


1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me;
Still all my songs shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer, The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me, My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!

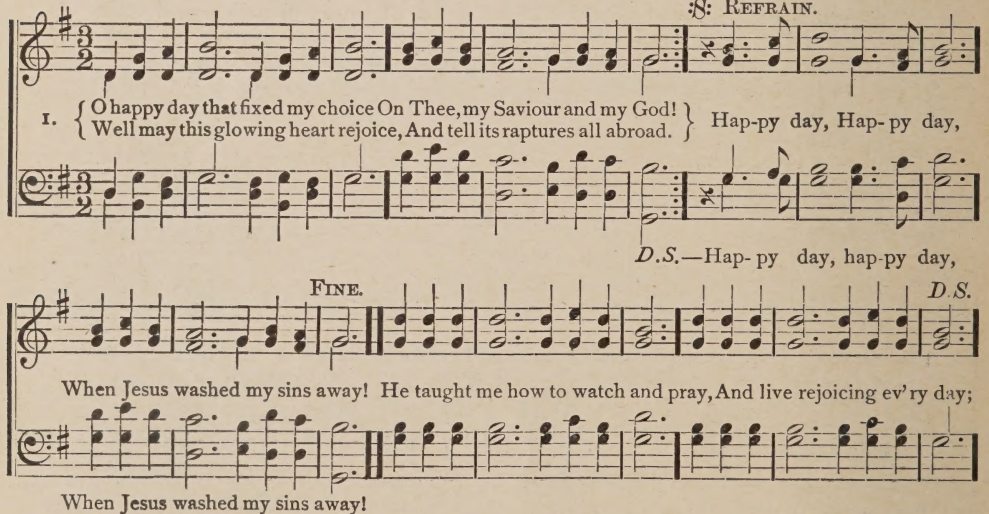
3 There let the way appear Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me, In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs, Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!

147 HAPPY DAY L. M. (*With Refrain*)

DODDRIDGE — RIMBAULT


𝄋: REFRAIN.
1. O happy day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad.
Hap-py day, Hap-py day,
D.S.—Hap-py day, hap-py day,
FINE.
D.S.
When Jesus washed my sins away! He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoicing ev'ry day;
When Jesus washed my sins away!

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

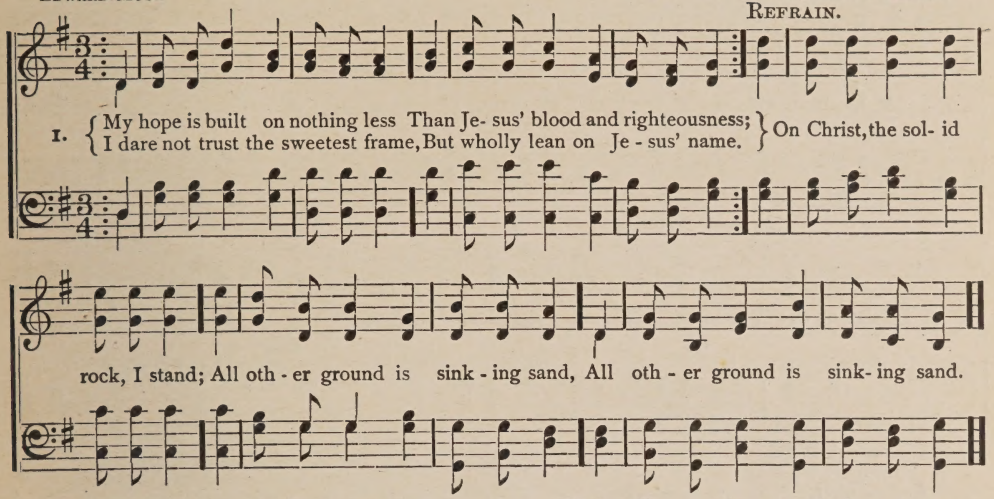
3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

148 THE SOLID ROCK L. M. (*With Refrain*)

EDWARD MOTE

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

REFRAIN.


1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Je- sus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je - sus' name.
On Christ, the sol- id
rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink- ing sand.

2 When darkness veils his lovely face
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

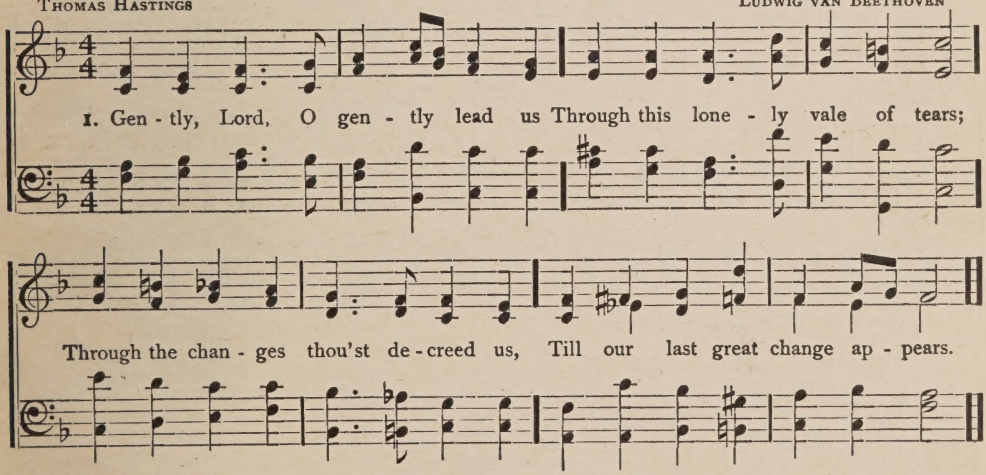
3 His oath, his convenant, his blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When he shall come with trumpet sound,
O may I then in him be found;
Dressed in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

149 SARDIS 8s. 7s.

THOMAS HASTINGS

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

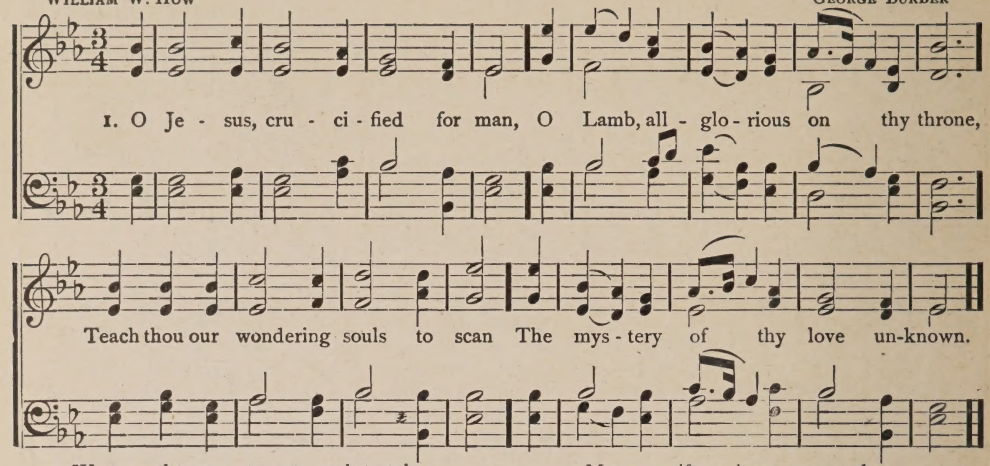

1. Gen - tly, Lord, O gen - tly lead us Through this lone - ly vale of tears;
Through the chan - ges thou'st de - creed us, Till our last great change ap - pears.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

150 LUTON L. M.

WILLIAM W. How — GEORGE BURDER

1. O Je - sus, cru - ci - fied for man, O Lamb, all - glo - rious on thy throne,
Teach thou our wondering souls to scan The mys - tery of thy love un-known.

2 We pray thee, grant us strength to take
Our daily cross, whate'er it be,
And gladly for thine own dear sake
In paths of pain to follow thee.

3 And week by week this day we ask
That holy memories of thy cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.

4 Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear
Till at thy feet we lay it down,
Win through thy blood our pardon there,
And through the cross attain the crown.

151 L. M.

1 God of my life, through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

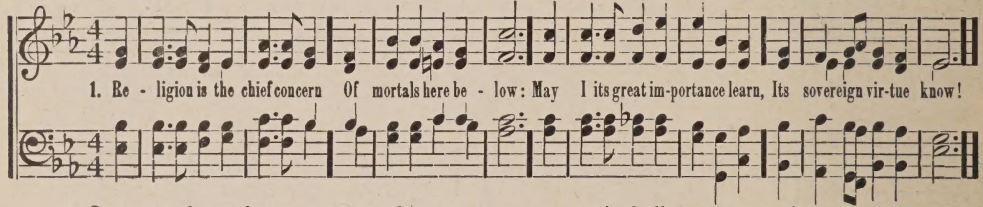
3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all my powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

152 GREEN HILL C. M.

JOHN FAWCETT — ALBERT L. PEACE



2 O may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own!

3 Let deep repentance, faith, and love
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

4 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies!

153 C. M.

1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

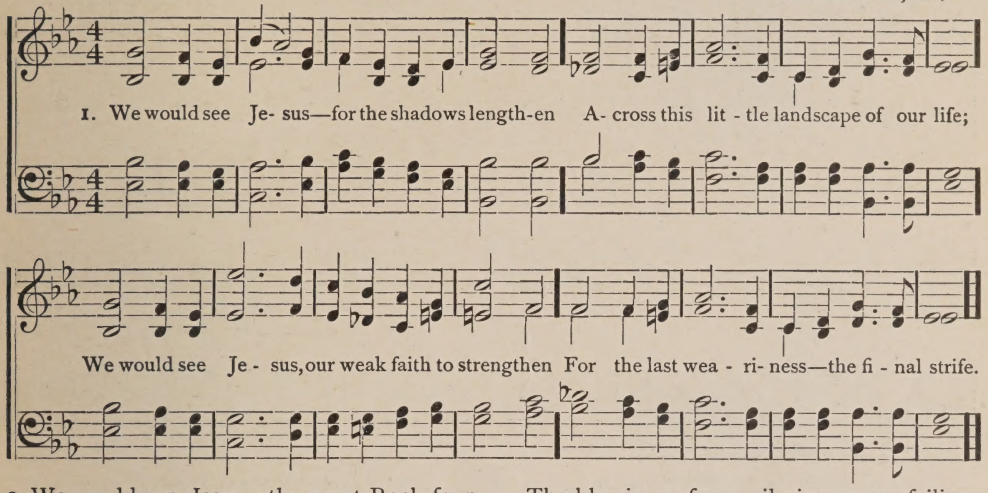
3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord, wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy Saviour, and thy King.

TATE and BRADY

154 RAYNOLDS 11s. 10s.

ANNA B. WARNER — F. MENDELSSOHN, Arr.


1. We would see Je- sus—for the shadows length-en A- cross this lit - tle landscape of our life;
We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to strengthen For the last wea - ri- ness—the fi - nal strife.

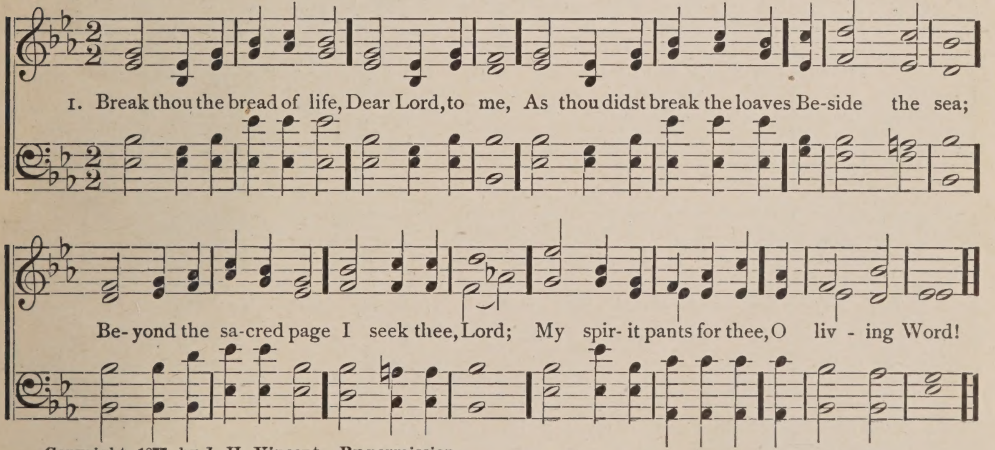
2 We would see Jesus—the great Rock foundation,
Whereon our feet were set with sov'reign grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see his face.

3 We would see Jesus—other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing;
We would not mourn them, for we go to thee.

4 We would see Jesus—this is all we're needing,
Strength, joy, and willingness, come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome, day! and farewell mortal night!

155 BREAD OF LIFE 6s. 4s. D.

MARY A. LATHBURY — WILLIAM F. SHERWIN

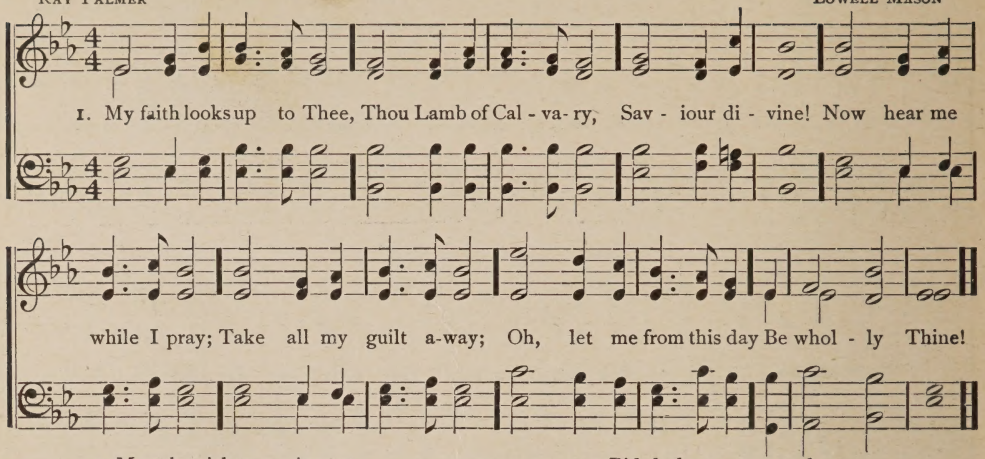

1. Break thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea;
Be- yond the sa-cred page I seek thee, Lord; My spir- it pants for thee, O liv - ing Word!

Copyright, 1877, by J. H. Vincent. By permission.

2 Bless thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me, to me,
As thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My All-in-All.

156 OLIVET 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

RAY PALMER — LOWELL MASON


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me
while I pray; Take all my guilt a-way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!

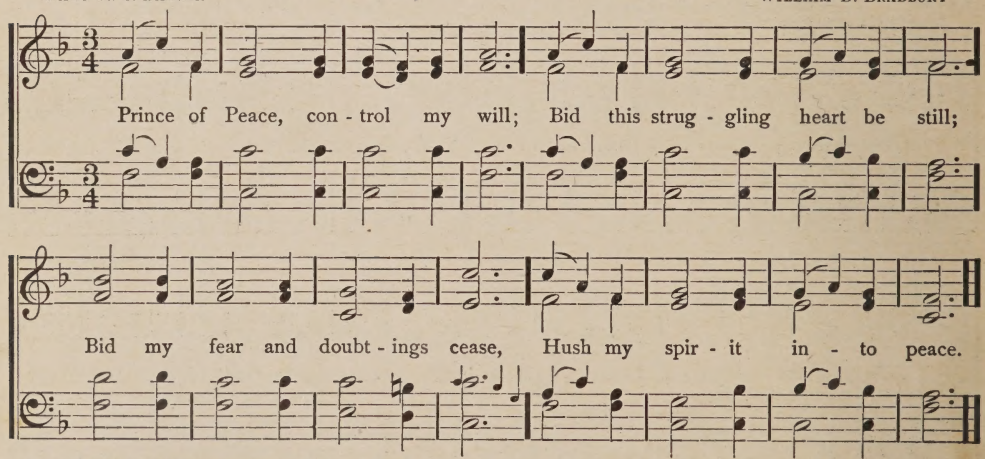
2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide,
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

157 ALETTA 7s.

MARY A. S. BARBER — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

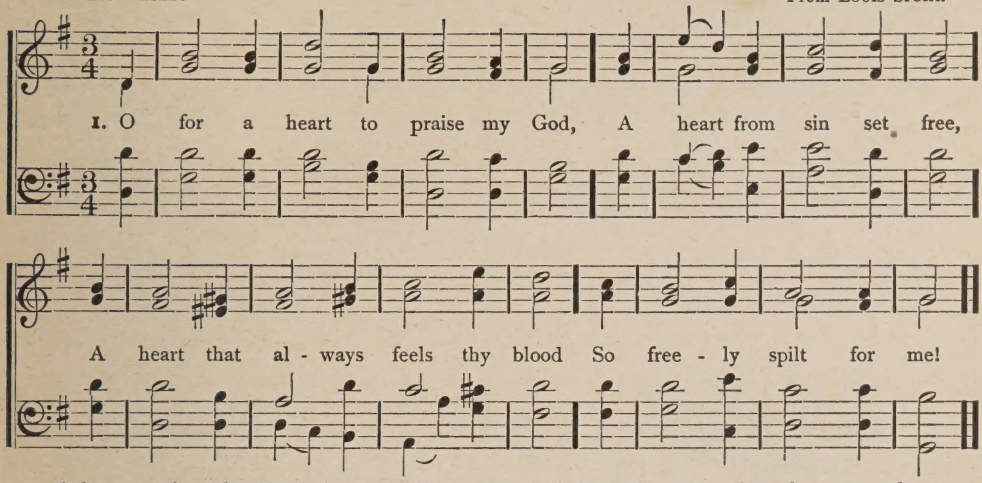

Prince of Peace, con - trol my will; Bid this strug - gling heart be still;
Bid my fear and doubt - ings cease, Hush my spir - it in - to peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask, but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one;
Chase these doubtings from my heart,
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at thy feet I fall,
Thou my life, my God, my all!
Let thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee!

158 SIMPSON C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY — From LOUIS SPOHR

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

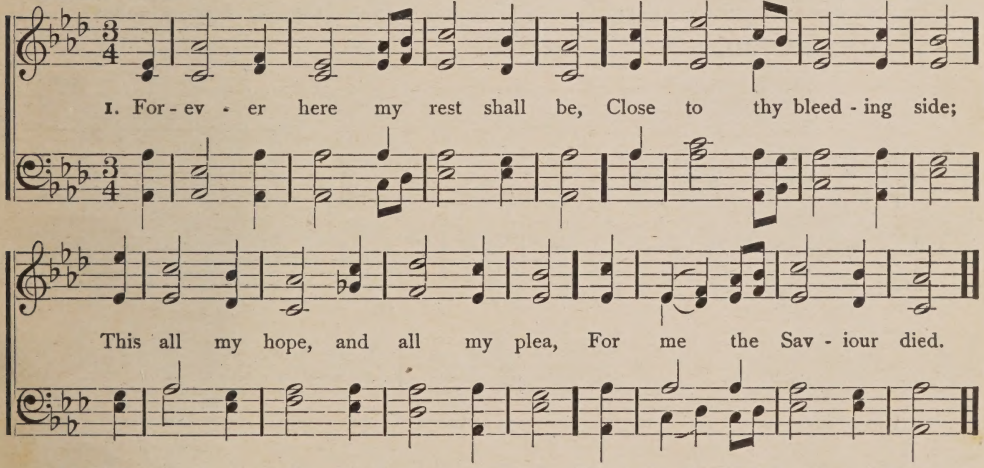
3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

159 AVON C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY — HUGH WILSON



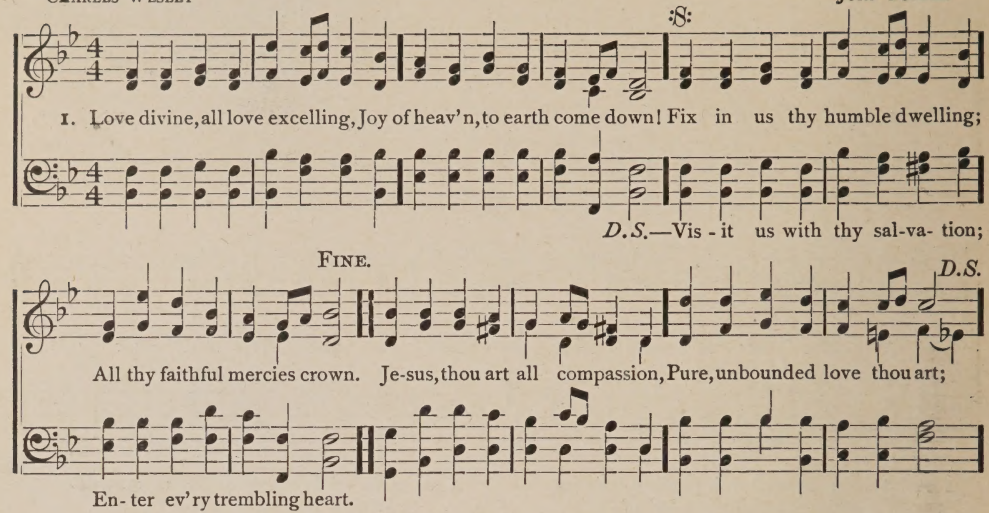
2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

160 LOVE DIVINE 8s. 7s. D.

CHARLES WESLEY — JOHN ZUNDEL

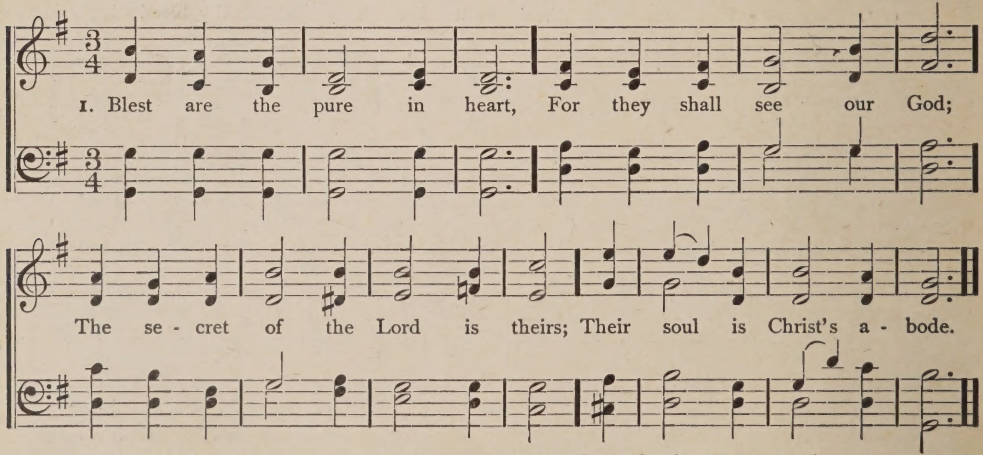

1. Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
D.S.—Vis - it us with thy sal-va- tion;
FINE.
D.S.
All thy faithful mercies crown. Je-sus, thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded love thou art;
En- ter ev'ry trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Nevermore thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

161 GREENWOOD S. M.

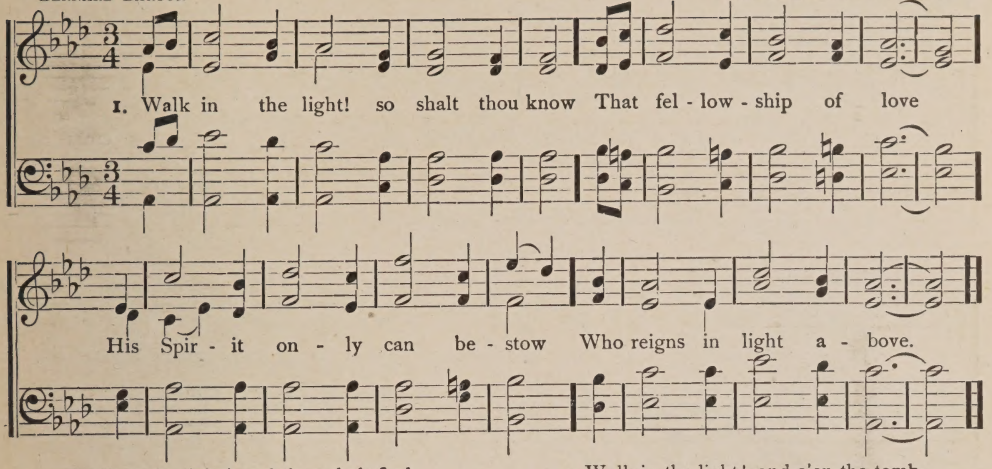
JOHN KEBLE — JOSEPH E. SWEETSER

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May our this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.

162 MANOAH C. M.

BERNARD BARTON

From GIOACHINO A. ROSSINI



2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

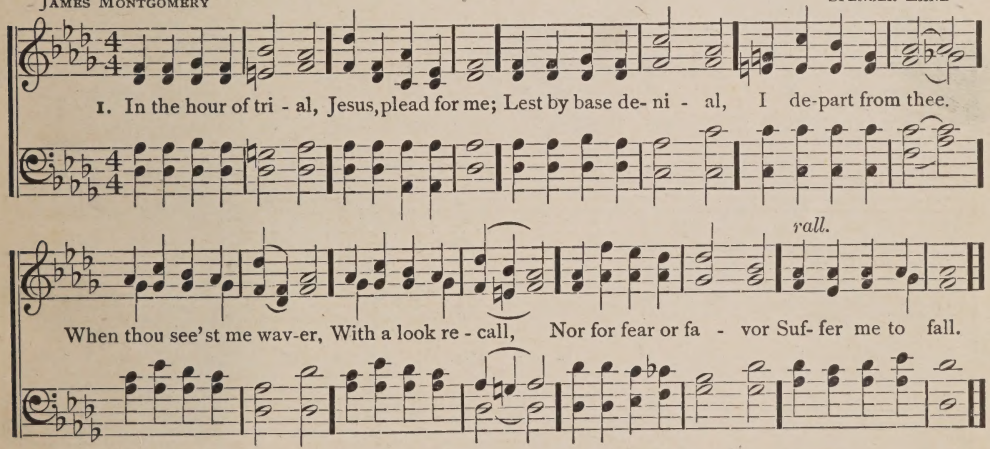
4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
A path, though thorny, bright:
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

163 PENITENCE 6s. 5s. D.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

SPENCER LANE


1. In the hour of tri - al, Jesus, plead for me; Lest by base de- ni - al, I de-part from thee.
rall.
When thou see'st me wav-er, With a look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf- fer me to fall.

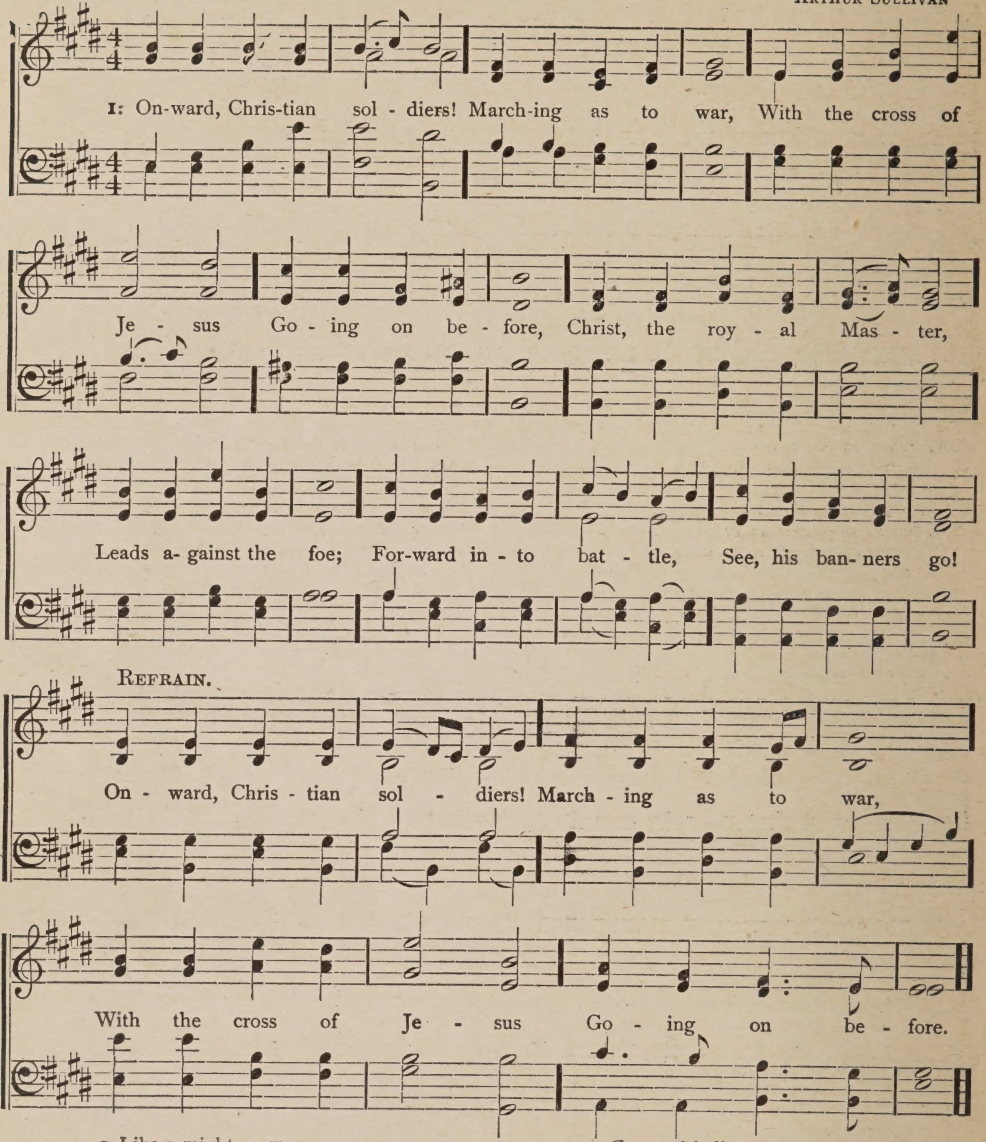
2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

164 ST. GERTRUDE 6s. 5s. D. (*With Refrain*)

SABINE BARING-GOULD — ARTHUR SULLIVAN


1: On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore, Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
Leads a- gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his ban- ners go!
REFRAIN.
On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

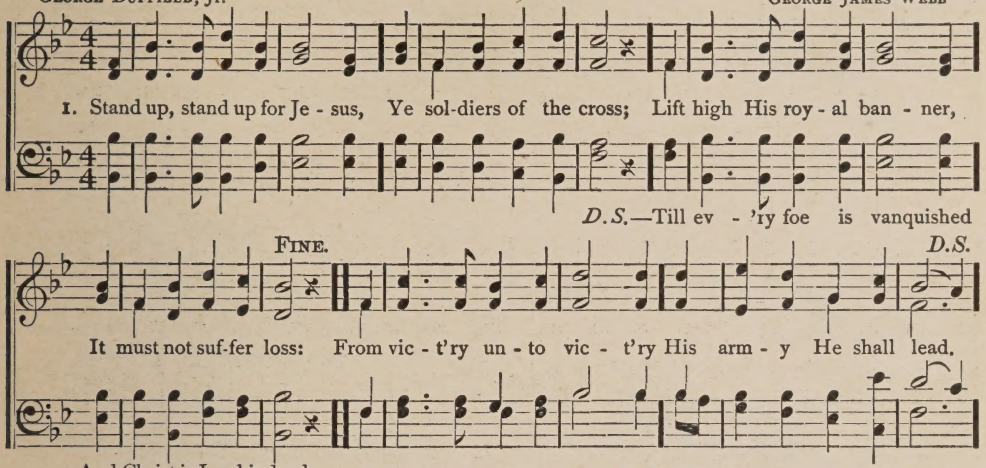
2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God,
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail,
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

4 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and Angels sing.

165 WEBB 7s. 6s. D.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, Jr. GEORGE JAMES WEBB

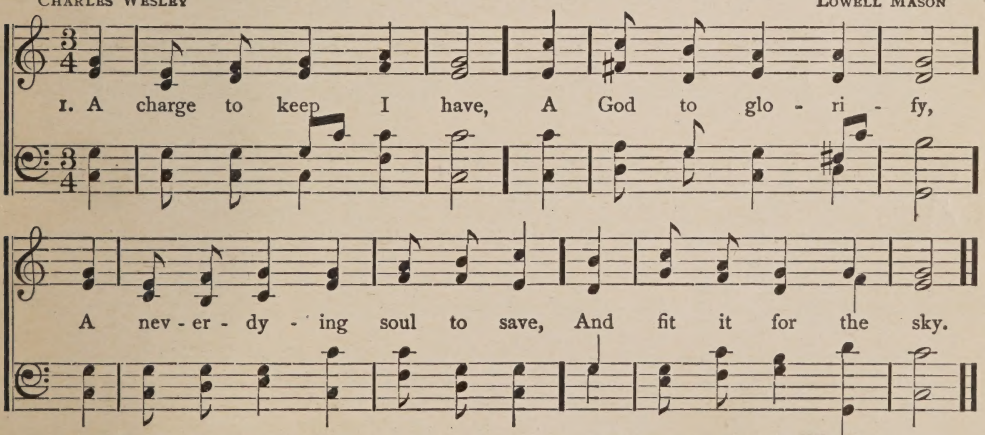

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,
D.S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished
FINE.
D.S.
It must not suf-fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y He shall lead.
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that over-cometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

166 BOYLSTON S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY LOWELL MASON

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

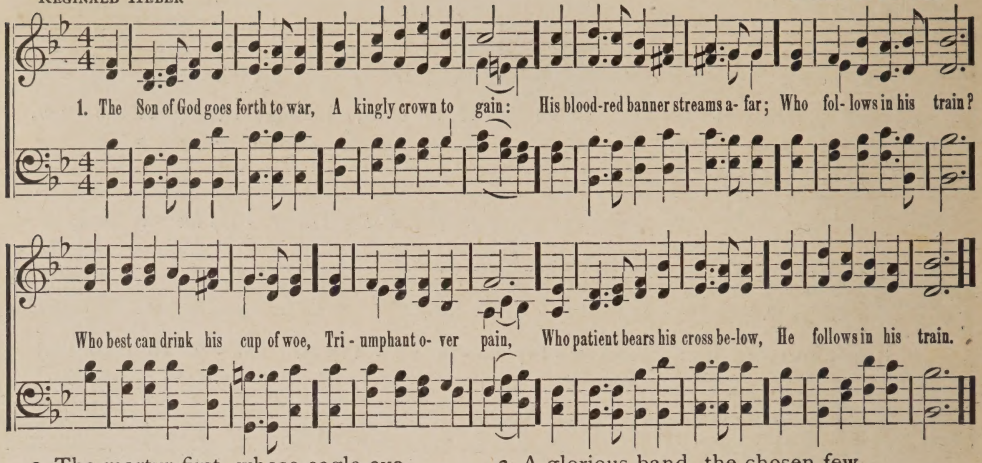
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live,
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

167 CUTLER C. M. D.

REGINALD HEBER

HENRY S. CUTLER

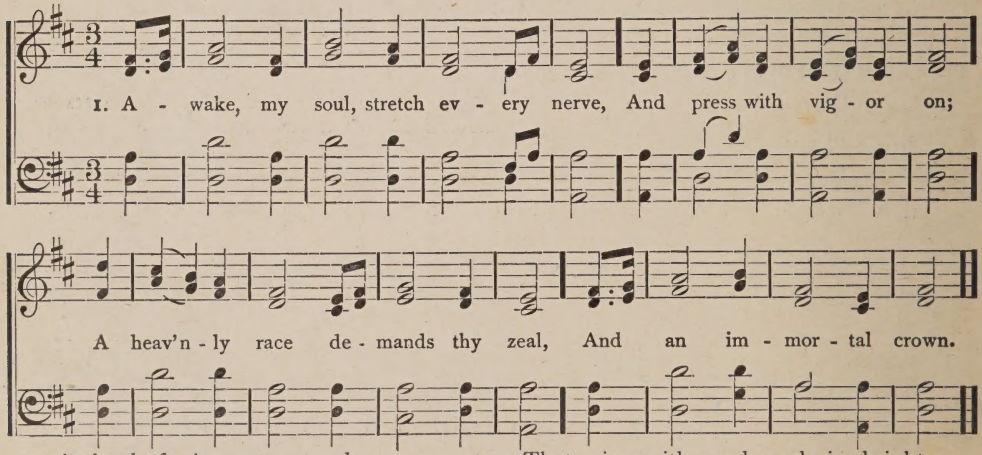

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain: His blood-red banner streams a- far; Who fol- lows in his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - umphant o- ver pain, Who patient bears his cross be-low, He follows in his train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save:
Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame;
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

168 SILOAM C. M.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY



2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

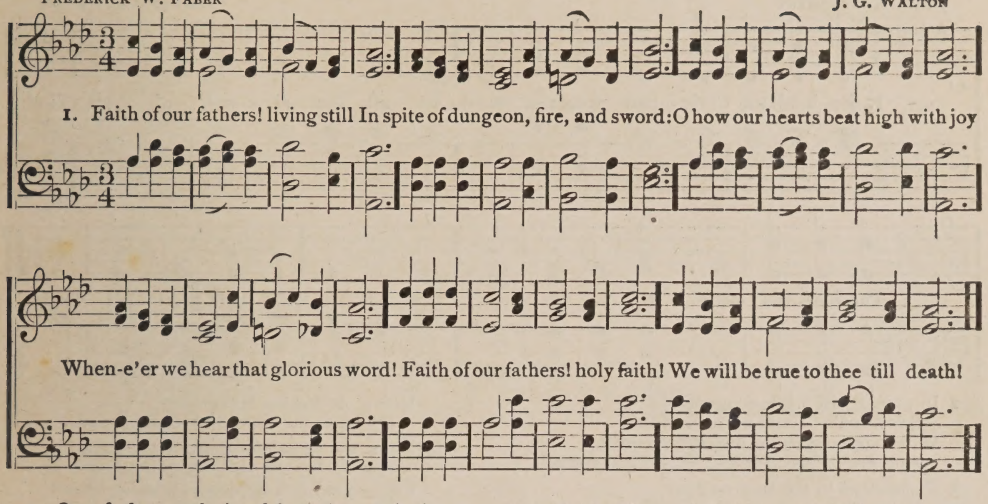
3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

169 ST. CATHERINE L. M. 61.

FREDERICK W. FABER — J. G. WALTON

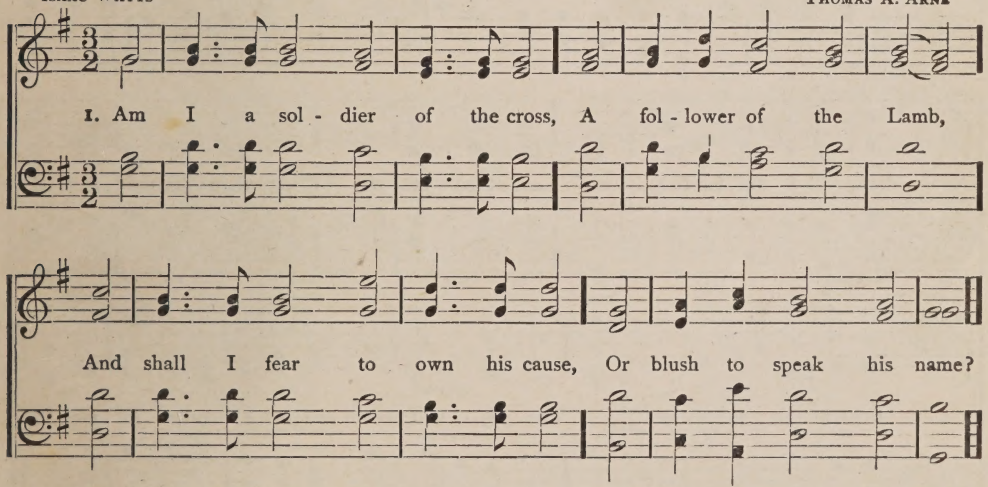

1. Faith of our fathers! living still In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword: O how our hearts beat high with joy
When-e'er we hear that glorious word! Faith of our fathers! holy faith! We will be true to thee till death!

2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

170 ARLINGTON C. M.

ISAAC WATTS — THOMAS A. ARNE



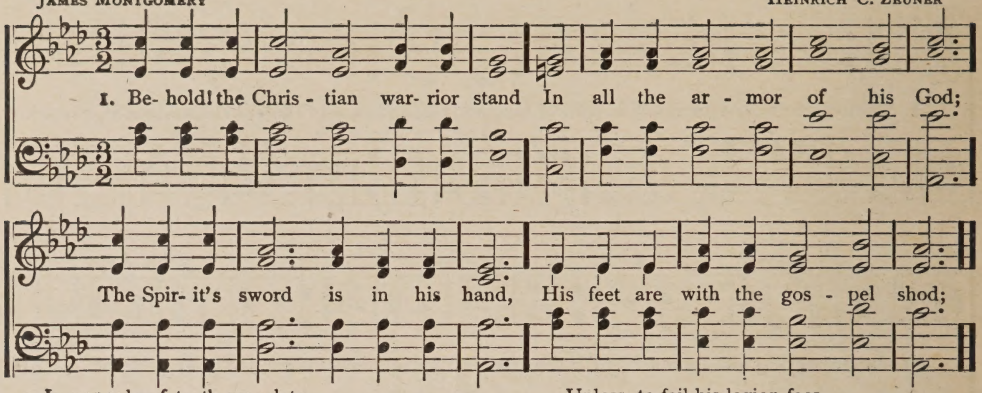
2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

171 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY — HEINRICH C. ZEUNER


1. Be- hold! the Chris - tian war- rior stand In all the ar - mor of his God;
The Spir- it's sword is in his hand, His feet are with the gos - pel shod;

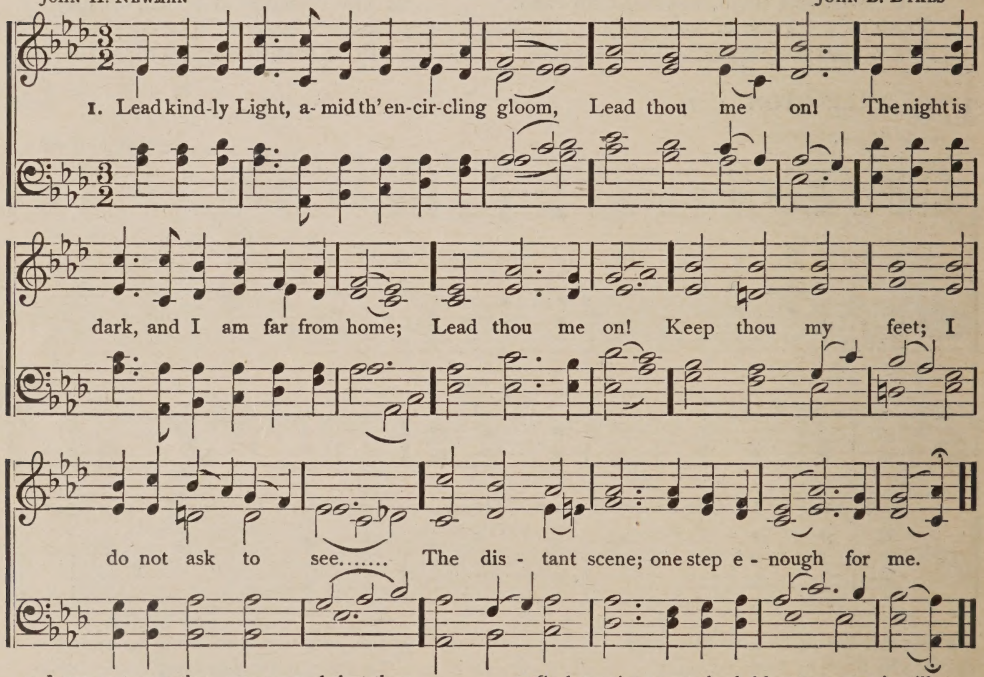
2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head;
With righteousness a breastplate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread.

3 Undaunted to the field he goes;
Yet vain were skill and valor there,
Unless, to foil his legion foes,
He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.

4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down;
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

172 LUX BENIGNA 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

JOHN H. NEWMAN — JOHN B. DYKES

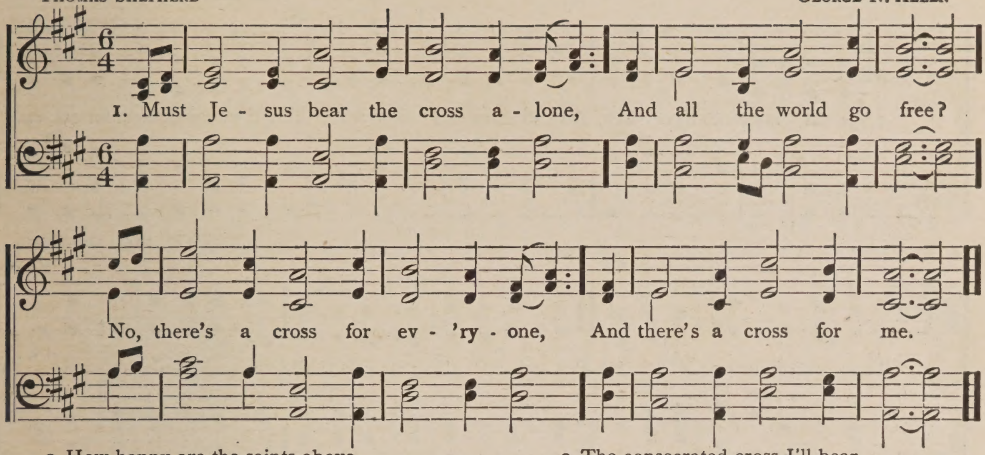

1. Lead kind-ly Light, a- mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead thou me on! The night is
dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on! Keep thou my feet; I
do not ask to see..... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

3 So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

173 MAITLAND C. M.

THOMAS SHEPHERD — GEORGE N. ALLEN



2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

174 C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

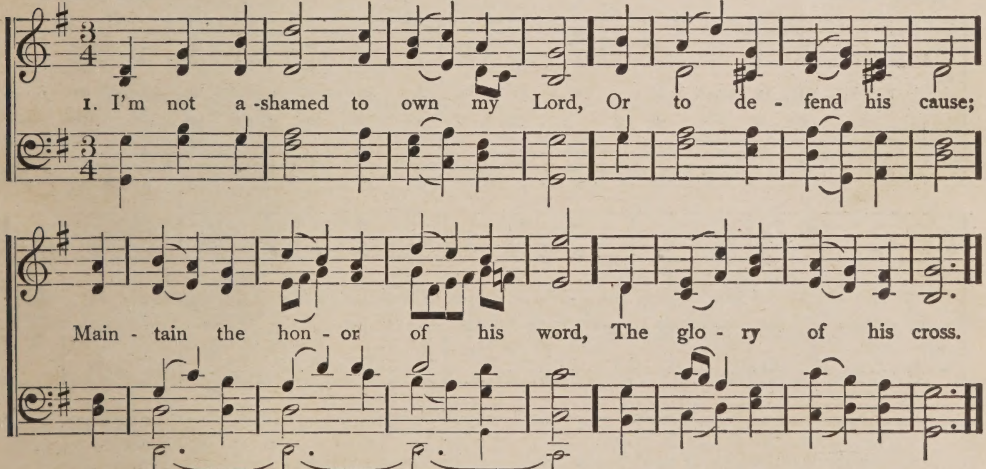
3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST

175 CHESTERFIELD C. M.

ISAAC WATTS — THOMAS HAWEIS



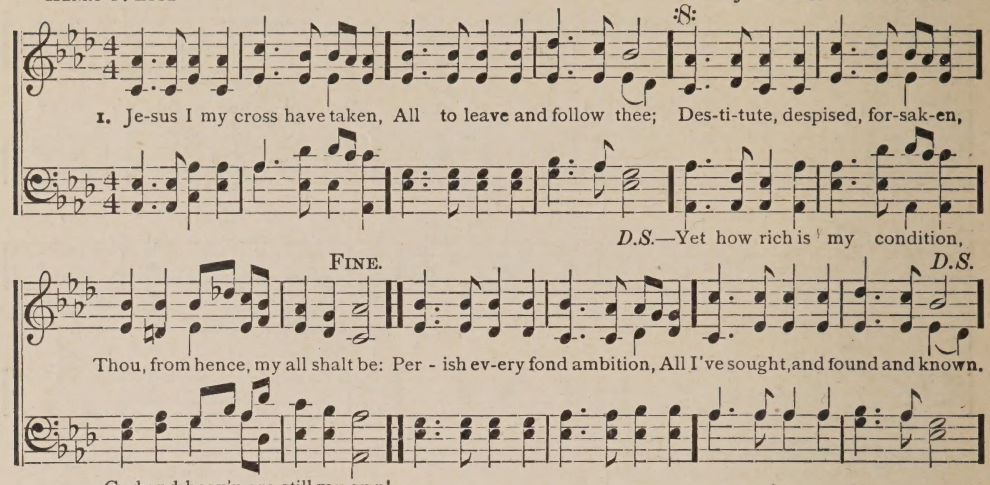
2 Jesus, my God! I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

176 ELLESDIE 8s. 7s. D.

HENRY F. LYTE — From JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART


1. Je-sus I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee; Des-ti-tute, despised, for-sak-en,
D.S.—Yet how rich is my condition,
FINE.
D.S.
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be: Per - ish ev-ery fond ambition, All I've sought, and found and known.
God and heav'n are still my own!

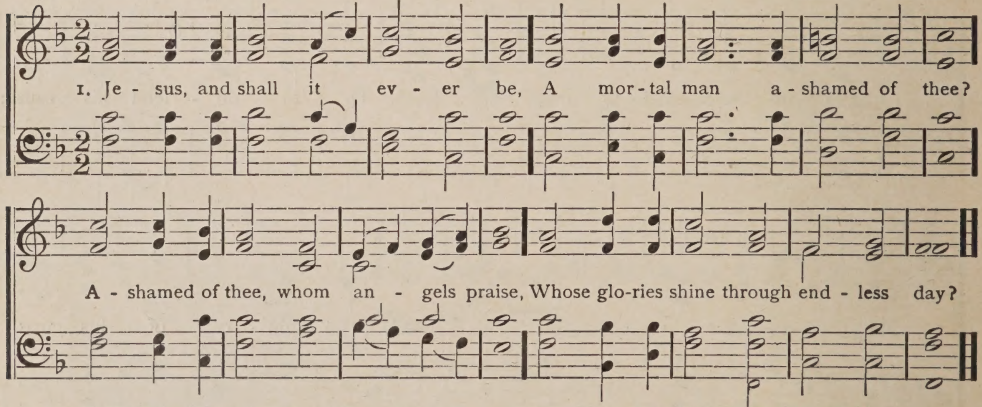
2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

177 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

JOSEPH GRIGG — HENRY K. OLIVER


1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - shamed of thee?
A - shamed of thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo-ries shine through end - less day?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning-Star, bid darkness flee.

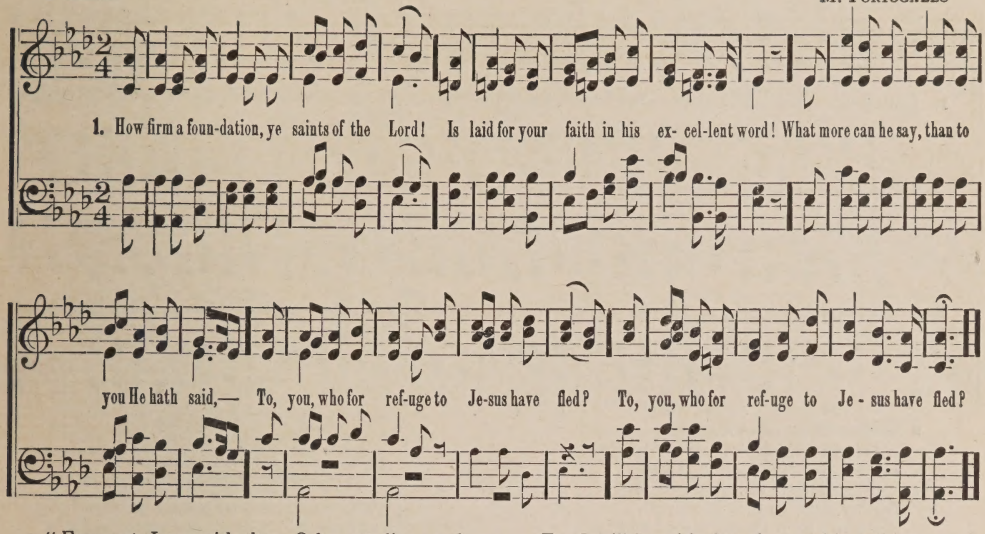
4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

178 PORTUGUESE HYMN 11s.

G. KEITH

M. PORTOGALLO

1. How firm a foun-dation, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in his ex- cel-lent word! What more can he say, than to
you He hath said,— To, you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To, you, who for ref-uge to Je - sus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand,

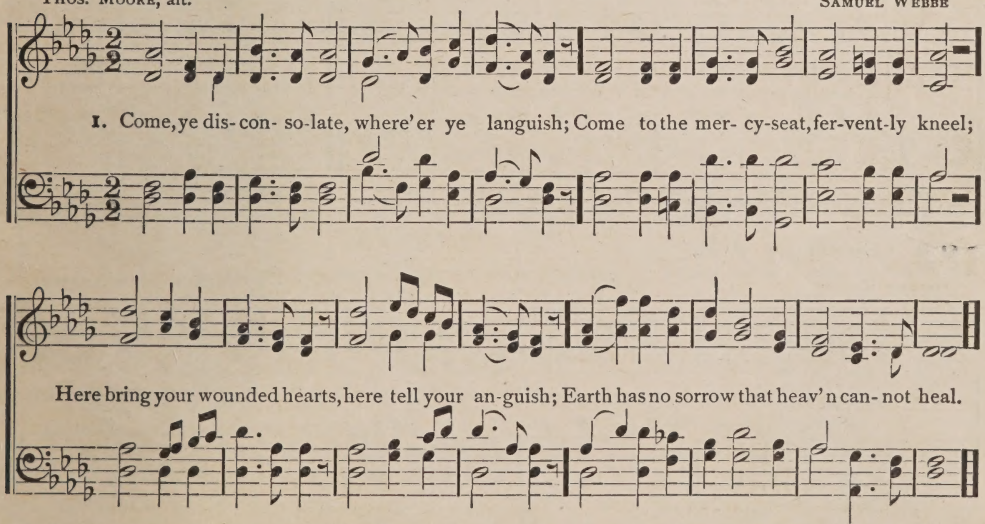
3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not over-flow;
For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul— though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake!

179 COME, YE DISCONSOLATE S. M.

THOS. MOORE, alt.

SAMUEL WEBBE

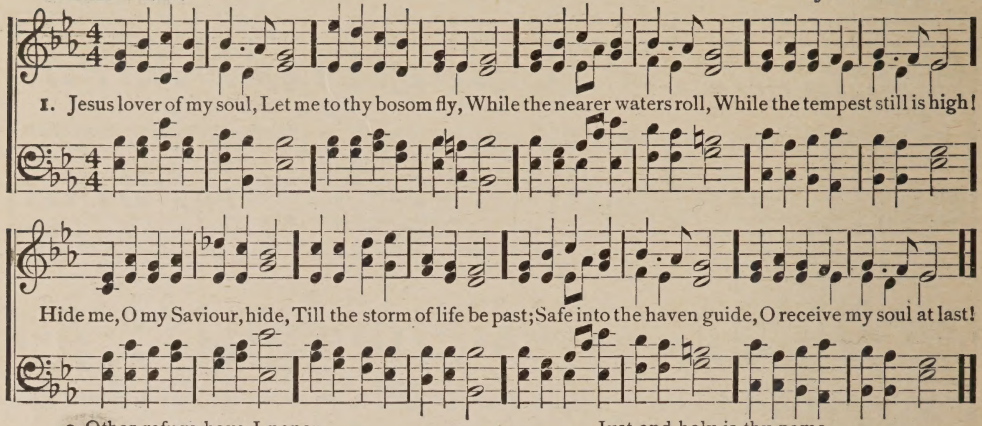

1. Come, ye dis-con- so-late, where'er ye languish; Come to the mer- cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can- not heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

180 HOLLINGSIDE 7s. D.

CHARLES WESLEY — JOHN B. DYKES

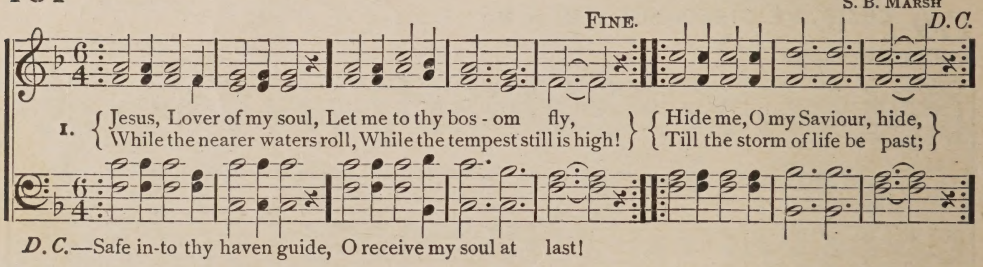

1. Jesus lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life be past; Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust in thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

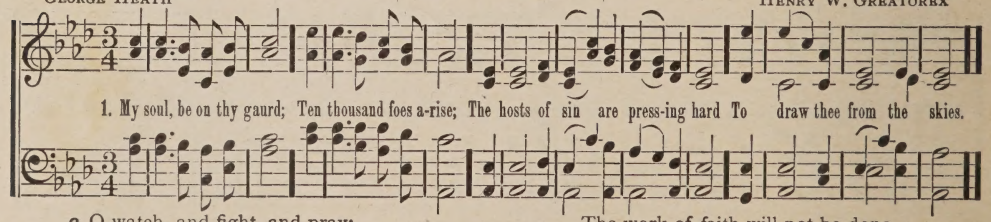
4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

181 MARTYN (*Second Tune*)

S. B. MARSH

FINE.
D. C.
1. { Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high! } { Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life be past; }
D. C.—Safe in-to thy haven guide, O receive my soul at last!

182 LEIGHTON S. M.

GEORGE HEATH — HENRY W. GREATOREX



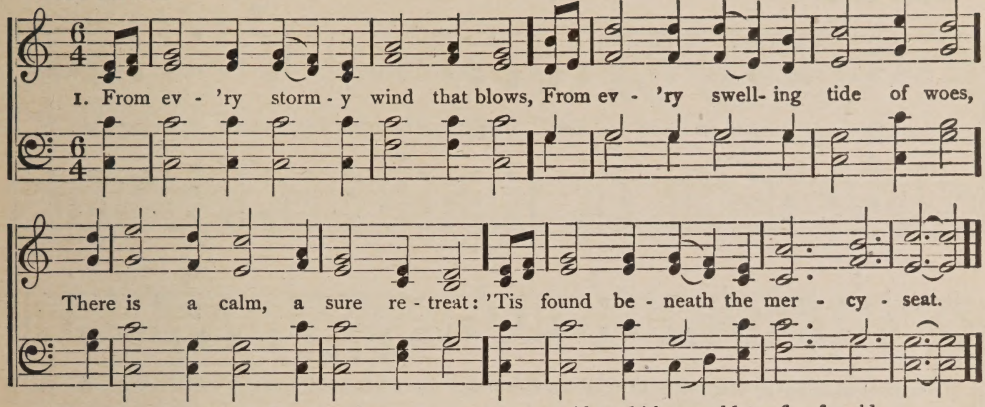
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

183 RETREAT L. M.

HUGH STOWELL — THOMAS HASTINGS


1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell- ing tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure re - treat: 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy seat.

184 L. M.

1 Lord of our life, God whom we fear,
Unknown, yet known, unseen, yet near;
Breath of our breath, in thee we live;
Life of our life, our praise receive.

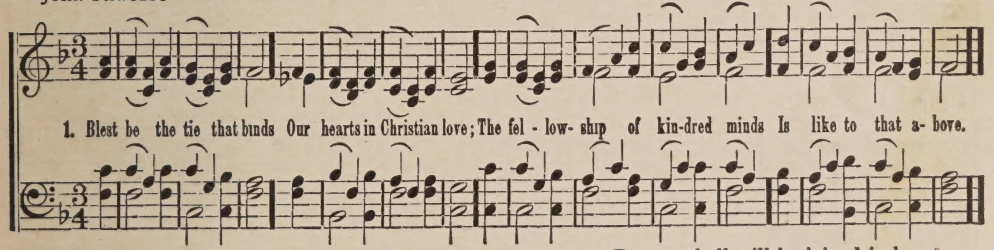
2 Thine eye detects the sparrow's fall;
Thy heart of love expands for all;
Our throbbing life is full of thee,
Throned in thy vast infinity.

3 Shine in our darkness, Light of Light,
Our minds illume, disperse our night;
Make us responsive to thy will,
Our souls with all thy fullness fill.

4 We love thy name, we heed thy rod,
Thy word, our law; O gracious God!
We wait thy will; on thee we call;
Our light, our life, our love, our all.

SAMUEL F. SMITH

185 DENNIS S. M.

JOHN FAWCETT — HANS G NAEGELI

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

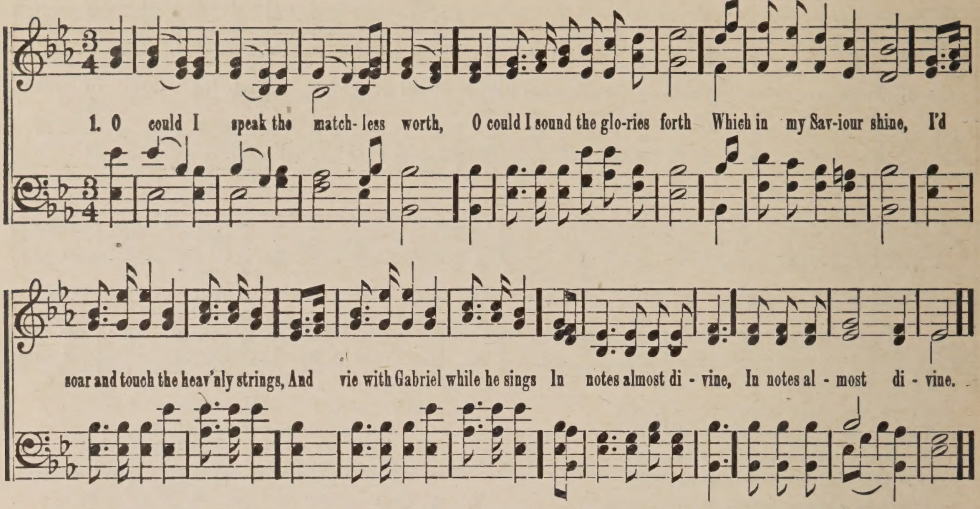
4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

186 ARIEL 8. 8. 6. D.

SAMUEL MEDLEY — Arr. by LOWELL MASON

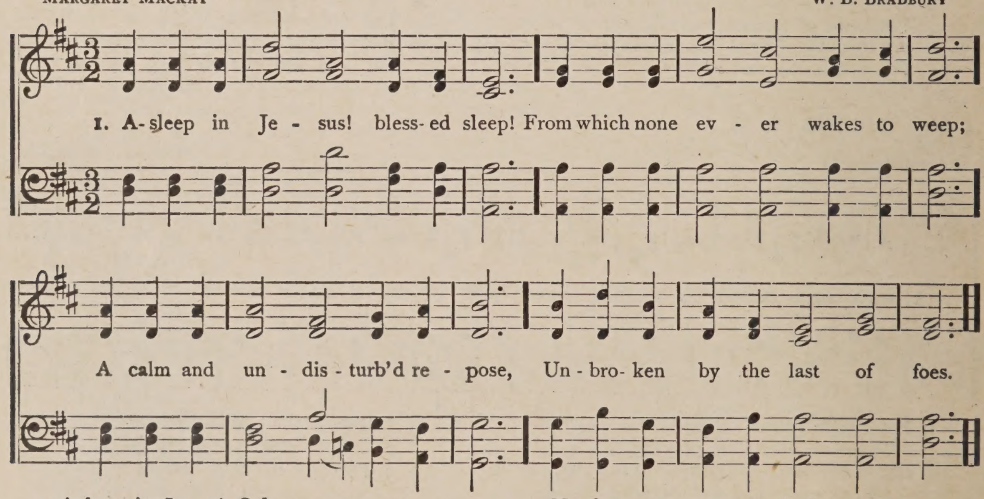

1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glo-ries forth Which in my Sav-iour shine, I'd
soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel while he sings In notes almost di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt,
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face,
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

187 REST L. M.

MARGARET MACKAY — W. B. BRADBURY


1. A-sleep in Je-sus! bless-ed sleep! From which none ev-er wakes to weep;
A calm and un-dis-turb'd re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.

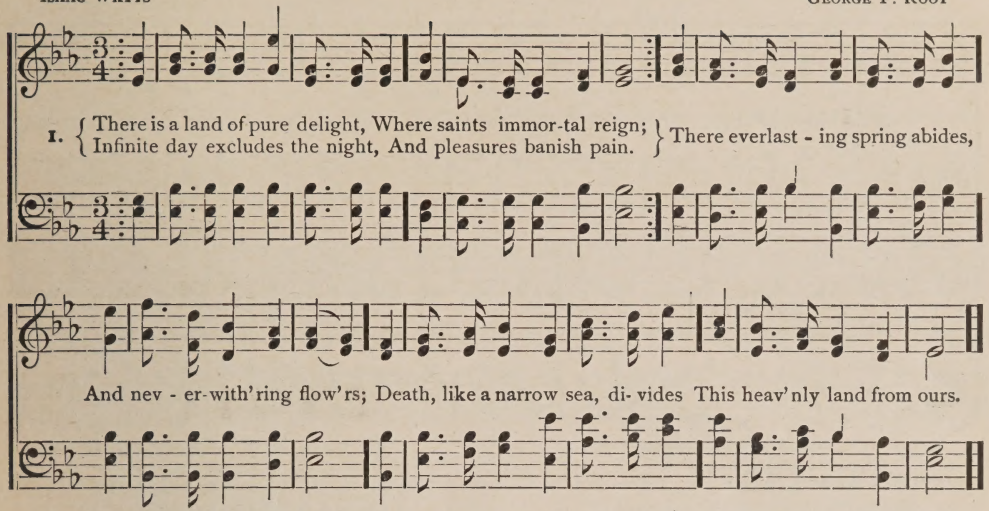
2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their grave may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep.

188 VARINA C. M. D.

ISAAC WATTS — GEORGE F. ROOT

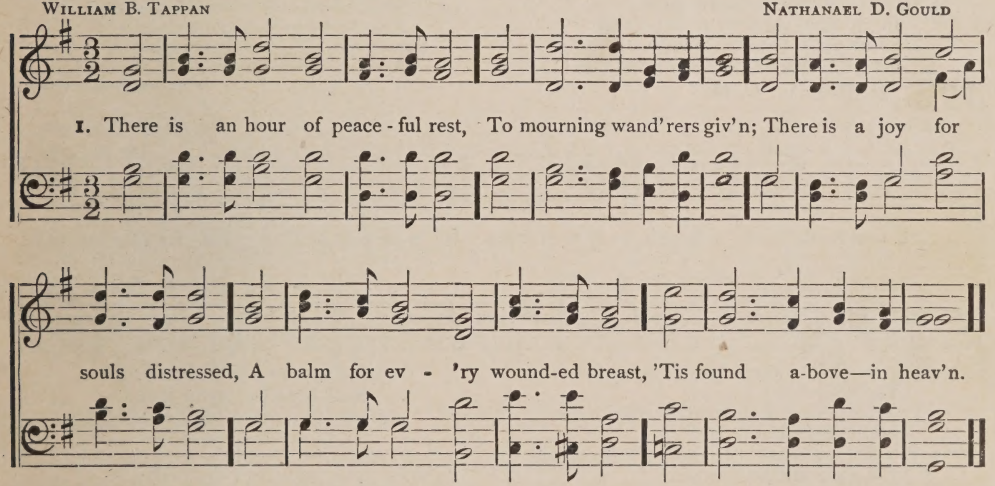

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immor-tal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
There everlast - ing spring abides,
And nev - er-with'ring flow'rs; Death, like a narrow sea, di- vides This heav'nly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

189 WOODLAND 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN — NATHANAEL D. GOULD


1. There is an hour of peace - ful rest, To mourning wand'rers giv'n; There is a joy for
souls distressed, A balm for ev - 'ry wound-ed breast, 'Tis found a-bove—in heav'n.

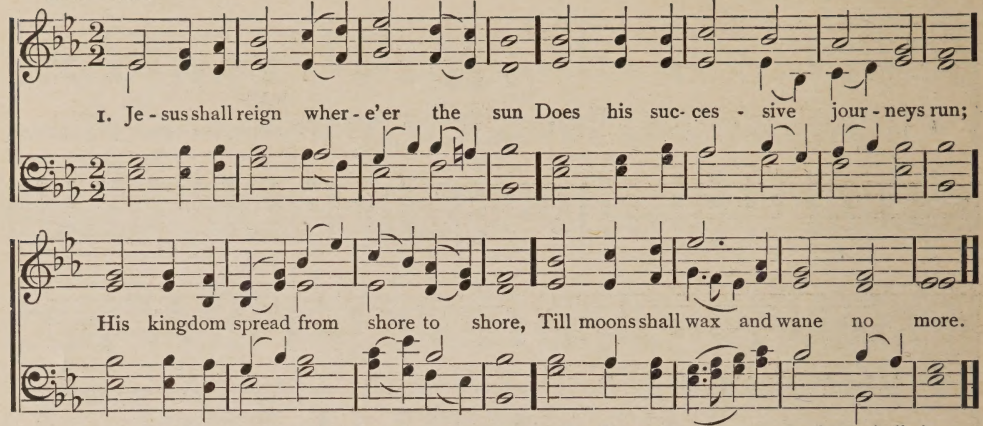
2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—'tis heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn—of heaven.

190 DUKE STREET L. M.

ISAAC WATTS — JOHN HATTON


1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

191 L. M.

1 Look from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!

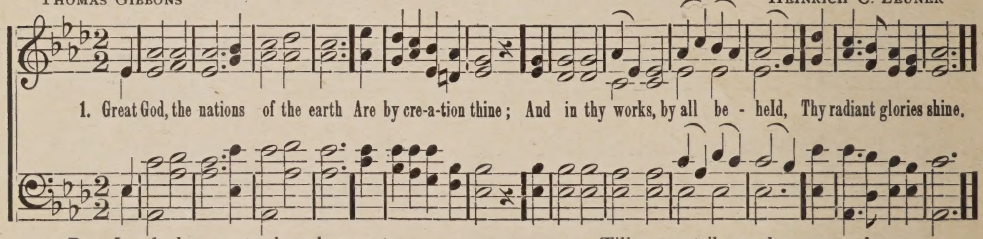
4 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT

192 HUMMEL C. M.

THOMAS GIBBONS — HEINRICH C. ZEUNER



2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 When, Lord, shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy praise.

193 C. M.

1 Jesus immortal King, arise;
Assert thy rightful sway,
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

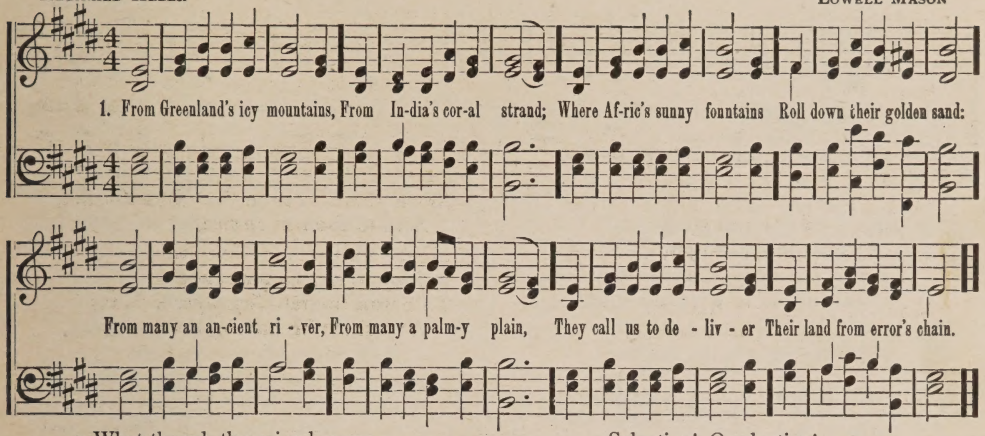
3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
The spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Be thou, O Christ, adored,
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

A. C. HOBART SEYMOUR

194 MISSIONARY HYMN 7s. 6s. D.

REGINALD HEBER — LOWELL MASON


1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From In-dia's cor-al strand; Where Af-ric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand:
From many an an-cient ri - ver, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

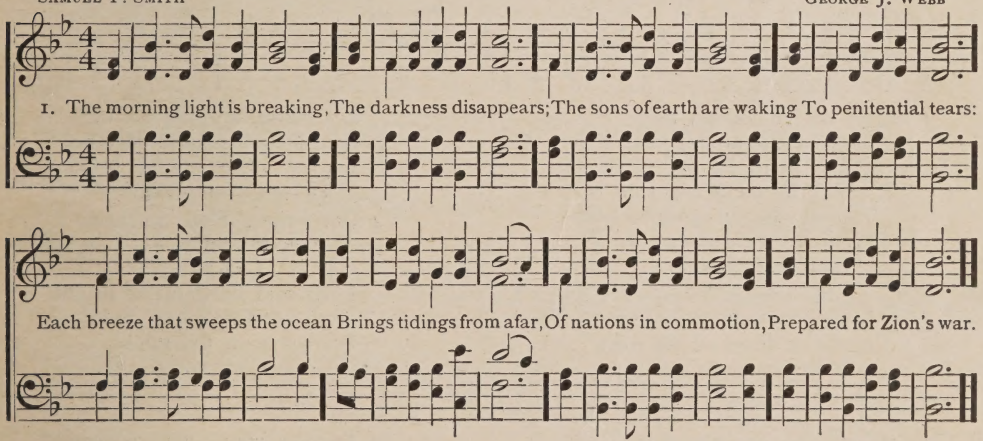
2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

195 WEBB 7s. 6s. D.

SAMUEL F. SMITH — GEORGE J. WEBB

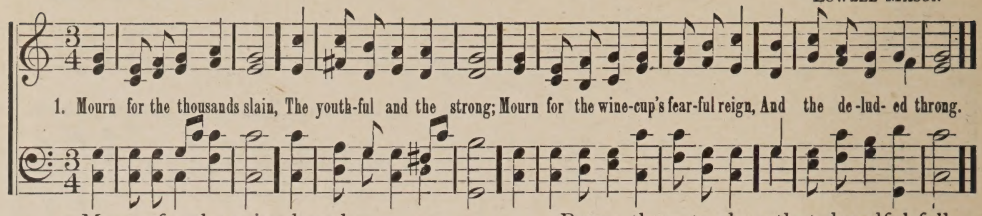

1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are waking To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from afar, Of nations in commotion, Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above:
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay,
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

196 BOYLSTON S. M.

LOWELL MASON



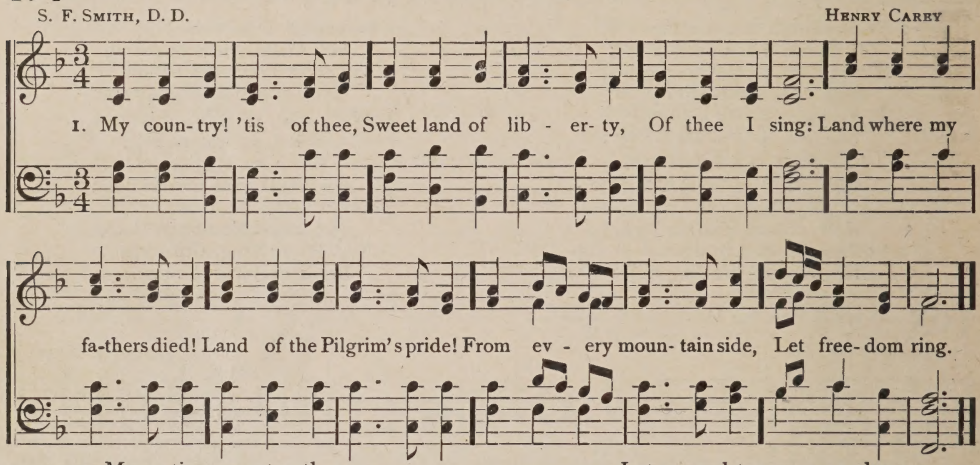
2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost; but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

197 AMERICA 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

S. F. SMITH, D. D. HENRY CAREY


1. My coun- try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er- ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
fa-thers died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride! From ev - ery moun- tain side, Let free- dom ring.

2 My native country thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love
I love thy rocks and rills
Thy woods and templed hills
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

198 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

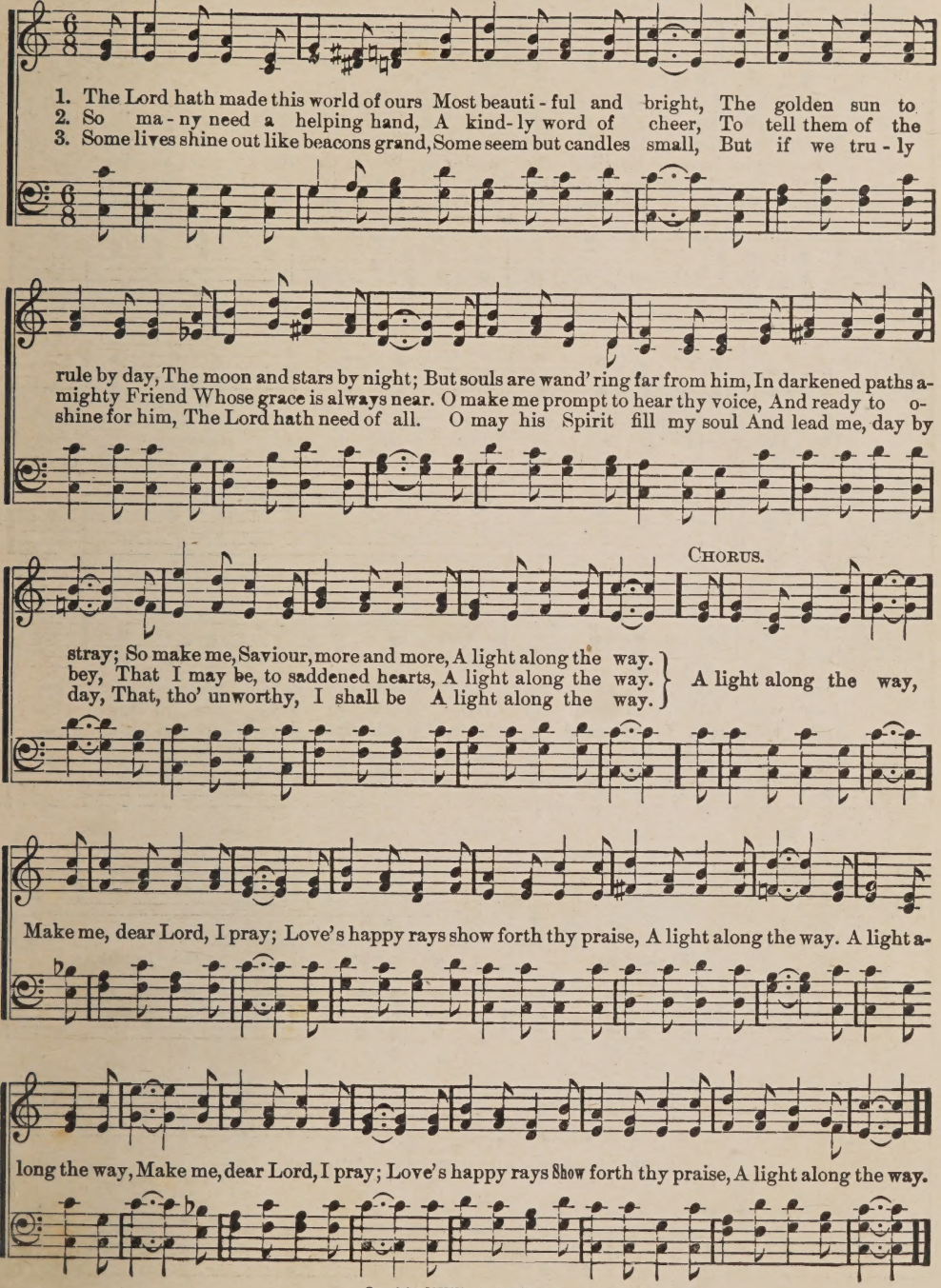
1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might!

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

CHARLES T. BROOKS and JOHN S. DWIGHT

203 A Light Along the Way.

E. E. HEWITT. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. The Lord hath made this world of ours Most beauti - ful and bright, The golden sun to
2. So ma - ny need a helping hand, A kind - ly word of cheer, To tell them of the
3. Some lives shine out like beacons grand, Some seem but candles small, But if we tru - ly
rule by day, The moon and stars by night; But souls are wand' ring far from him, In darkened paths a-
mighty Friend Whose grace is always near. O make me prompt to hear thy voice, And ready to o-
shine for him, The Lord hath need of all. O may his Spirit fill my soul And lead me, day by
CHORUS.
stray; So make me, Saviour, more and more, A light along the way.
bey, That I may be, to saddened hearts, A light along the way.
day, That, tho' unworthy, I shall be A light along the way.
A light along the way,
Make me, dear Lord, I pray; Love's happy rays show forth thy praise, A light along the way. A light a-
long the way, Make me, dear Lord, I pray; Love's happy rays Show forth thy praise, A light along the way.

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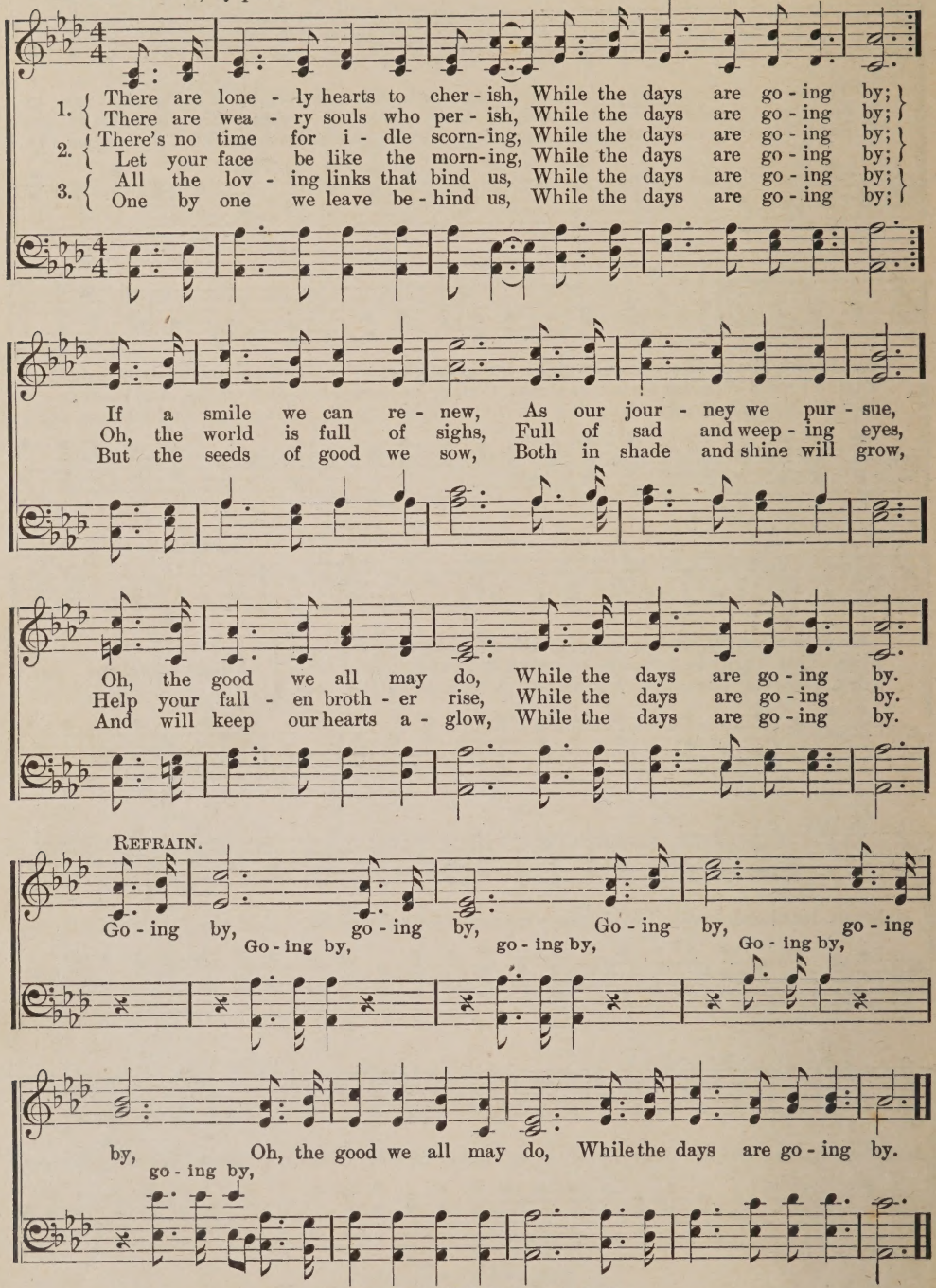
204 While the Days are Going By.

GEORGE COOPER, by per. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go - ing by;
There are wea - ry souls who per - ish, While the days are go - ing by;
2. There's no time for i - dle scorn - ing, While the days are go - ing by;
Let your face be like the morn - ing, While the days are go - ing by;
3. All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by;
One by one we leave be - hind us, While the days are go - ing by;
If a smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue,
Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep - ing eyes,
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow,
Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.
Help your fall - en broth - er rise, While the days are go - ing by.
And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go - ing by.
REFRAIN.
Go - ing by, go - ing by, Go - ing by, go - ing by,
Go - ing by, go - ing by, Go - ing by,
by, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.
go - ing by,

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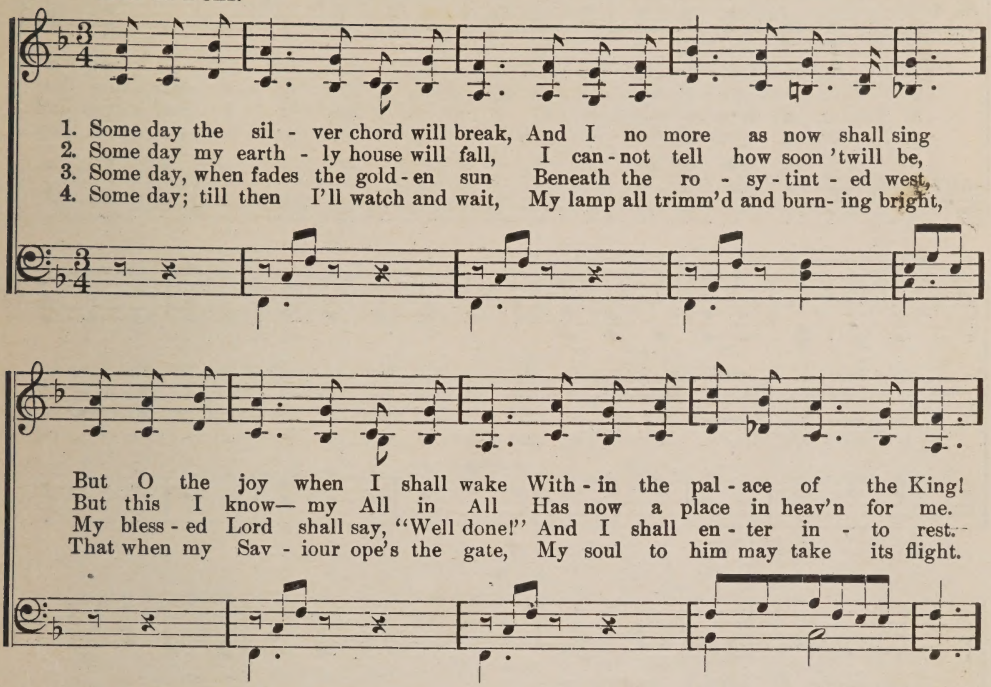
205 Saved By Grace.

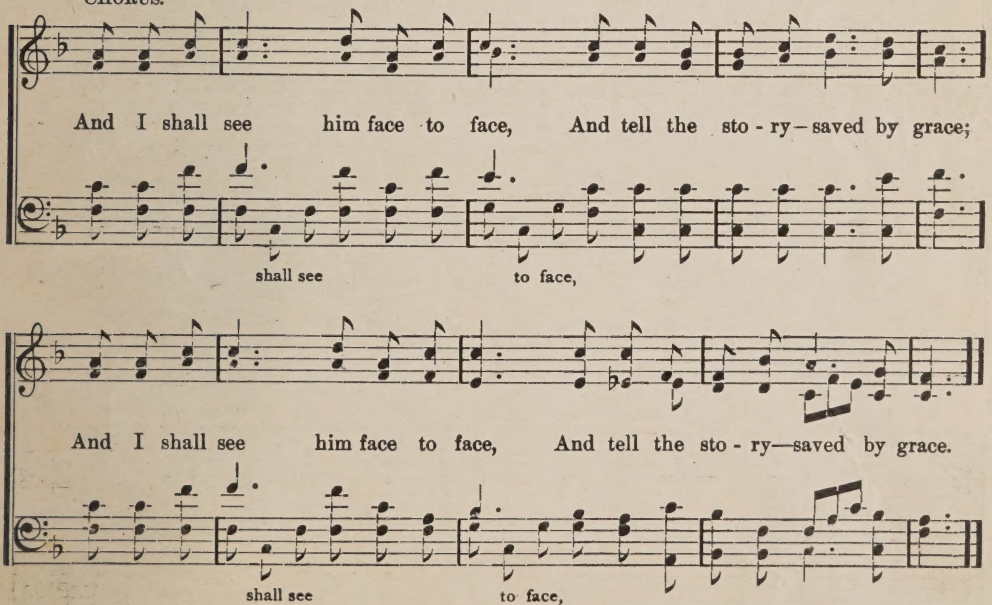
"By grace ye are saved."—Ephesians 2: 5.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

SOLO OR DUET.


1. Some day the sil - ver chord will break, And I no more as now shall sing
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can - not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the gold - en sun Beneath the ro - sy - tint - ed west,
4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm'd and burn- ing bright,
But O the joy when I shall wake With - in the pal - ace of the King!
But this I know— my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My bless - ed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - iour ope's the gate, My soul to him may take its flight.

CHORUS.


And I shall see him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—saved by grace;
shall see
to face,
And I shall see him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—saved by grace.
shall see
to face,

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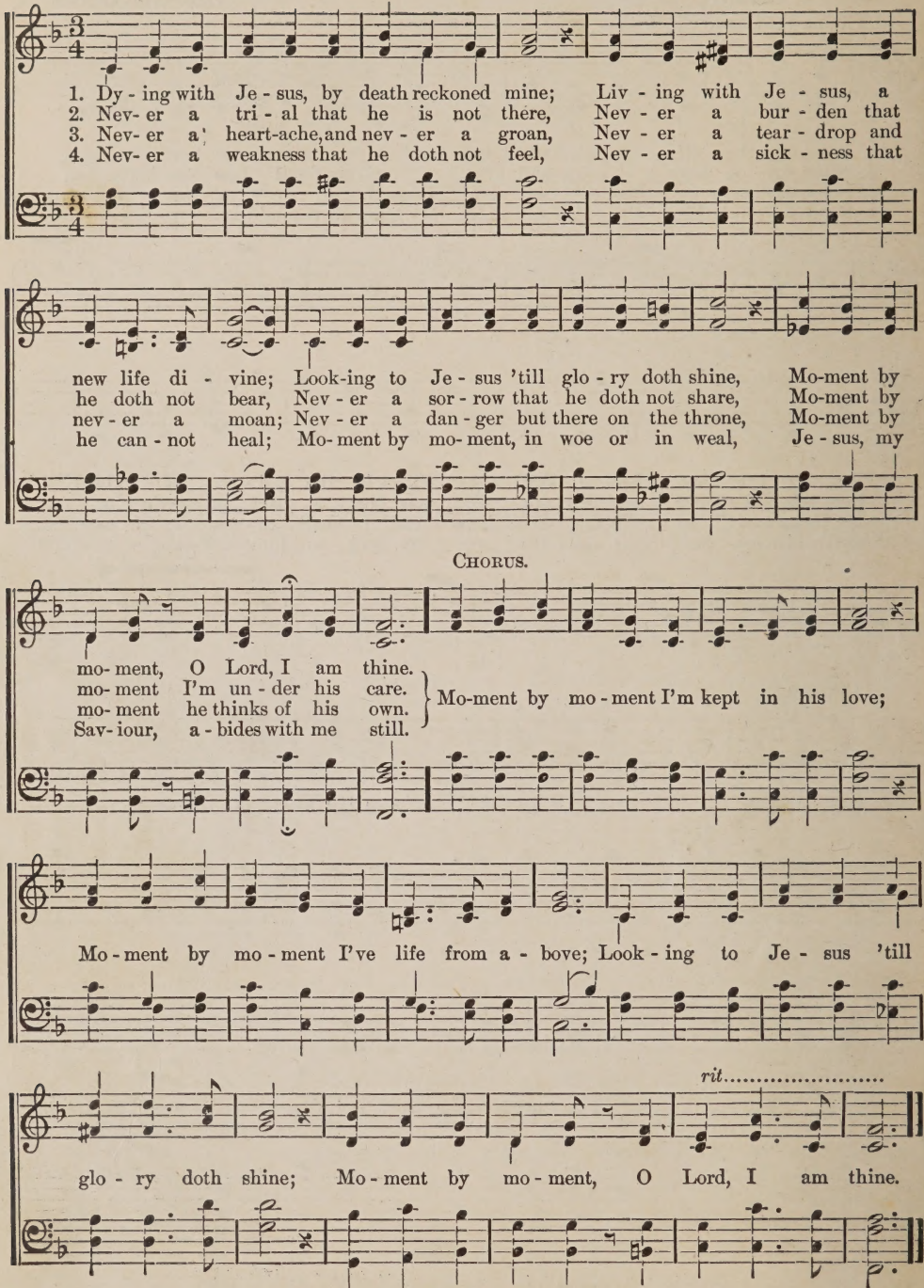
206 Moment By Moment.

Maj. D. W. Whittle. May Whittle Moody.

1. Dy - ing with Je - sus, by death reckoned mine; Liv - ing with Je - sus, a
2. Nev- er a tri - al that he is not there, Nev - er a bur - den that
3. Nev- er a heart-ache, and nev - er a groan, Nev - er a tear - drop and
4. Nev- er a weakness that he doth not feel, Nev - er a sick - ness that
new life di - vine; Look-ing to Je - sus 'till glo - ry doth shine, Mo-ment by
he doth not bear, Nev - er a sor - row that he doth not share, Mo-ment by
nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan - ger but there on the throne, Mo-ment by
he can - not heal; Mo - ment by mo - ment, in woe or in weal, Je - sus, my
Chorus.
mo- ment, O Lord, I am thine.
mo- ment I'm un - der his care.
mo- ment he thinks of his own.
Sav- iour, a - bides with me still.
Mo-ment by mo - ment I'm kept in his love;
Mo - ment by mo - ment I've life from a - bove; Look - ing to Je - sus 'till
rit.....
glo - ry doth shine; Mo - ment by mo - ment, O Lord, I am thine.

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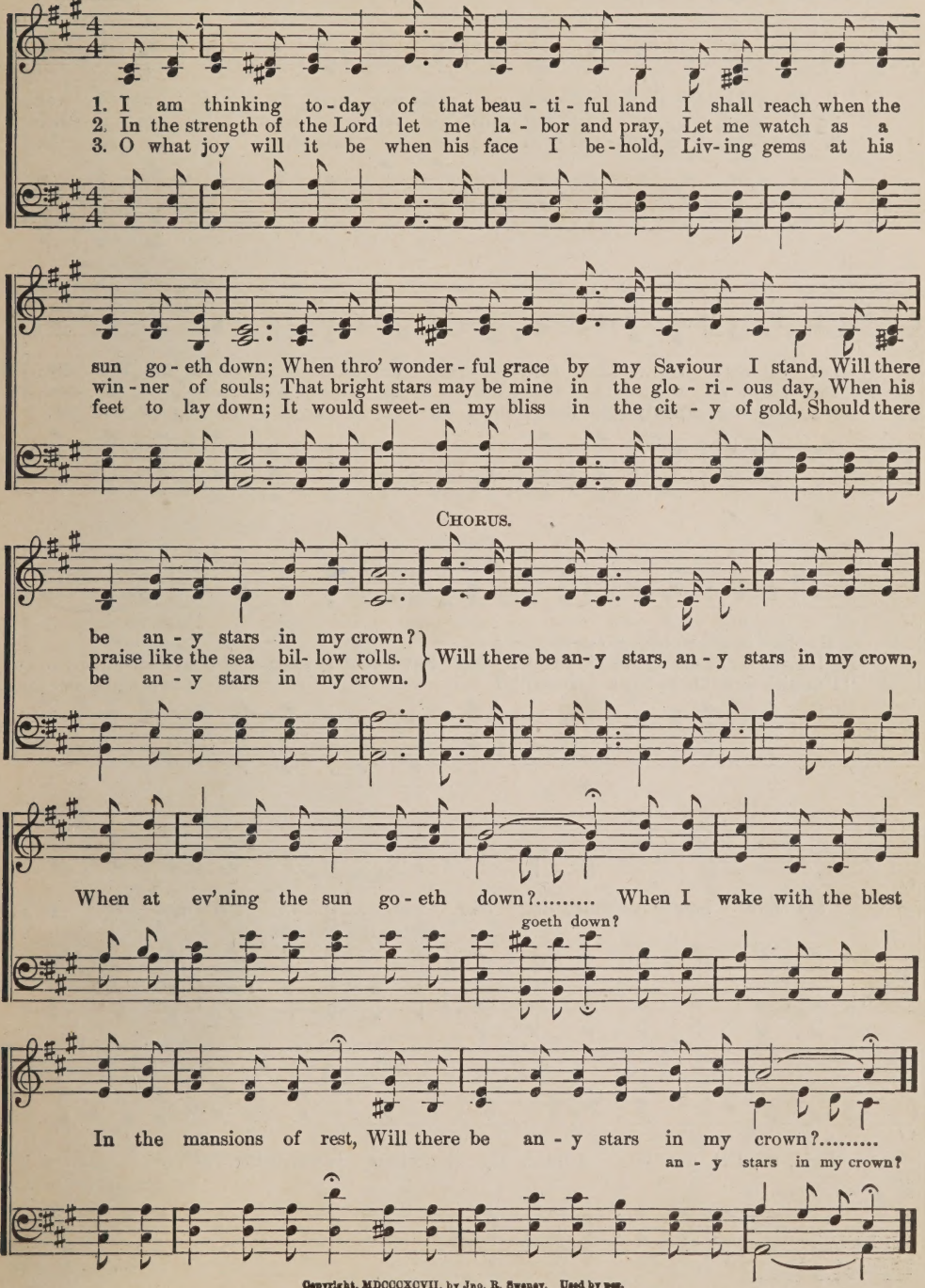
207 Will There Be any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. O what joy will it be when his face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at his
sun go-eth down; When thro' wonder-ful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When his
feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there
Chorus.
be an-y stars in my crown?
praise like the sea bil-low rolls.
be an-y stars in my crown.
Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my crown,
When at ev'ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest
goeth down?
In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?.....
an-y stars in my crown?

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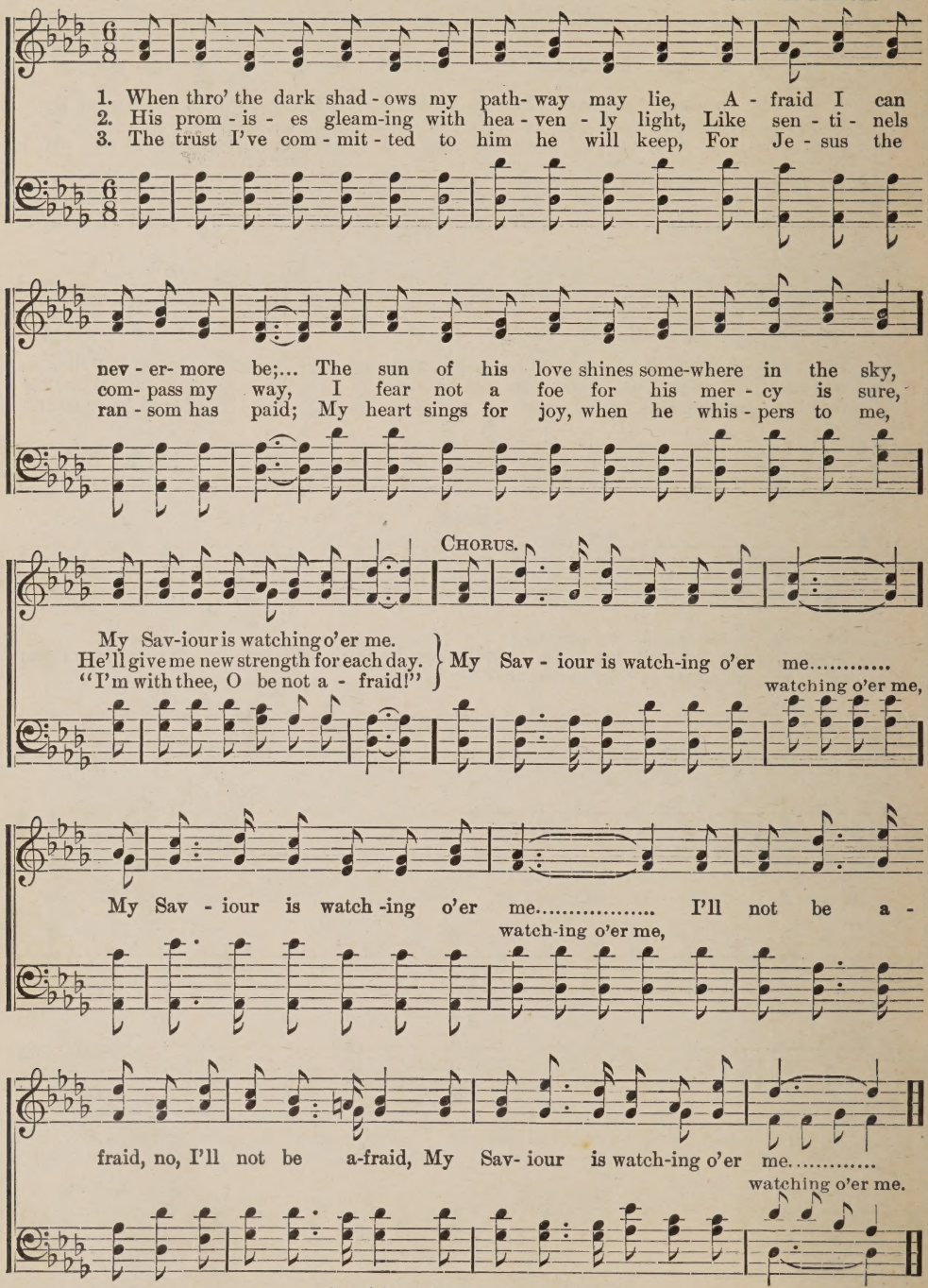
208 My Saviour is Watching O'er Me.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. JAS. M. BLACK.

1. When thro' the dark shad - ows my path- way may lie, A - fraid I can
2. His prom - is - es gleam-ing with hea - ven - ly light, Like sen - ti - nels
3. The trust I've com - mit - ted to him he will keep, For Je - sus the
nev - er- more be;... The sun of his love shines some-where in the sky,
com- pass my way, I fear not a foe for his mer - cy is sure,
ran - som has paid; My heart sings for joy, when he whis - pers to me,
CHORUS.
My Sav-iour is watching o'er me.
He'll give me new strength for each day.
"I'm with thee, O be not a - fraid!"
My Sav - iour is watch-ing o'er me.....
watching o'er me,
My Sav - iour is watch -ing o'er me..... I'll not be a -
watch-ing o'er me,
fraid, no, I'll not be a-fraid, My Sav- iour is watch-ing o'er me.....
watching o'er me.

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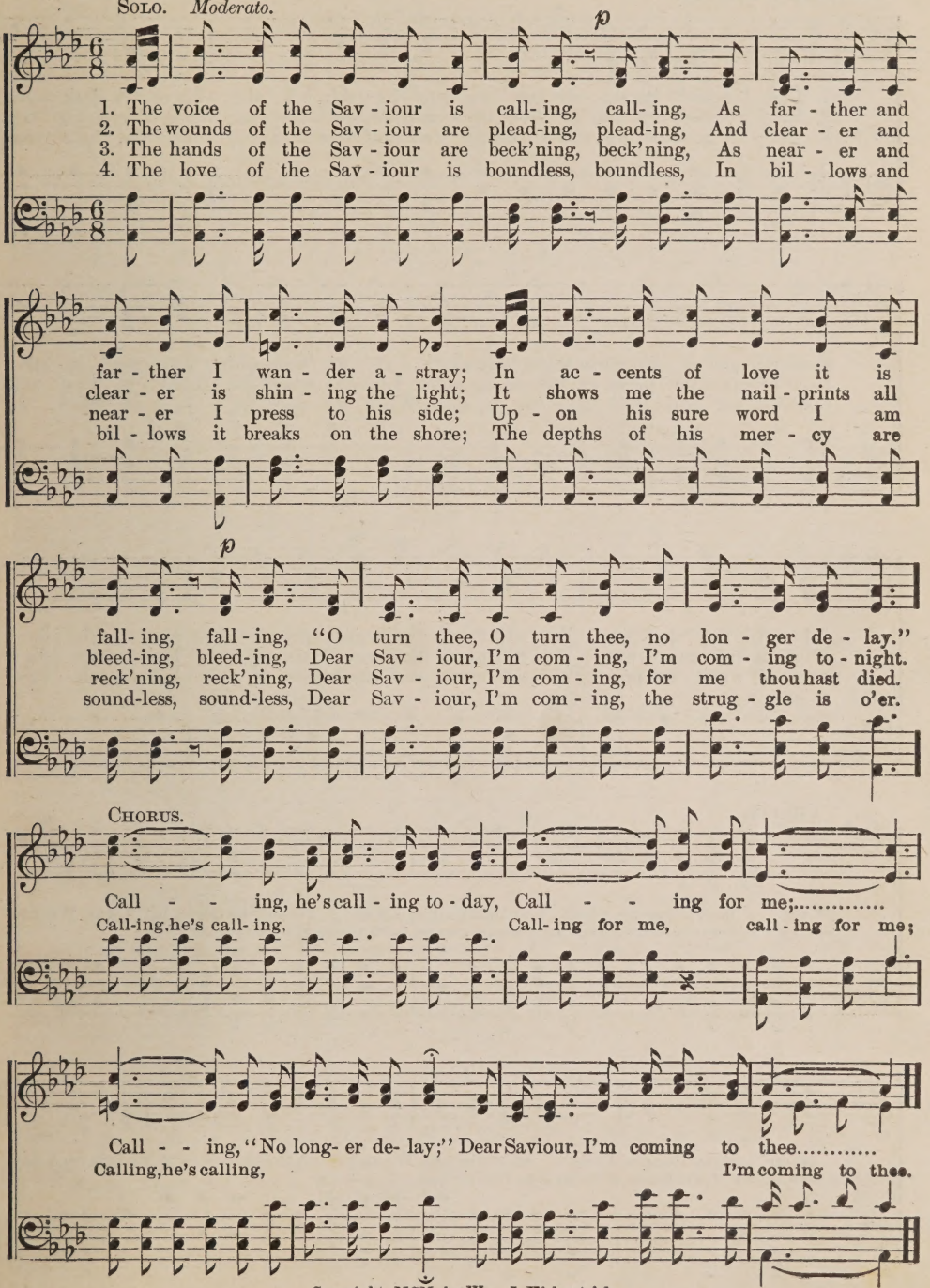
209 The Voice of the Saviour.

Mrs. Mary B. Wingate. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Solo. *Moderato.*

p
1. The voice of the Sav - iour is call- ing, call- ing, As far - ther and
2. The wounds of the Sav - iour are plead-ing, plead-ing, And clear - er and
3. The hands of the Sav - iour are beck'ning, beck'ning, As near - er and
4. The love of the Sav - iour is boundless, boundless, In bil - lows and
far - ther I wan - der a - stray; In ac - cents of love it is
clear - er is shin - ing the light; It shows me the nail - prints all
near - er I press to his side; Up - on his sure word I am
bil - lows it breaks on the shore; The depths of his mer - cy are
p
fall- ing, fall - ing, "O turn thee, O turn thee, no lon - ger de - lay."
bleed-ing, bleed-ing, Dear Sav - iour, I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing to - night.
reck'ning, reck'ning, Dear Sav - iour, I'm com - ing, for me thou hast died.
sound-less, sound-less, Dear Sav - iour, I'm com - ing, the strug - gle is o'er.
Chorus.
Call - - ing, he's call - ing to - day, Call - - ing for me;.....
Call-ing, he's call- ing. Call- ing for me, call - ing for me;
Call - - ing, "No long- er de- lay;" Dear Saviour, I'm coming to thee.....
Calling, he's calling, I'm coming to thee.

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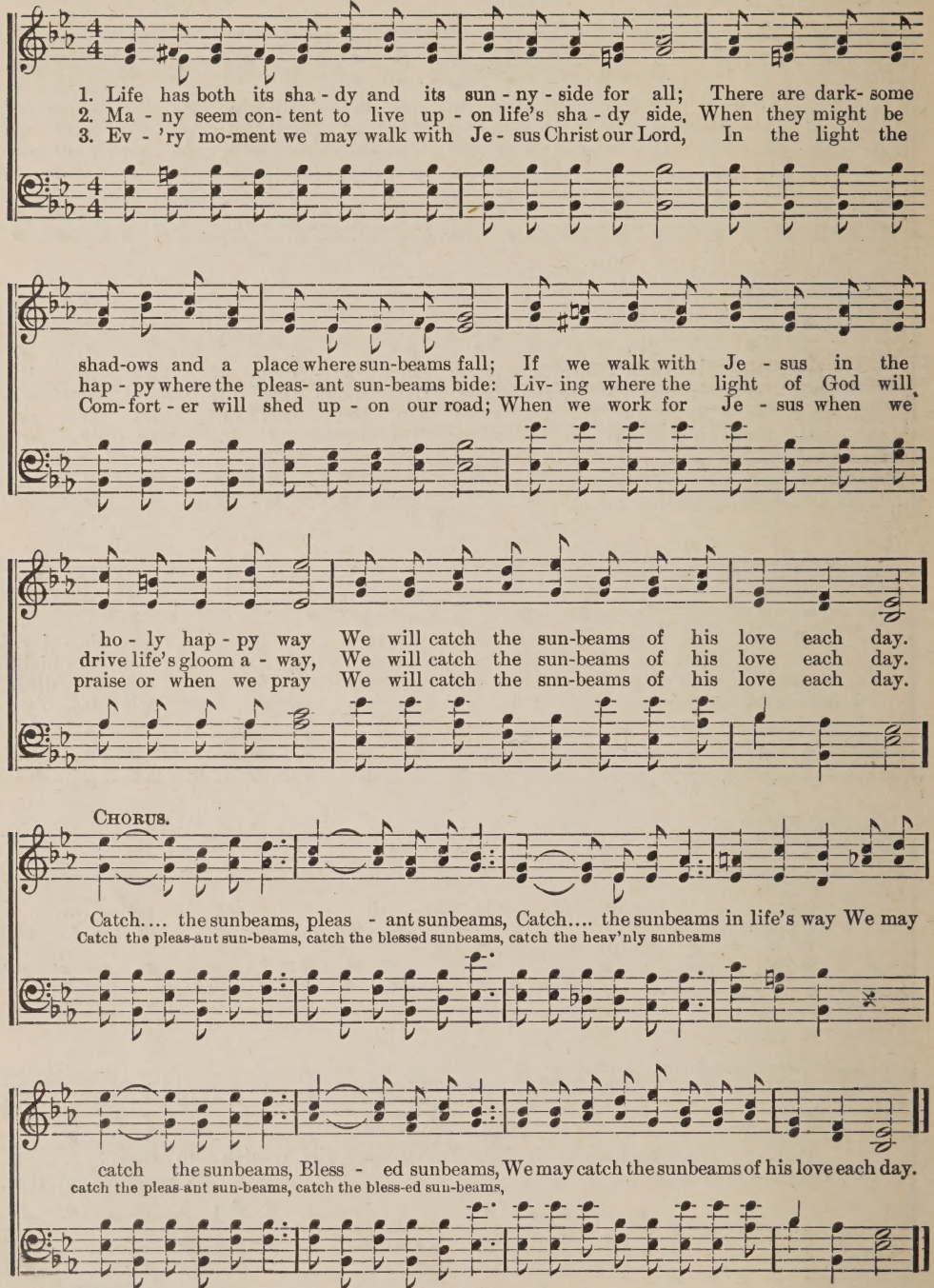
210 Catch the Sunbeams.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. Life has both its sha - dy and its sun - ny - side for all; There are dark- some
2. Ma - ny seem con- tent to live up - on life's sha - dy side, When they might be
3. Ev - 'ry mo-ment we may walk with Je - sus Christ our Lord, In the light the
shad-ows and a place where sun-beams fall; If we walk with Je - sus in the
hap - py where the pleas- ant sun-beams bide: Liv- ing where the light of God will
Com-fort - er will shed up - on our road; When we work for Je - sus when we
ho - ly hap - py way We will catch the sun-beams of his love each day.
drive life's gloom a - way, We will catch the sun-beams of his love each day.
praise or when we pray We will catch the snn-beams of his love each day.
Chorus.
Catch.... the sunbeams, pleas - ant sunbeams, Catch.... the sunbeams in life's way We may
Catch the pleas-ant sun-beams, catch the blessed sunbeams, catch the heav'nly sunbeams
catch the sunbeams, Bless - ed sunbeams, We may catch the sunbeams of his love each day.
catch the pleas-ant sun-beams, catch the bless-ed sun-beams,

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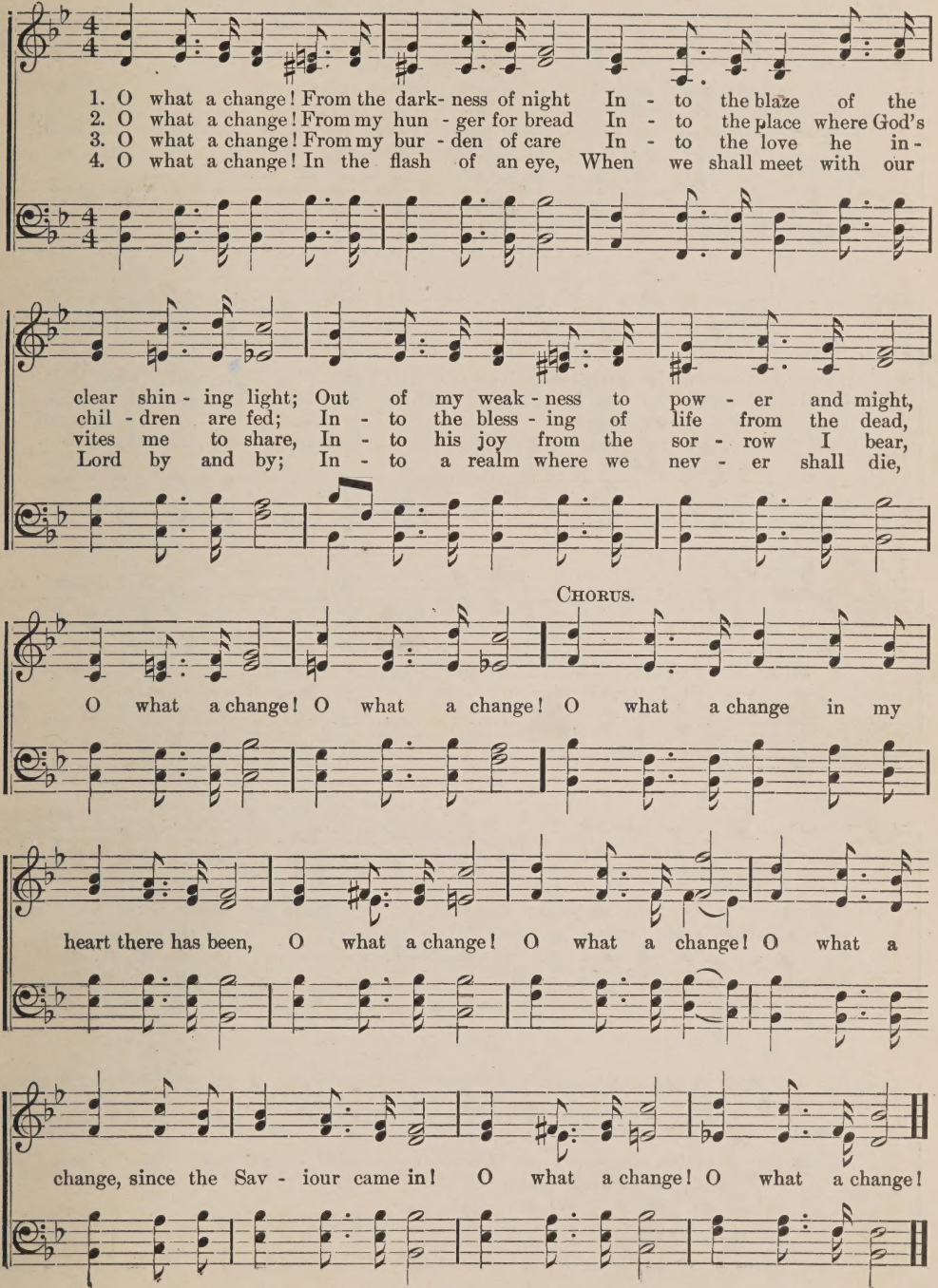
211 What a Change.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Charles H. Gabriel.


1. O what a change! From the dark- ness of night In - to the blaze of the
2. O what a change! From my hun - ger for bread In - to the place where God's
3. O what a change! From my bur - den of care In - to the love he in-
4. O what a change! In the flash of an eye, When we shall meet with our
clear shin - ing light; Out of my weak - ness to pow - er and might,
chil - dren are fed; In - to the bless - ing of life from the dead,
vites me to share, In - to his joy from the sor - row I bear,
Lord by and by; In - to a realm where we nev - er shall die,
Chorus.
O what a change! O what a change! O what a change in my
heart there has been, O what a change! O what a change! O what a
change, since the Sav - iour came in! O what a change! O what a change!

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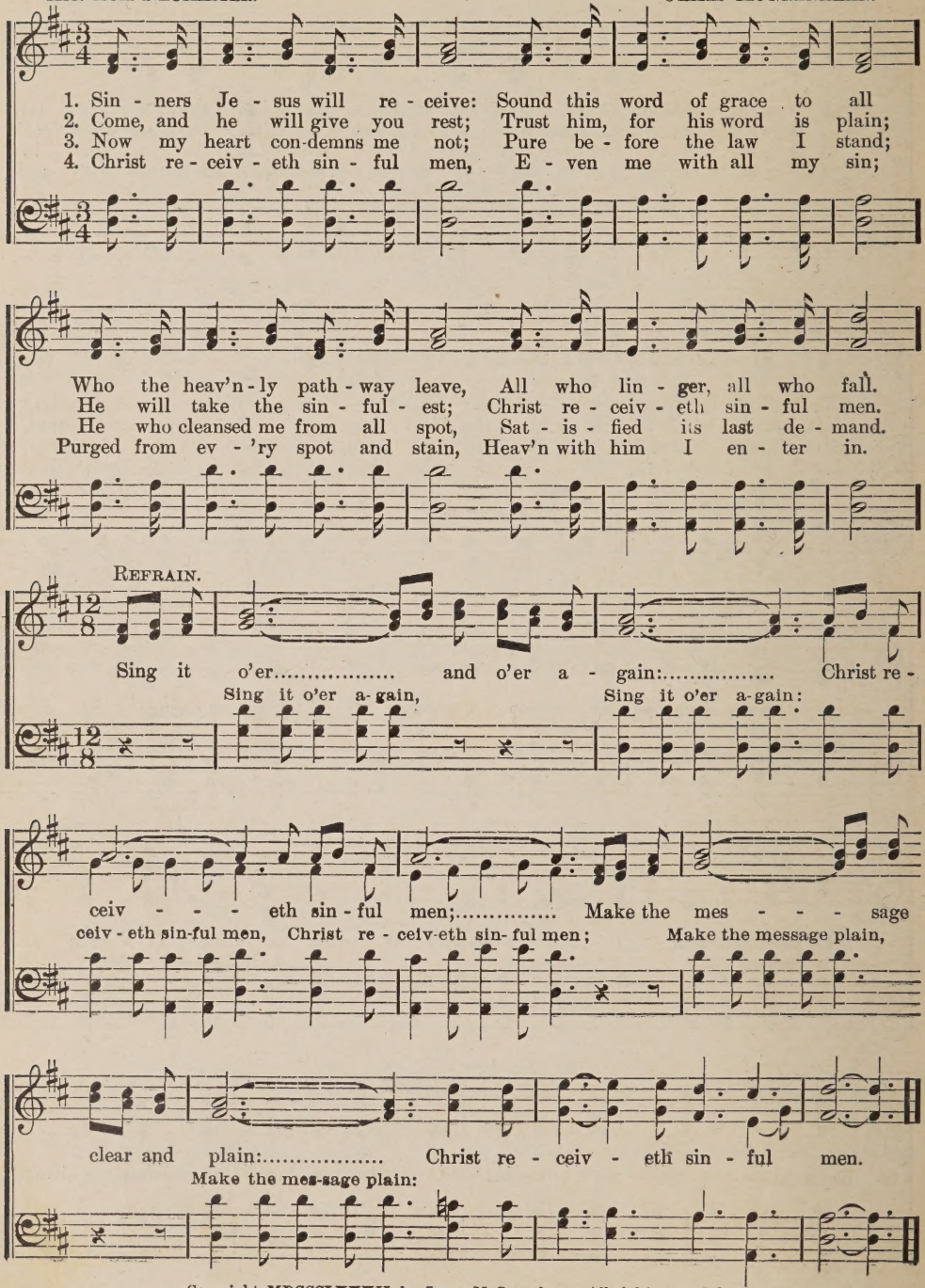
212 Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

Arr. from NEUMASTER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and he will give you rest; Trust him, for his word is plain;
3. Now my heart con-demns me not; Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;
Who the heav'n-ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with him I en - ter in.
REFRAIN.
Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain:..... Christ re -
Sing it o'er a-gain,
Sing it o'er a-gain:
ceiv - - - eth sin-ful men;..... Make the mes - - - sage
ceiv - eth sin-ful men, Christ re - ceiv-eth sin- ful men;
Make the message plain,
clear and plain:..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the mes-sage plain:

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213 'Tis the Old, Old Story of His Love.

JAMES ROWE. IRA B. WILSON.

DUET, ALTO & TENOR.

1. There's a sweet old sto-ry which I love to hear, When the night is long and drear-y;
2. There's a sweet old sto-ry that I love to read When my spirit dreads the mor - row,—
3. There's a sweet old sto-ry that I love to tell To the heart by grief o'er-tak - en,—

When I feel the pow-er of the tempt-er near, And my soul is sad and wear - y.
When, to help me onward, strength or cheer I need, Or when com-fort I would bor - row.
To the friendless brothers who in darkness dwell, And to those by hope for - sak - en.

CHORUS.

'Tis the old, old sto - ry of his love,..... 'Tis the sweet, old
The sto - ry of his love

mes-sage from a - bove;..... For no oth - er I can find that can
The mess- age, from a - bove;

rit - ad - lib.

calm a troub-led mind, Like the sweet old sto-ry of his love.....
The sto - ry of his love.

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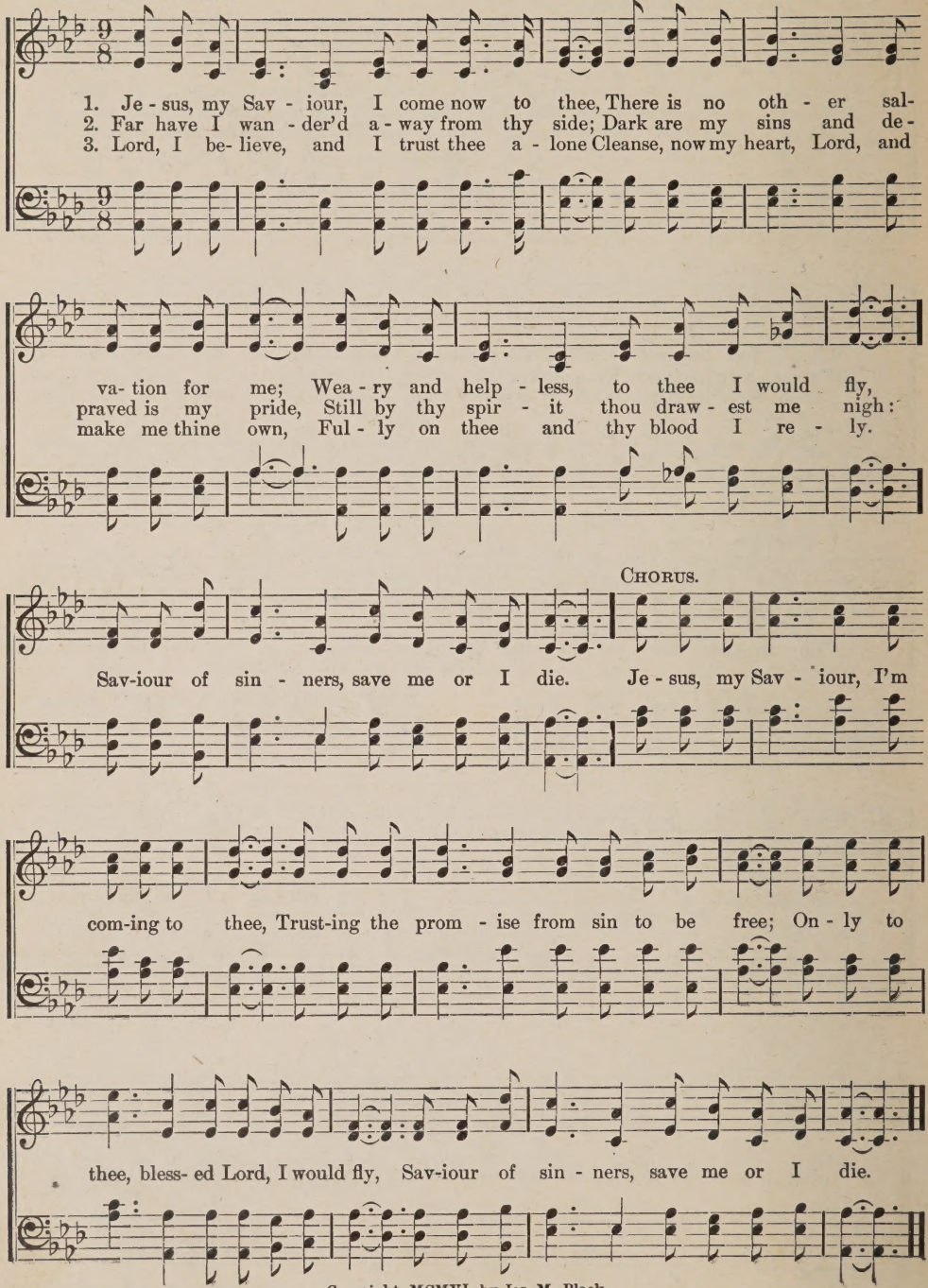
Saviour of Sinners.

Rev. W. C. Martin. Jas. M. Black.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, I come now to thee, There is no oth - er sal-
2. Far have I wan - der'd a - way from thy side; Dark are my sins and de-
3. Lord, I be- lieve, and I trust thee a - lone Cleanse, now my heart, Lord, and
va- tion for me; Wea - ry and help - less, to thee I would fly,
praved is my pride, Still by thy spir - it thou draw - est me nigh:
make me thine own, Ful - ly on thee and thy blood I re - ly.
Chorus.
Sav-iour of sin - ners, save me or I die. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, I'm
com-ing to thee, Trust-ing the prom - ise from sin to be free; On - ly to
thee, bless- ed Lord, I would fly, Sav-iour of sin - ners, save me or I die.

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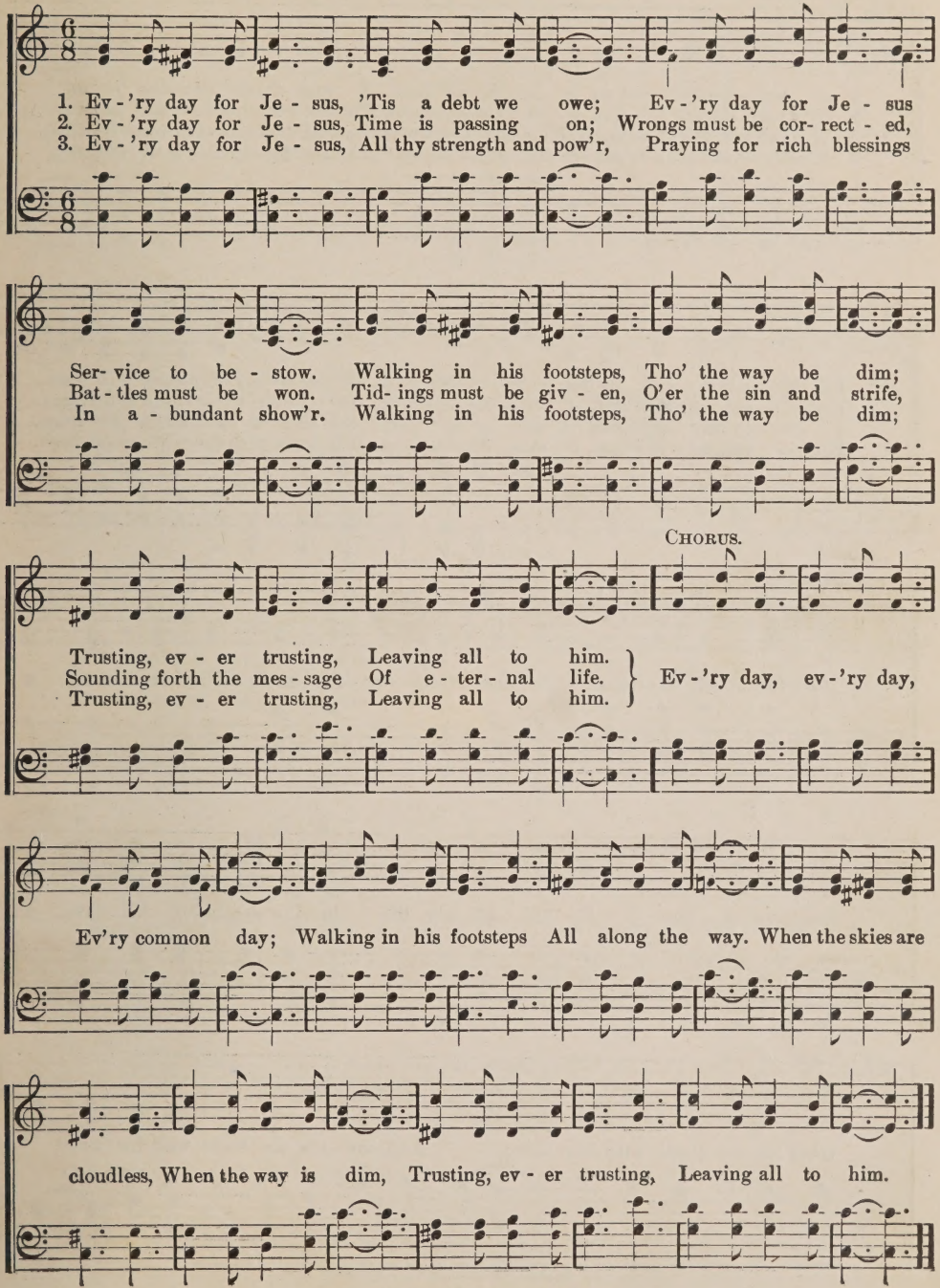
215 Every Day for Jesus.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.


1. Ev-'ry day for Je - sus, 'Tis a debt we owe; Ev-'ry day for Je - sus
2. Ev-'ry day for Je - sus, Time is passing on; Wrongs must be cor- rect - ed,
3. Ev-'ry day for Je - sus, All thy strength and pow'r, Praying for rich blessings
Ser- vice to be - stow. Walking in his footsteps, Tho' the way be dim;
Bat - tles must be won. Tid- ings must be giv - en, O'er the sin and strife,
In a - bundant show'r. Walking in his footsteps, Tho' the way be dim;
CHORUS.
Trusting, ev - er trusting, Leaving all to him.
Sounding forth the mes - sage Of e - ter - nal life.
Trusting, ev - er trusting, Leaving all to him.
Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry day,
Ev'ry common day; Walking in his footsteps All along the way. When the skies are
cloudless, When the way is dim, Trusting, ev - er trusting, Leaving all to him.

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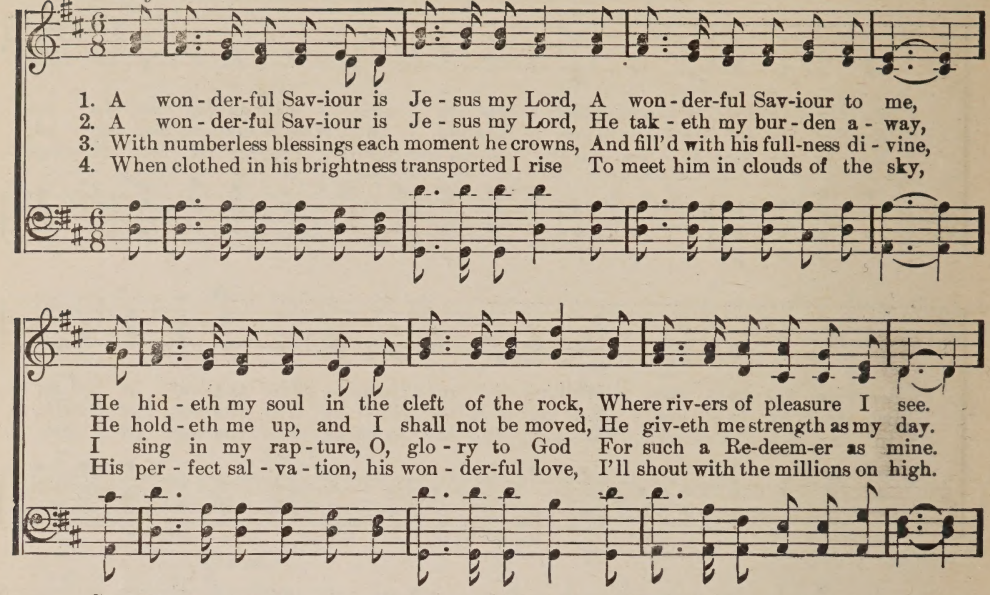
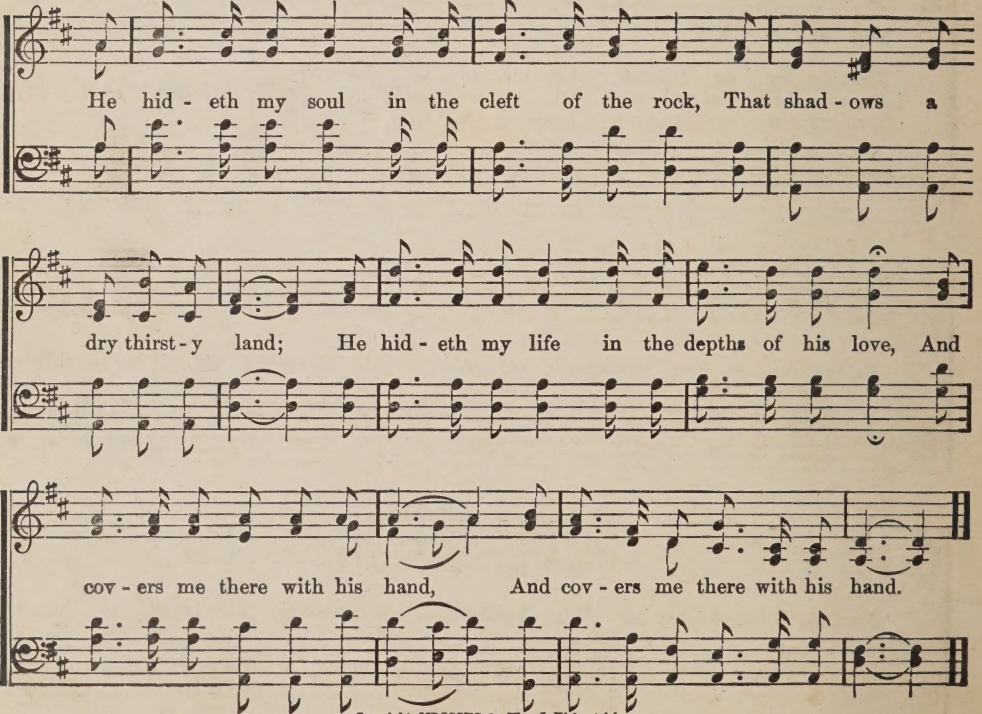
216 He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.


1. A won - der-ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der-ful Sav-iour to me,
2. A won - der-ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my bur - den a - way,
3. With numberless blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his full-ness di - vine,
4. When clothed in his brightness transported I rise To meet him in clouds of the sky,
He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where riv-ers of pleasure I see.
He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He giv-eth me strength as my day.
I sing in my rap - ture, O, glo - ry to God For such a Re-deem-er as mine.
His per - fect sal - va - tion, his won - der-ful love, I'll shout with the millions on high.

CHORUS.


He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That shad - ows a
dry thirst - y land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of his love, And
cov - ers me there with his hand, And cov - ers me there with his hand.

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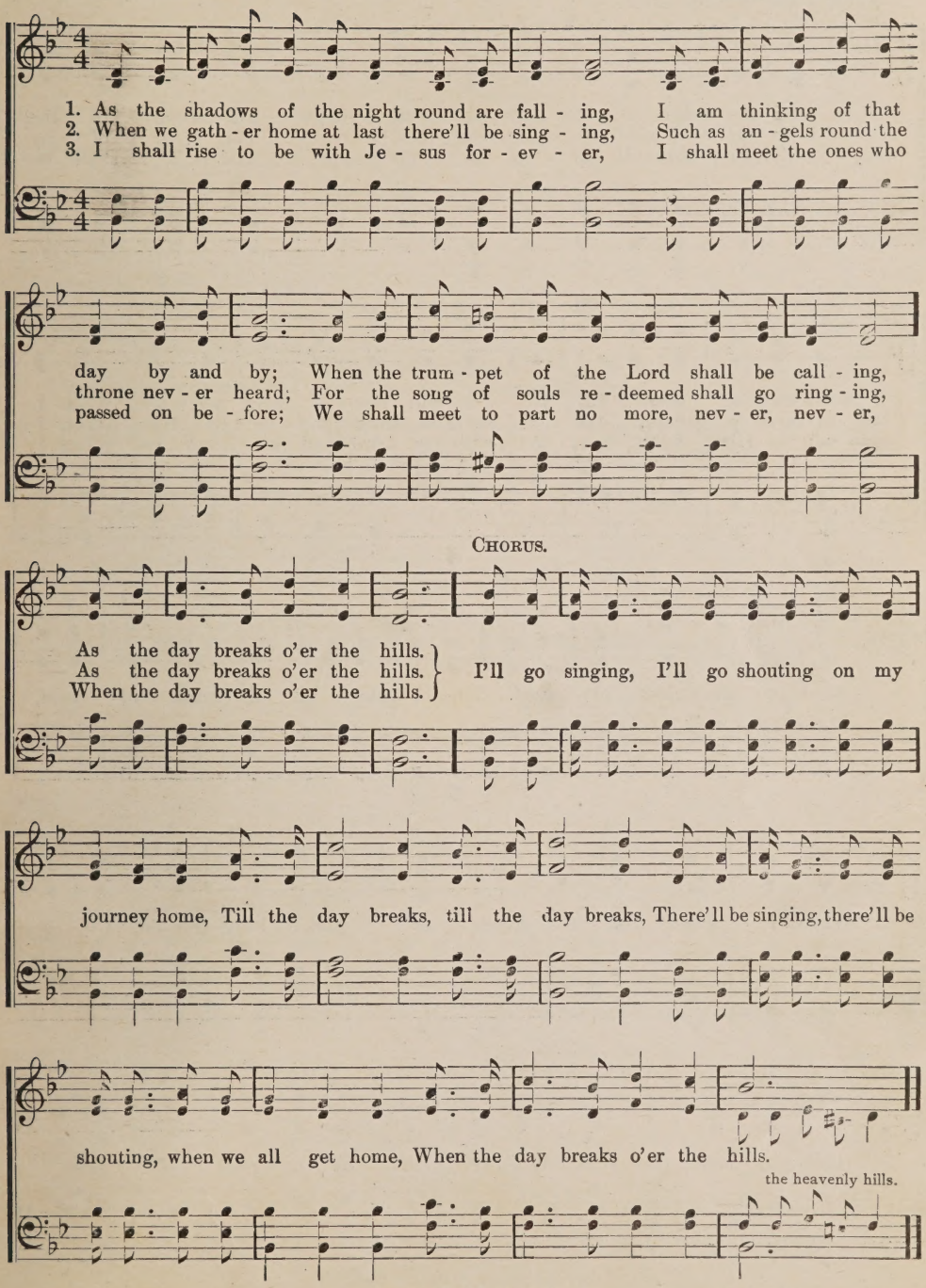
217 As the Day Breaks.

A. A. Payn. C. Austin Miles.

1. As the shadows of the night round are fall - ing, I am thinking of that
2. When we gath - er home at last there'll be sing - ing, Such as an - gels round the
3. I shall rise to be with Je - sus for - ev - er, I shall meet the ones who
day by and by; When the trum - pet of the Lord shall be call - ing,
throne nev - er heard; For the song of souls re - deemed shall go ring - ing,
passed on be - fore; We shall meet to part no more, nev - er, nev - er,
Chorus.
As the day breaks o'er the hills.
As the day breaks o'er the hills.
When the day breaks o'er the hills.
I'll go singing, I'll go shouting on my
journey home, Till the day breaks, till the day breaks, There'll be singing, there'll be
shouting, when we all get home, When the day breaks o'er the hills.
the heavenly hills.

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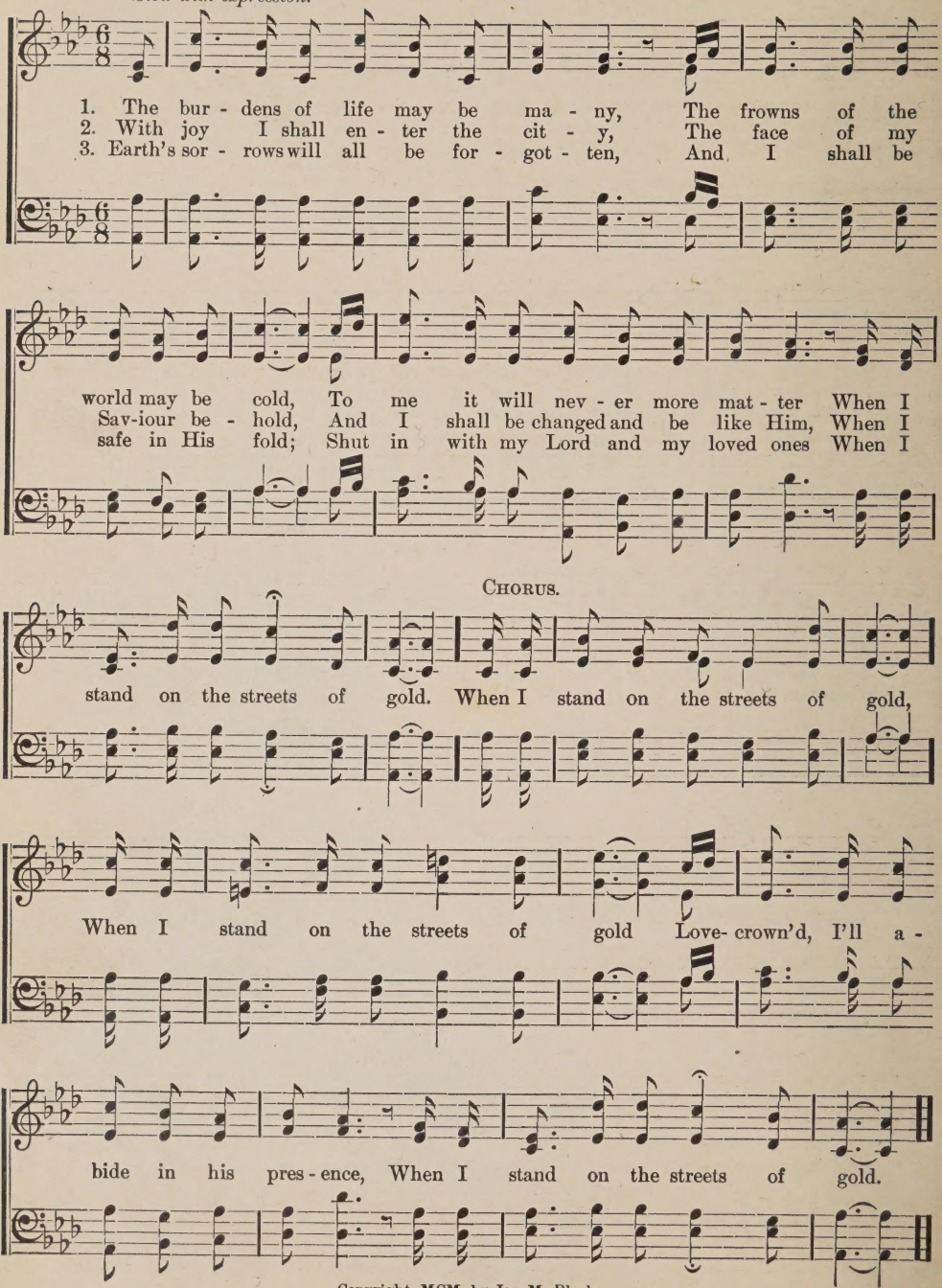
218 When I Stand On the Streets of Gold.

A. N. O. JAS. M. BLACK.

Slow with expression.

1. The bur - dens of life may be ma - ny, The frowns of the
2. With joy I shall en - ter the cit - y, The face of my
3. Earth's sor - rows will all be for - got - ten, And I shall be
world may be cold, To me it will nev - er more mat - ter When I
Sav-iour be - hold, And I shall be changed and be like Him, When I
safe in His fold; Shut in with my Lord and my loved ones When I
CHORUS.
stand on the streets of gold. When I stand on the streets of gold,
When I stand on the streets of gold Love- crown'd, I'll a -
bide in his pres - ence, When I stand on the streets of gold.

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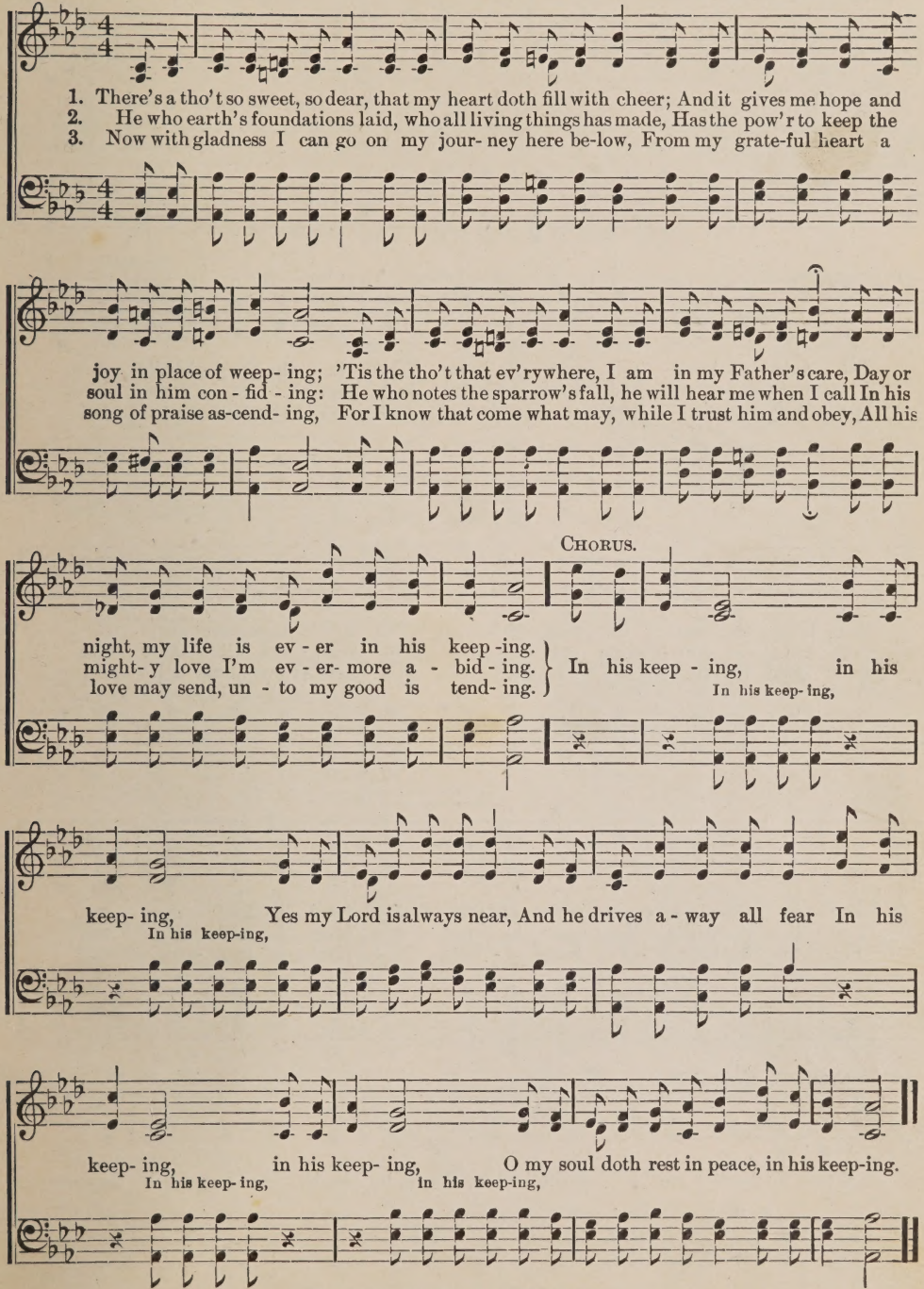
219 In His Keeping.

MAUD FRAZER. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There's a tho't so sweet, so dear, that my heart doth fill with cheer; And it gives me hope and
2. He who earth's foundations laid, who all living things has made, Has the pow'r to keep the
3. Now with gladness I can go on my jour- ney here be-low, From my grate-ful heart a
joy in place of weep- ing; 'Tis the tho't that ev'rywhere, I am in my Father's care, Day or
soul in him con - fid - ing: He who notes the sparrow's fall, he will hear me when I call In his
song of praise as-cend- ing, For I know that come what may, while I trust him and obey, All his
CHORUS.
night, my life is ev - er in his keep -ing.
might- y love I'm ev - er- more a - bid - ing.
love may send, un - to my good is tend- ing.
In his keep - ing, in his
In his keep- ing,
keep- ing, Yes my Lord is always near, And he drives a - way all fear In his
In his keep-ing,
keep- ing, in his keep- ing, O my soul doth rest in peace, in his keep-ing.
In his keep- ing, in his keep-ing,

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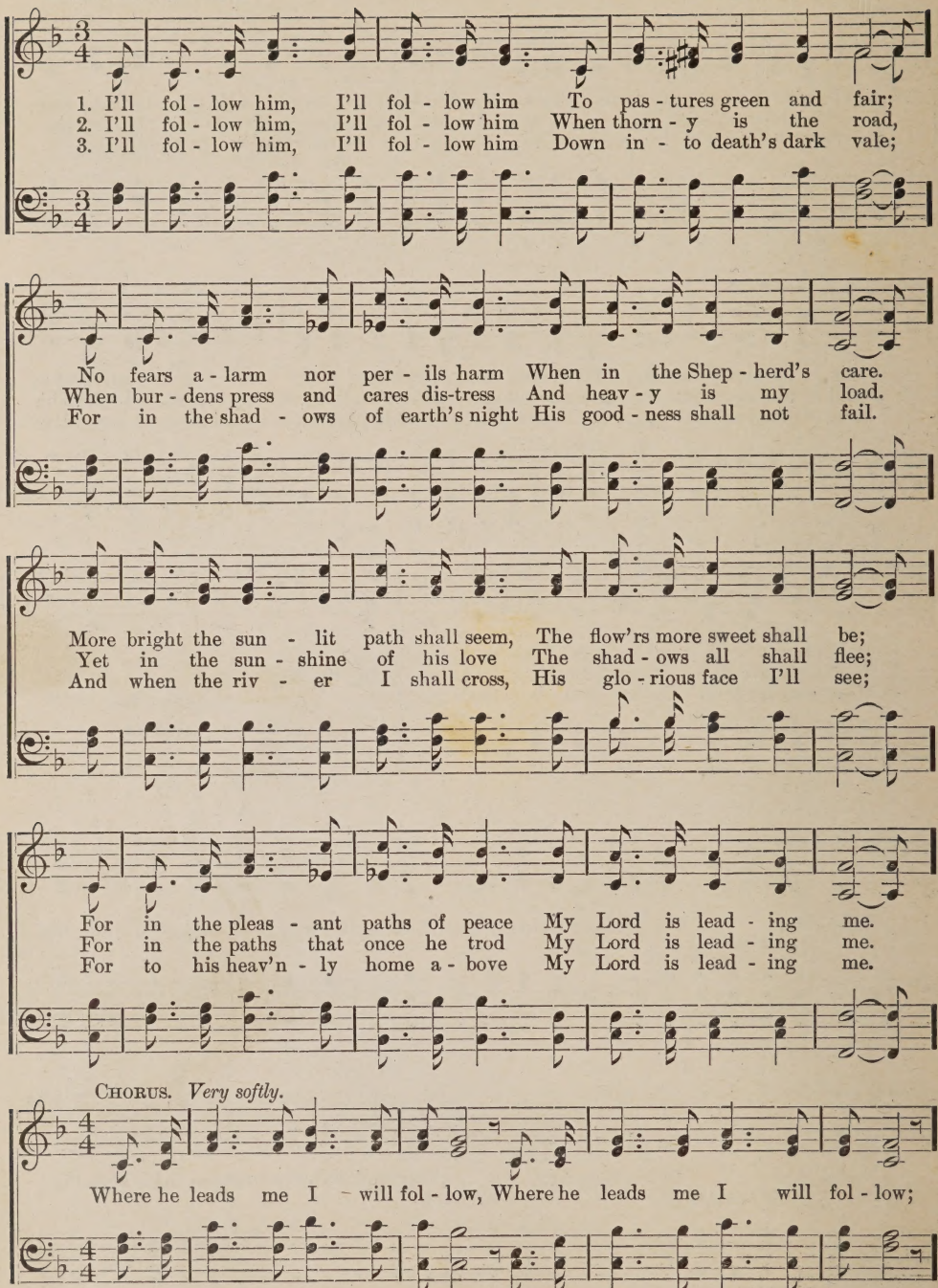
220 I'll Follow Him.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. I'll fol - low him, I'll fol - low him To pas - tures green and fair;
2. I'll fol - low him, I'll fol - low him When thorn - y is the road,
3. I'll fol - low him, I'll fol - low him Down in - to death's dark vale;
No fears a - larm nor per - ils harm When in the Shep - herd's care.
When bur - dens press and cares dis-tress And heav - y is my load.
For in the shad - ows of earth's night His good - ness shall not fail.
More bright the sun - lit path shall seem, The flow'rs more sweet shall be;
Yet in the sun - shine of his love The shad - ows all shall flee;
And when the riv - er I shall cross, His glo - rious face I'll see;
For in the pleas - ant paths of peace My Lord is lead - ing me.
For in the paths that once he trod My Lord is lead - ing me.
For to his heav'n - ly home a - bove My Lord is lead - ing me.
CHORUS. *Very softly.*
Where he leads me I will fol - low, Where he leads me I will fol - low;

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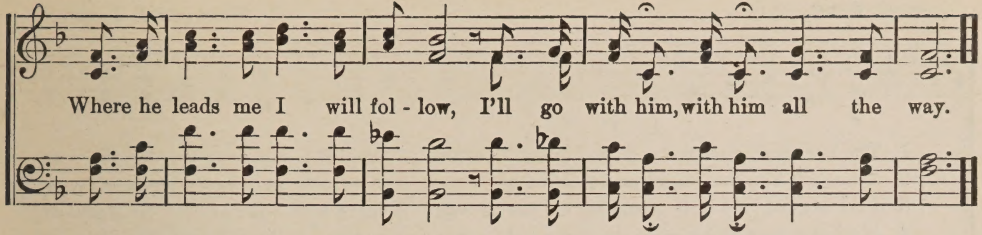
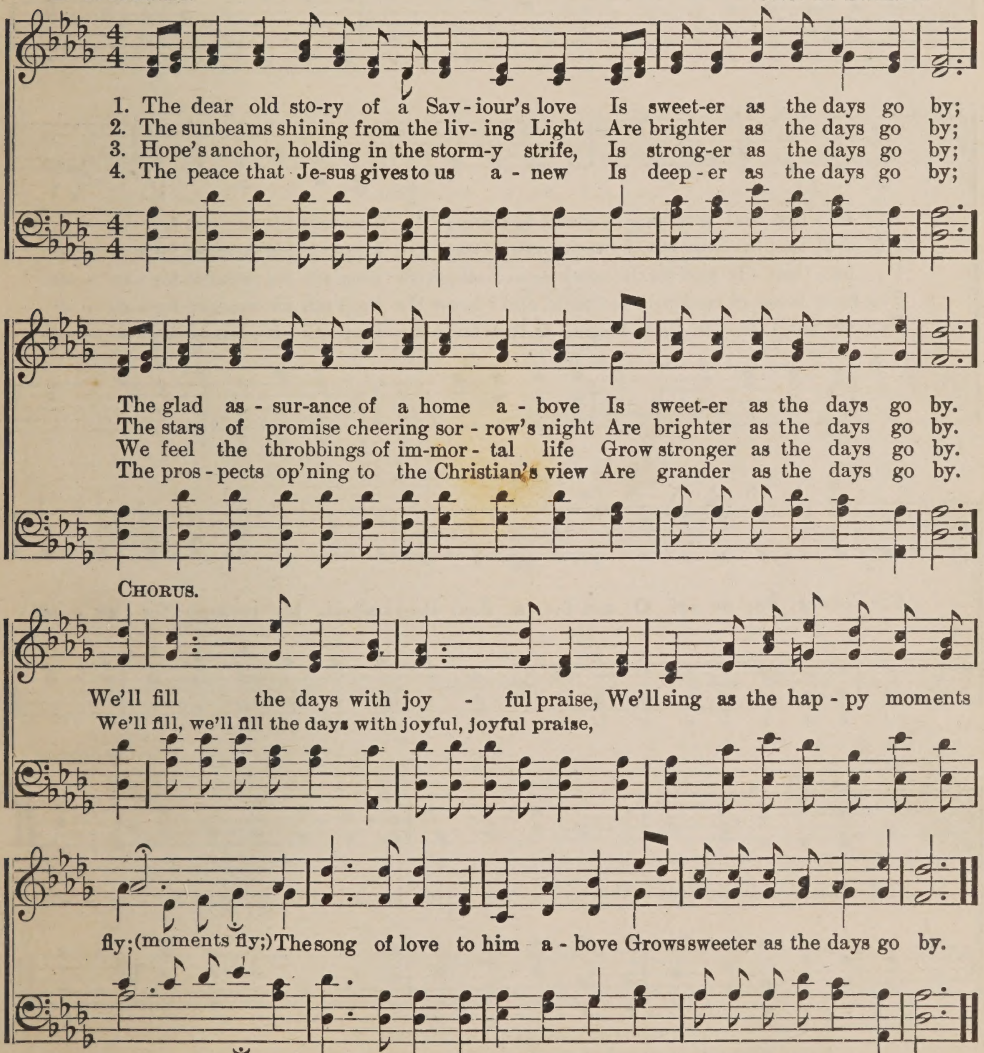
I'll Follow Him. Concluded.



221 Sweeter as the Days go By.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. The dear old sto-ry of a Sav - iour's love Is sweet-er as the days go by;
2. The sunbeams shining from the liv- ing Light Are brighter as the days go by;
3. Hope's anchor, holding in the storm-y strife, Is strong-er as the days go by;
4. The peace that Je-sus gives to us a - new Is deep - er as the days go by;
The glad as - sur-ance of a home a - bove Is sweet-er as the days go by.
The stars of promise cheering sor - row's night Are brighter as the days go by.
We feel the throbbings of im-mor - tal life Grow stronger as the days go by.
The pros - pects op'ning to the Christian's view Are grander as the days go by.
Chorus.
We'll fill the days with joy - ful praise, We'll sing as the hap - py moments
We'll fill, we'll fill the days with joyful, joyful praise,
fly; (moments fly;) The song of love to him a - bove Grows sweeter as the days go by.

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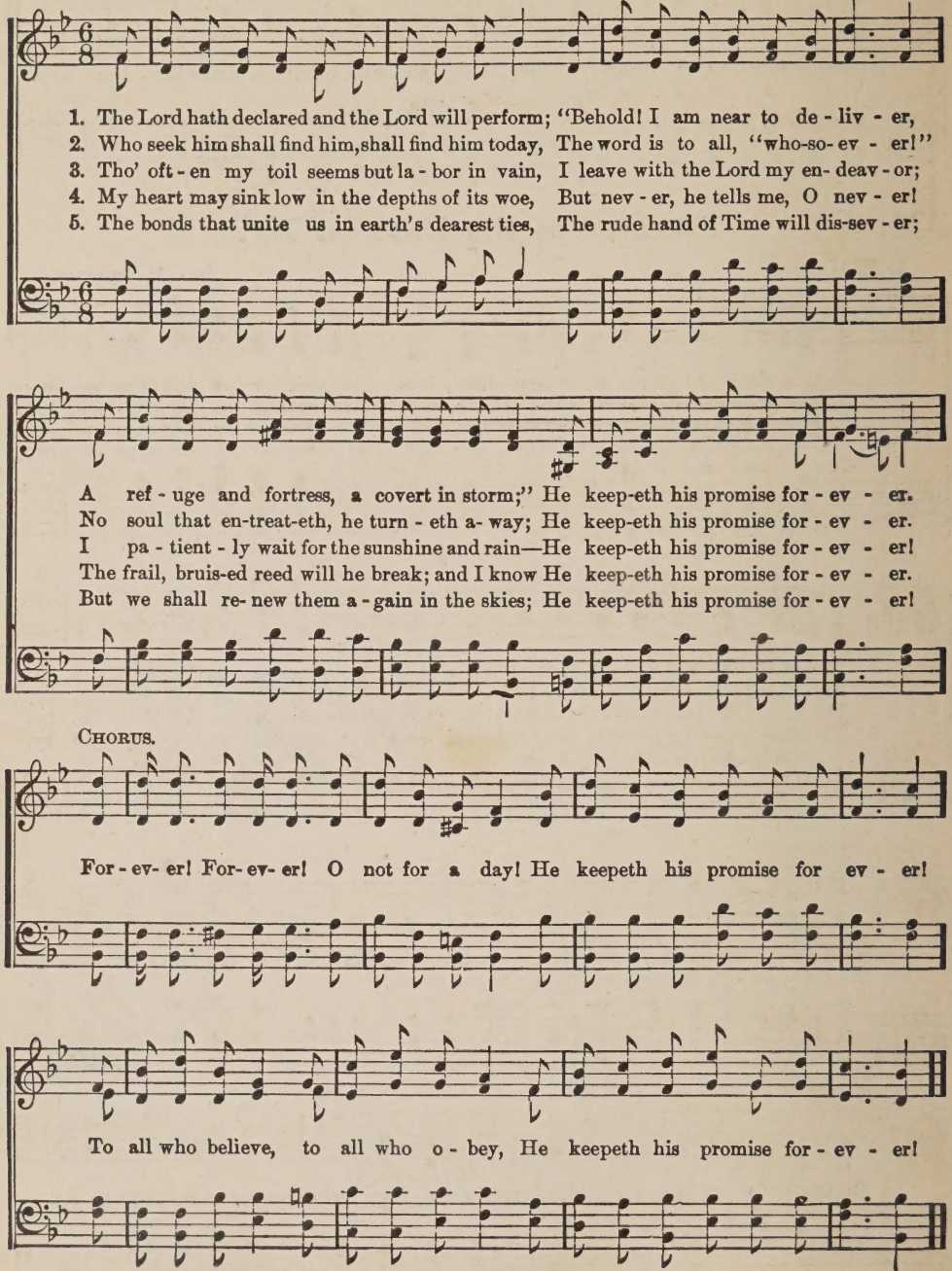
222 He Keepeth His Promise.

S. C. KIRK. HERBERT J. LACEY.


1. The Lord hath declared and the Lord will perform; "Behold! I am near to de - liv - er,
2. Who seek him shall find him, shall find him today, The word is to all, "who-so- ev - er!"
3. Tho' oft - en my toil seems but la - bor in vain, I leave with the Lord my en- deav - or;
4. My heart may sink low in the depths of its woe, But nev - er, he tells me, O nev - er!
5. The bonds that unite us in earth's dearest ties, The rude hand of Time will dis-sev - er;
A ref - uge and fortress, a covert in storm;" He keep-eth his promise for - ev - er.
No soul that en-treat-eth, he turn - eth a- way; He keep-eth his promise for - ev - er.
I pa - tient - ly wait for the sunshine and rain—He keep-eth his promise for - ev - er!
The frail, bruis-ed reed will he break; and I know He keep-eth his promise for - ev - er.
But we shall re- new them a - gain in the skies; He keep-eth his promise for - ev - er!
CHORUS.
For - ev- er! For- ev- er! O not for a day! He keepeth his promise for ev - er!
To all who believe, to all who o - bey, He keepeth his promise for - ev - er!

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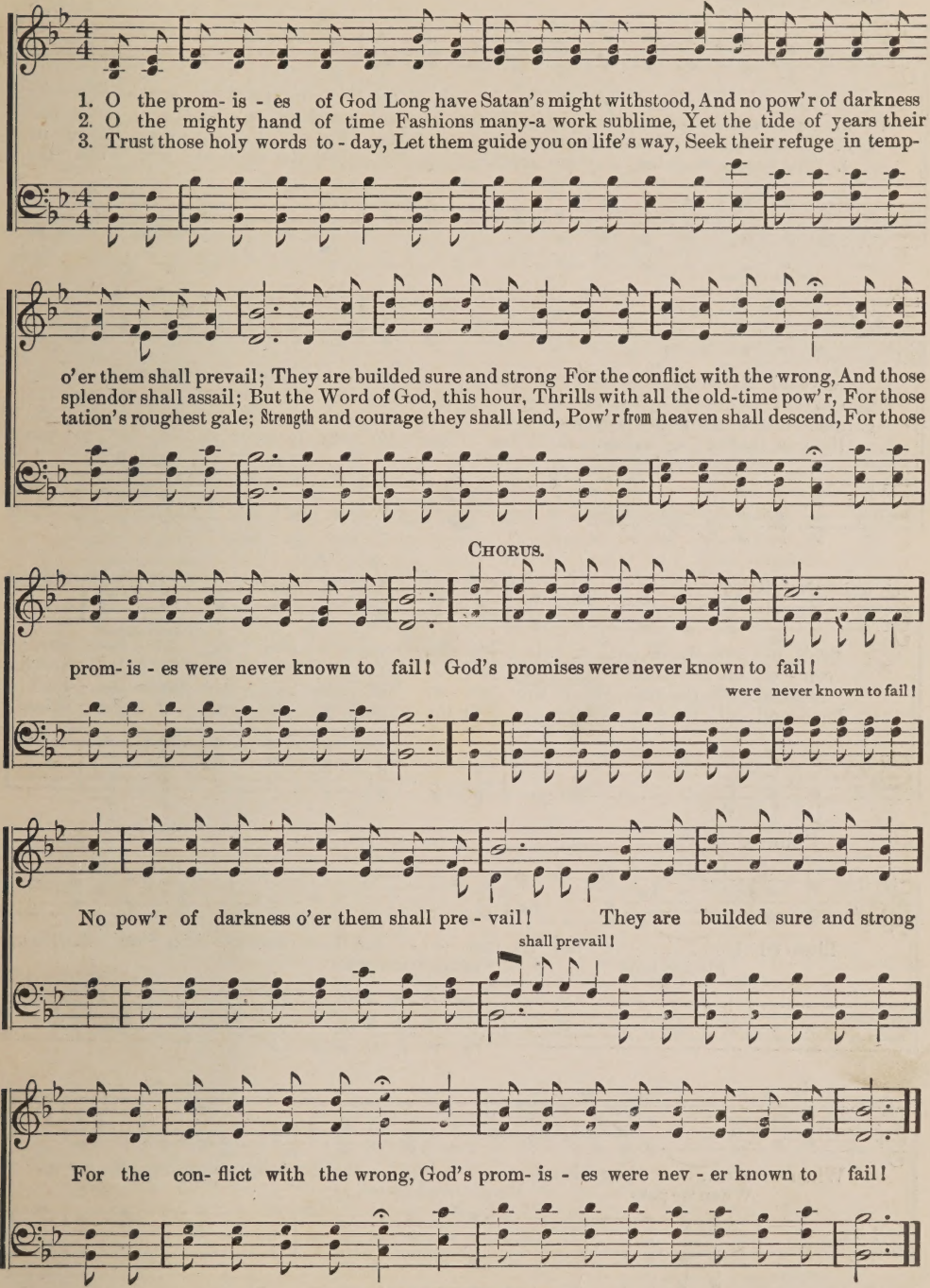
A good effect may be made by following this Chorus with the Chorus of number 223.

223 Never Known to Fail.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. O the prom- is - es of God Long have Satan's might withstood, And no pow'r of darkness
2. O the mighty hand of time Fashions many-a work sublime, Yet the tide of years their
3. Trust those holy words to - day, Let them guide you on life's way, Seek their refuge in temp-
o'er them shall prevail; They are builded sure and strong For the conflict with the wrong, And those
splendor shall assail; But the Word of God, this hour, Thrills with all the old-time pow'r, For those
tation's roughest gale; Strength and courage they shall lend, Pow'r from heaven shall descend, For those
CHORUS.
prom- is - es were never known to fail! God's promises were never known to fail!
were never known to fail!
No pow'r of darkness o'er them shall pre - vail! They are builded sure and strong
shall prevail!
For the con- flict with the wrong, God's prom- is - es were nev - er known to fail!

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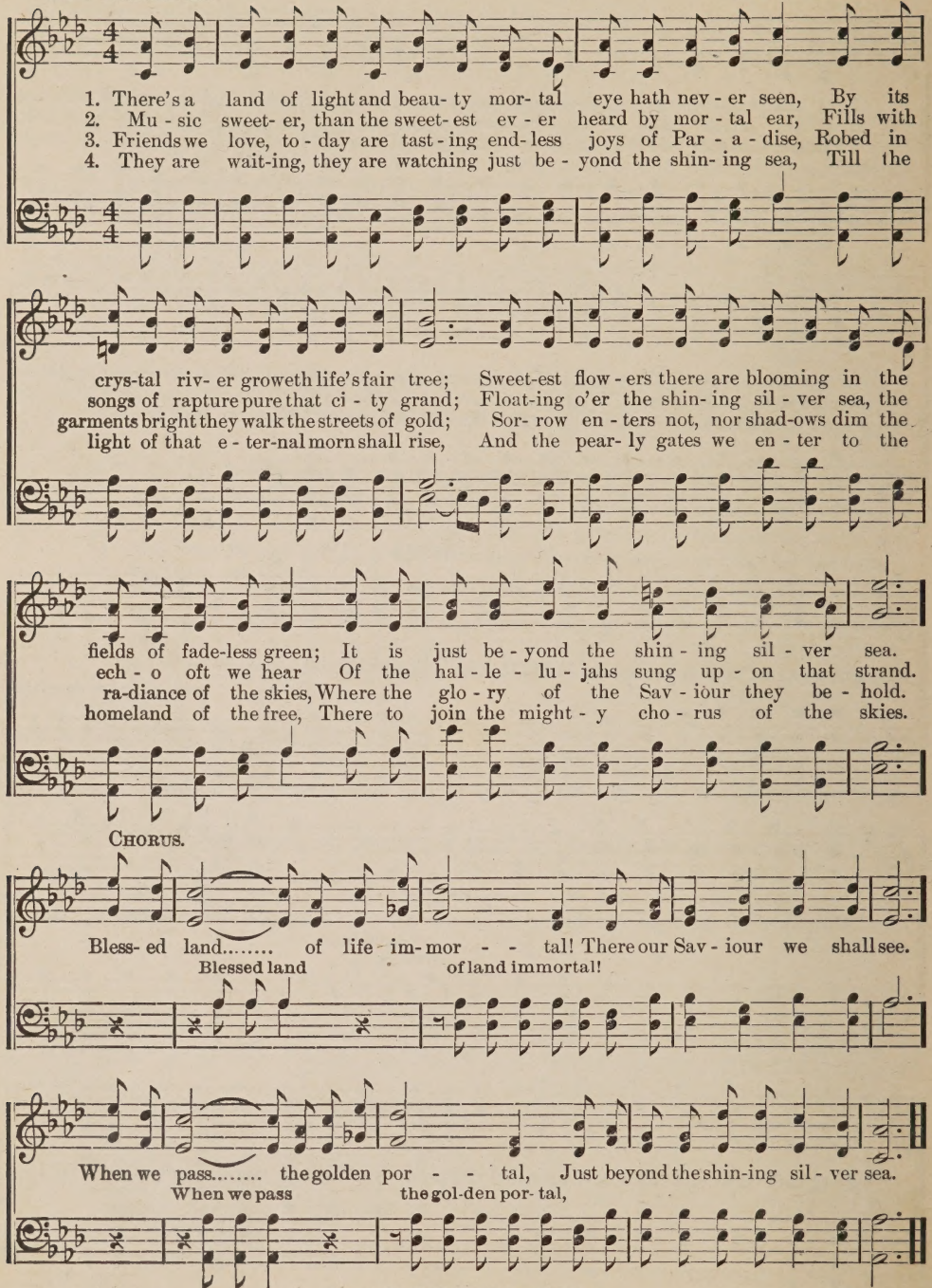
224 Beyond the Shining Silver Sea.

ADA BLENKHORN. JAS. M. BLACK.

1. There's a land of light and beau- ty mor- tal eye hath nev - er seen, By its
2. Mu - sic sweet- er, than the sweet- est ev - er heard by mor - tal ear, Fills with
3. Friends we love, to - day are tast - ing end- less joys of Par - a - dise, Robed in
4. They are wait-ing, they are watching just be - yond the shin- ing sea, Till the
crys-tal riv- er groweth life's fair tree; Sweet-est flow - ers there are blooming in the
songs of rapture pure that ci - ty grand; Float-ing o'er the shin- ing sil - ver sea, the
garments bright they walk the streets of gold; Sor- row en - ters not, nor shad-ows dim the
light of that e - ter-nal morn shall rise, And the pear- ly gates we en - ter to the
fields of fade-less green; It is just be - yond the shin - ing sil - ver sea.
ech - o oft we hear Of the hal - le - lu - jahs sung up - on that strand.
ra-diance of the skies, Where the glo - ry of the Sav - iour they be - hold.
homeland of the free, There to join the might - y cho - rus of the skies.
CHORUS.
Bless- ed land..... of life - im- mor - - tal! There our Sav - iour we shall see.
Blessed land of land immortal!
When we pass..... the golden por - - tal, Just beyond the shin-ing sil - ver sea.
When we pass the gol-den por- tal,

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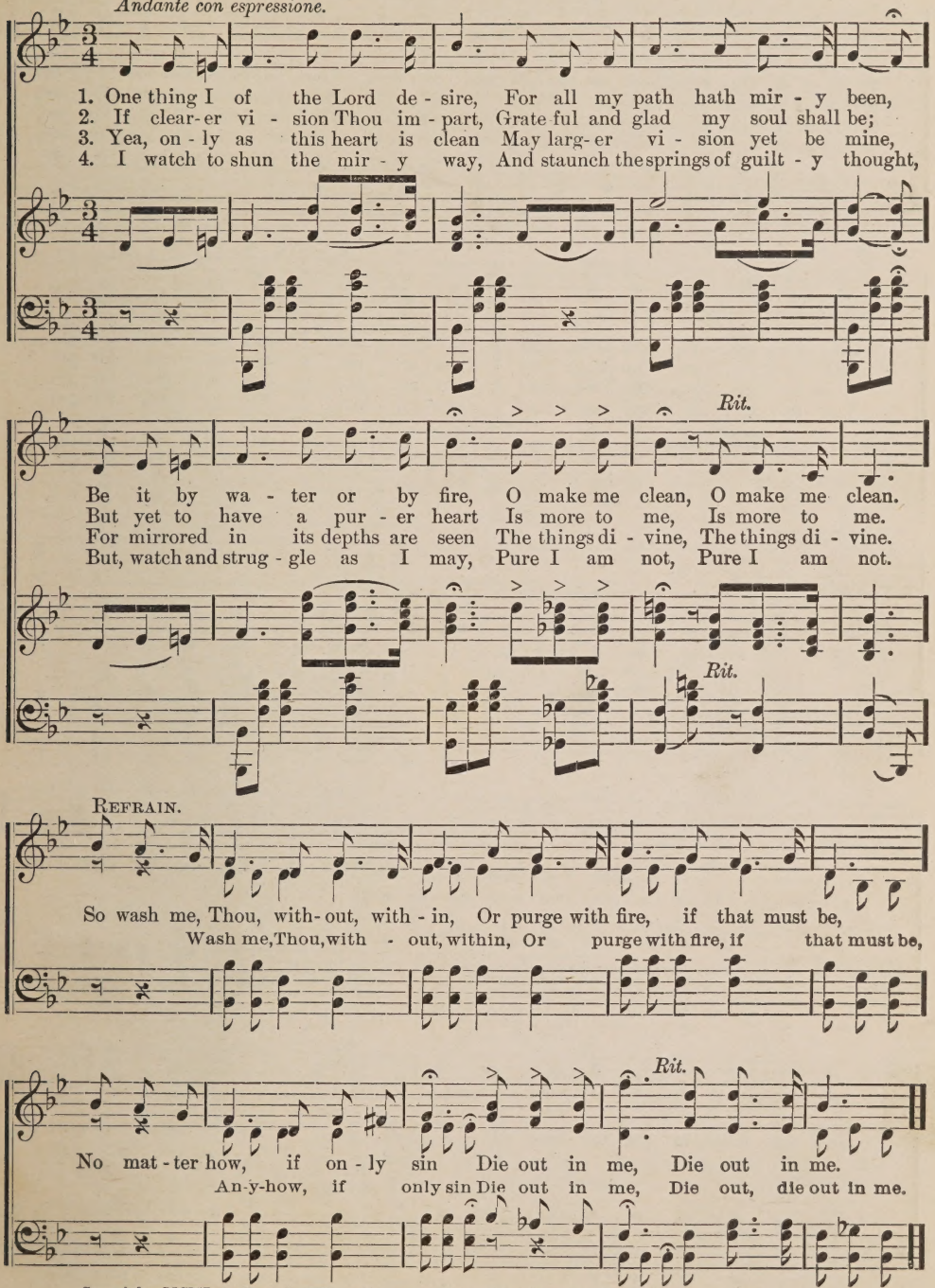
225 A Clean Heart.

Rev. Walter C. Smith. Fred H. Byshe.

Andante con espressione.

1. One thing I of the Lord de - sire, For all my path hath mir - y been,
2. If clear-er vi - sion Thou im - part, Grate-ful and glad my soul shall be;
3. Yea, on - ly as this heart is clean May larg-er vi - sion yet be mine,
4. I watch to shun the mir - y way, And staunch the springs of guilt - y thought,
Rit.
Be it by wa - ter or by fire, O make me clean, O make me clean.
But yet to have a pur - er heart Is more to me, Is more to me.
For mirrored in its depths are seen The things di - vine, The things di - vine.
But, watch and strug - gle as I may, Pure I am not, Pure I am not.
Rit.
Refrain.
So wash me, Thou, with-out, with - in, Or purge with fire, if that must be,
Wash me, Thou, with - out, within, Or purge with fire, if that must be,
Rit.
No mat - ter how, if on - ly sin Die out in me, Die out in me.
An-y-how, if only sin Die out in me, Die out, die out in me.
Die in me,

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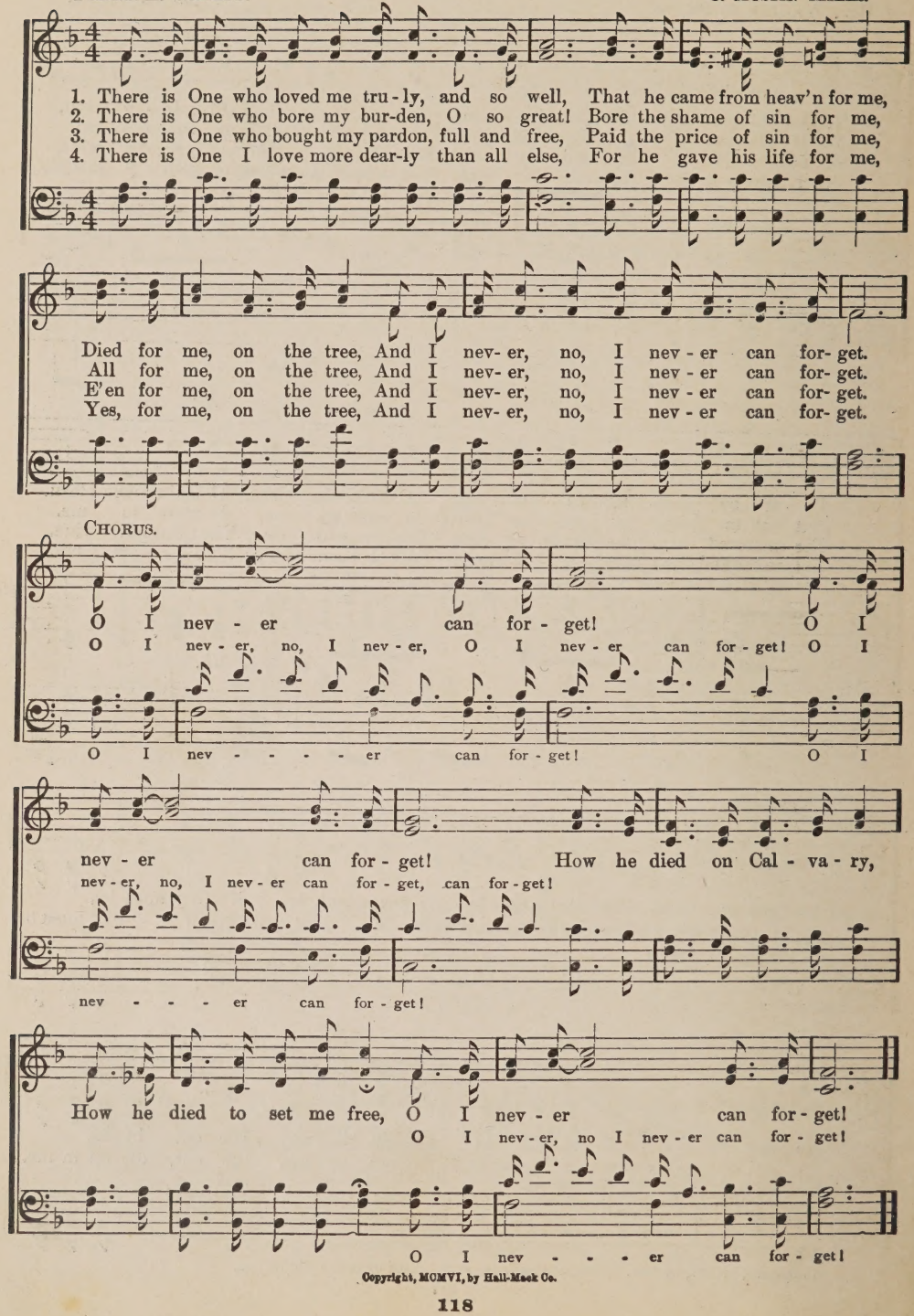
226 I Never Can Forget.

FRANK E. GRAEFF. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There is One who loved me tru-ly, and so well, That he came from heav'n for me,
2. There is One who bore my bur-den, O so great! Bore the shame of sin for me,
3. There is One who bought my pardon, full and free, Paid the price of sin for me,
4. There is One I love more dear-ly than all else, For he gave his life for me,
Died for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
All for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
E'en for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
Yes, for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
CHORUS.
O I nev-er can for-get! O I
O I nev-er, no, I nev-er, O I nev-er can for-get! O I
O I nev - - - - er can for-get! O I
nev-er can for-get! How he died on Cal-va-ry,
nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get, can for-get!
nev - - - er can for-get!
How he died to set me free, O I nev-er can for-get!
O I nev-er, no I nev-er can for-get!
O I nev - - - er can for-get!

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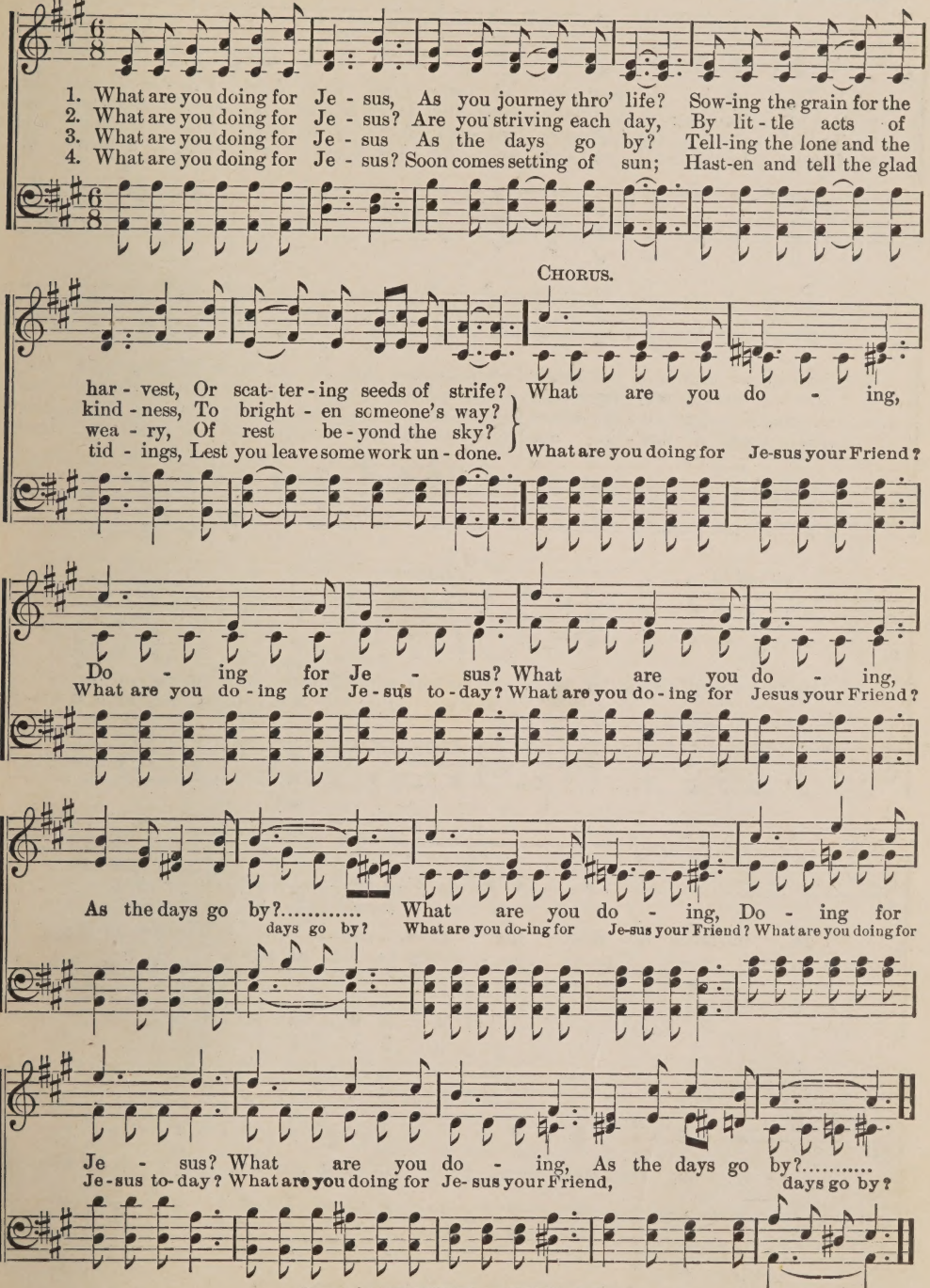
227 What are You Doing for Jesus?

EMILY P. MILLER. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. What are you doing for Je - sus, As you journey thro' life? Sow-ing the grain for the
2. What are you doing for Je - sus? Are you striving each day, By lit - tle acts of
3. What are you doing for Je - sus As the days go by? Tell-ing the lone and the
4. What are you doing for Je - sus? Soon comes setting of sun; Hast-en and tell the glad
CHORUS.
har - vest, Or scat - ter - ing seeds of strife? What are you do - ing,
kind - ness, To bright - en someone's way?
wea - ry, Of rest be - yond the sky?
tid - ings, Lest you leave some work un - done. What are you doing for Je-sus your Friend?
Do - ing for Je - sus? What are you do - ing,
What are you do - ing for Je - sus to - day? What are you do - ing for Jesus your Friend?
As the days go by?..... What are you do - ing, Do - ing for
days go by? What are you do-ing for Je-sus your Friend? What are you doing for
Je - sus? What are you do - ing, As the days go by?.....
Je - sus to - day? What are you doing for Je - sus your Friend, days go by?

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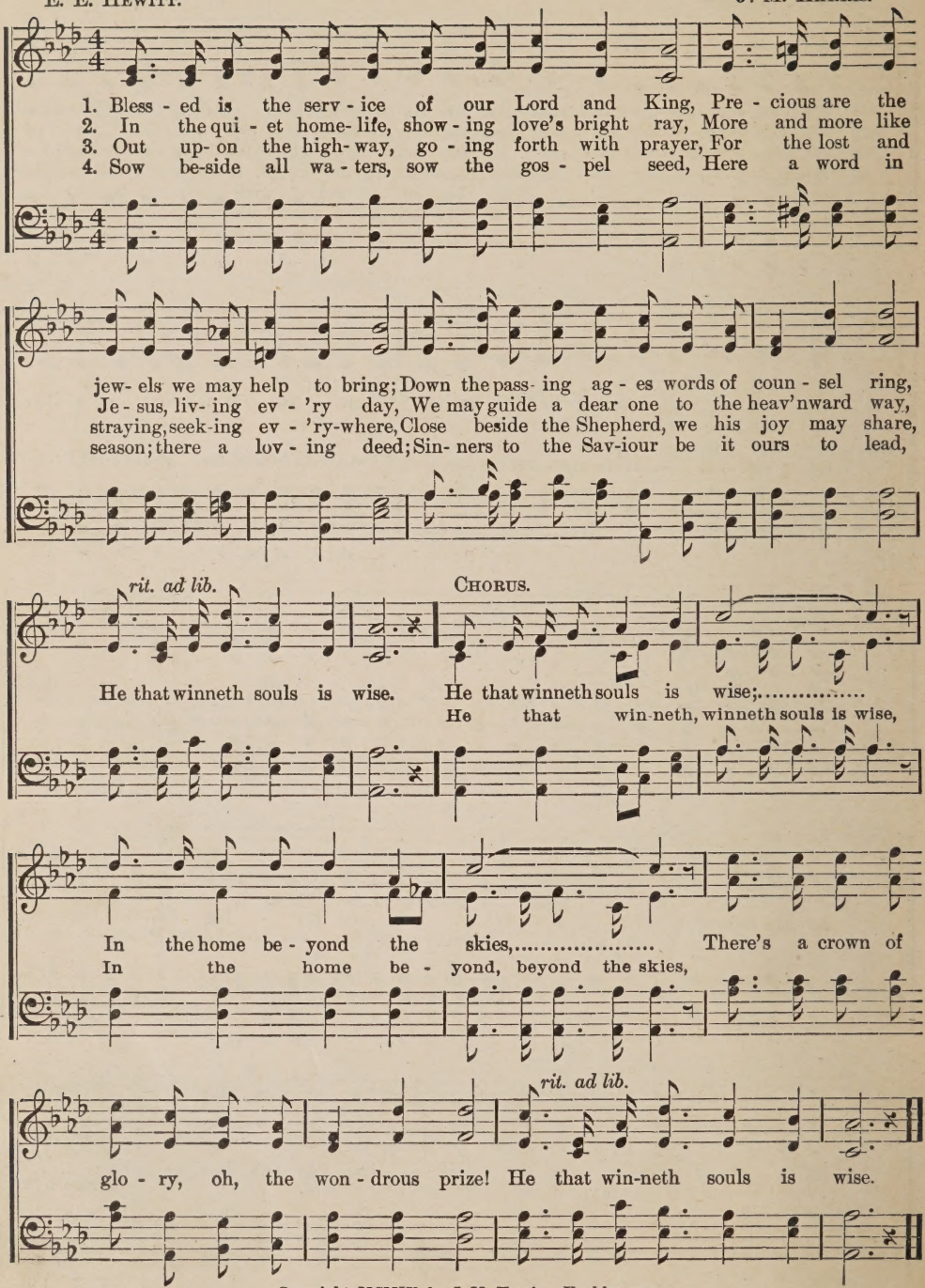
228 He that Winneth Souls.

E. E. Hewitt. J. M. Harris.

1. Bless - ed is the serv - ice of our Lord and King, Pre - cious are the
2. In the qui - et home- life, show - ing love's bright ray, More and more like
3. Out up- on the high- way, go - ing forth with prayer, For the lost and
4. Sow be-side all wa - ters, sow the gos - pel seed, Here a word in
jew- els we may help to bring; Down the pass- ing ag - es words of coun - sel ring,
Je - sus, liv- ing ev - 'ry day, We may guide a dear one to the heav'nward way,
straying, seek-ing ev - 'ry-where, Close beside the Shepherd, we his joy may share,
season; there a lov - ing deed; Sin- ners to the Sav-iour be it ours to lead,
rit. ad lib.
He that winneth souls is wise.
Chorus.
He that winneth souls is wise;.....
He that win-neth, winneth souls is wise,
In the home be - yond the skies,..... There's a crown of
In the home be - yond, beyond the skies,
rit. ad lib.
glo - ry, oh, the won - drous prize! He that win-neth souls is wise.

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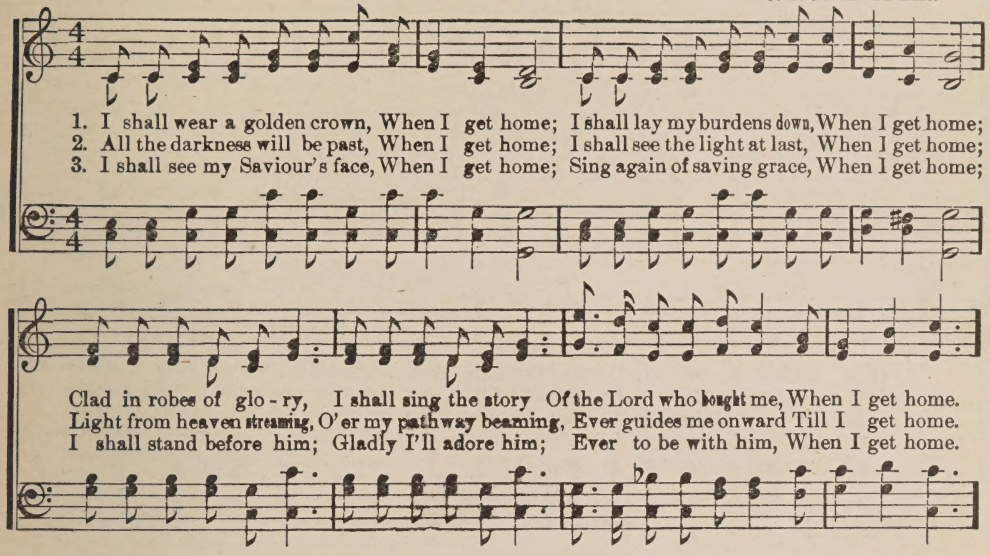
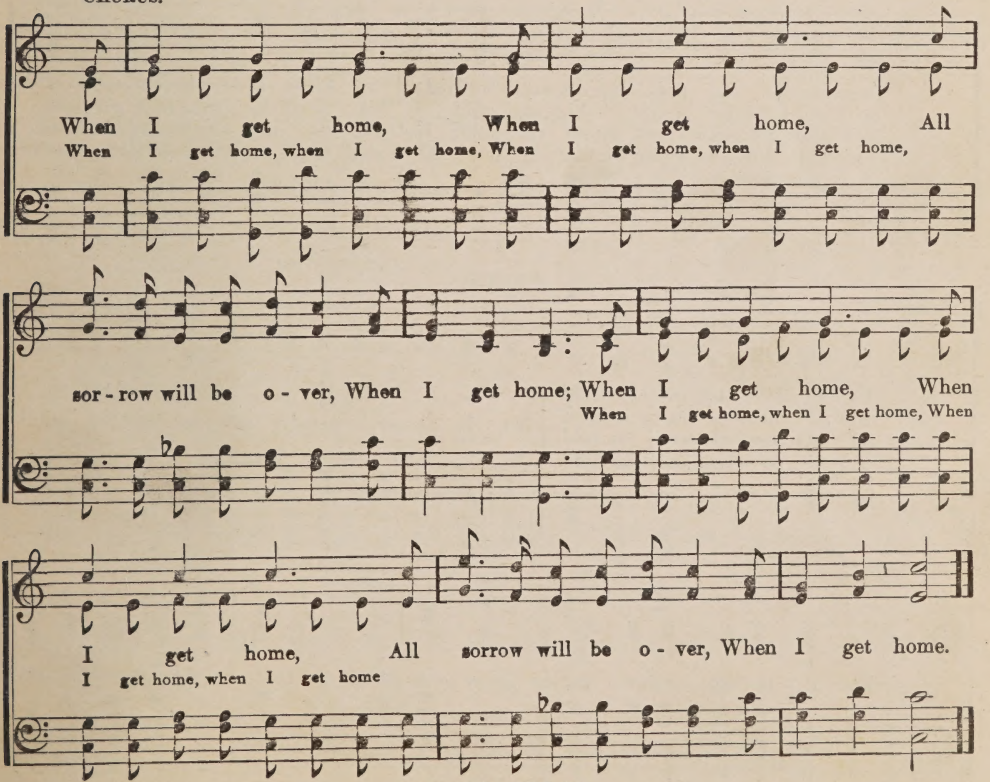
229 When I Get Home.

C. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. I shall wear a golden crown, When I get home; I shall lay my burdens down, When I get home;
2. All the darkness will be past, When I get home; I shall see the light at last, When I get home;
3. I shall see my Saviour's face, When I get home; Sing again of saving grace, When I get home;
Clad in robes of glo - ry, I shall sing the story Of the Lord who bought me, When I get home.
Light from heaven streaming, O'er my pathway beaming, Ever guides me onward Till I get home.
I shall stand before him; Gladly I'll adore him; Ever to be with him, When I get home.

Chorus.


When I get home, When I get home, All sor - row will be o - ver, When I get home;
When I get home, when I get home, When I get home, when I get home, When I get home, when I get home, When
When I get home, when I get home
I get home, All sorrow will be o - ver, When I get home.

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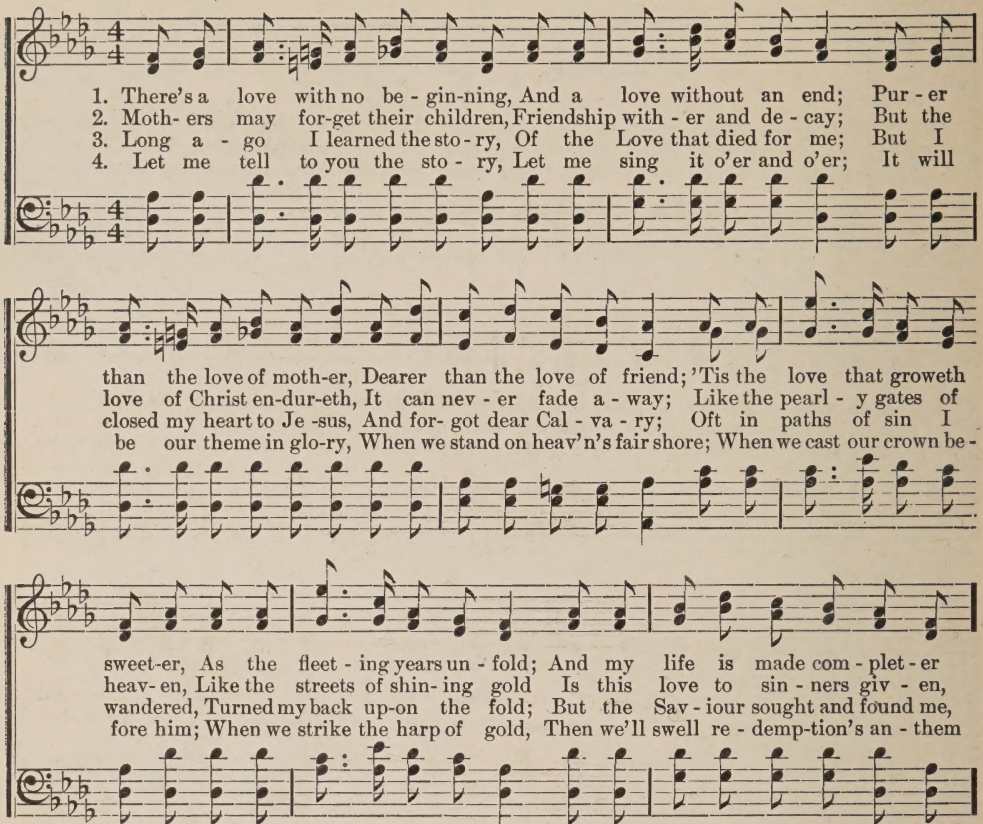
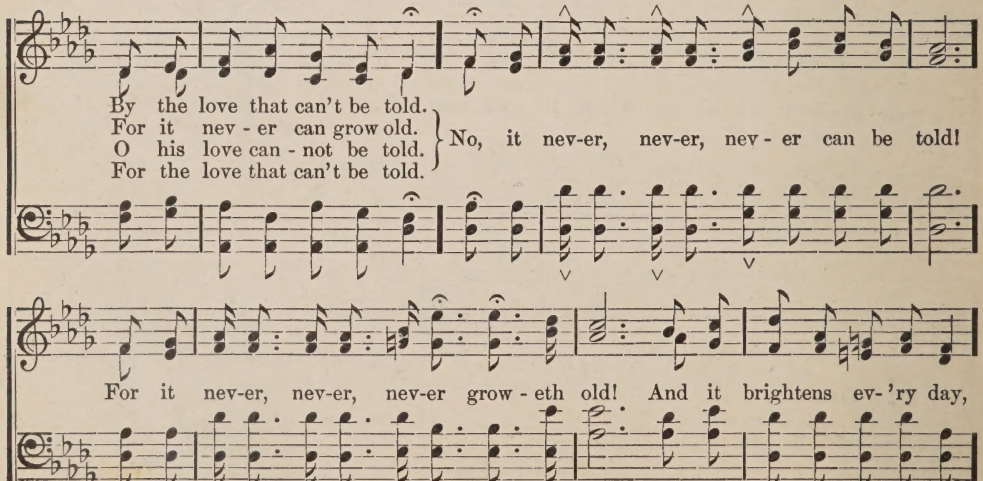
230 The Love that Can't Be Told.

A. W. S

ARTHUR W. SPOONER.


1. There's a love with no be - gin-ning, And a love without an end; Pur - er
2. Moth- ers may for-get their children, Friendship with - er and de - cay; But the
3. Long a - go I learned the sto - ry, Of the Love that died for me; But I
4. Let me tell to you the sto - ry, Let me sing it o'er and o'er; It will
than the love of moth-er, Dearer than the love of friend; 'Tis the love that groweth
love of Christ en-dur-eth, It can nev - er fade a - way; Like the pearl - y gates of
closed my heart to Je -sus, And for- got dear Cal - va - ry; Oft in paths of sin I
be our theme in glo-ry, When we stand on heav'n's fair shore; When we cast our crown be -
sweet-er, As the fleet - ing years un - fold; And my life is made com - plet - er
heav- en, Like the streets of shin- ing gold Is this love to sin - ners giv - en,
wandered, Turned my back up-on the fold; But the Sav - iour sought and found me,
fore him; When we strike the harp of gold, Then we'll swell re - demp-tion's an - them

CHORUS.


By the love that can't be told.
For it nev - er can grow old.
O his love can - not be told.
For the love that can't be told.
No, it nev-er, nev-er, nev - er can be told!
For it nev-er, nev-er, nev-er grow - eth old! And it brightens ev- 'ry day,

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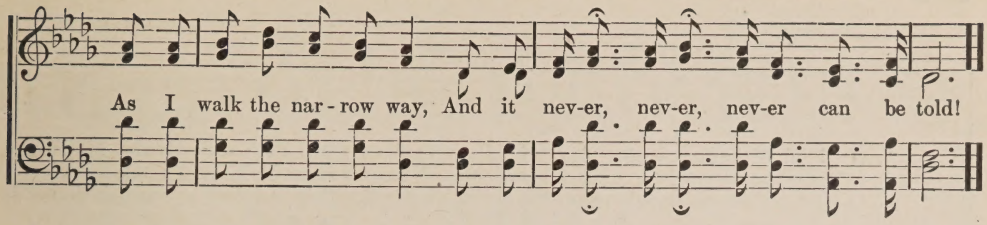
The Love that Can't Be Told.—Concluded.

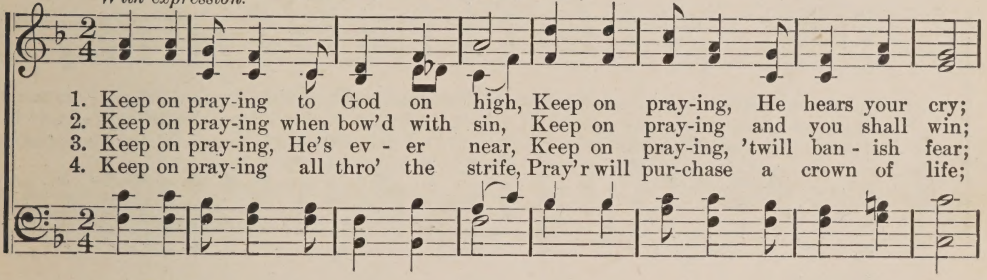


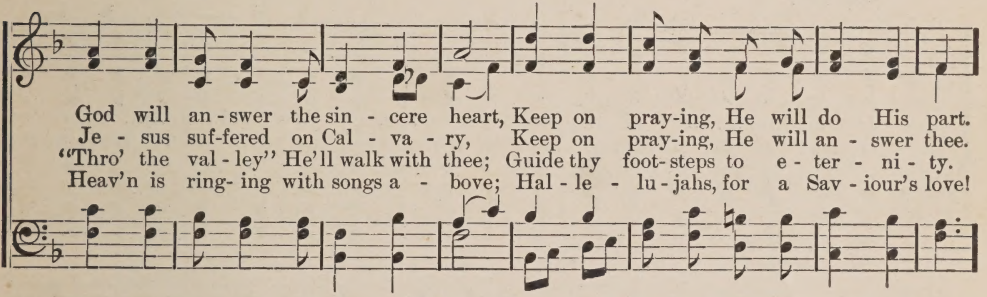
231 Keep On Praying.

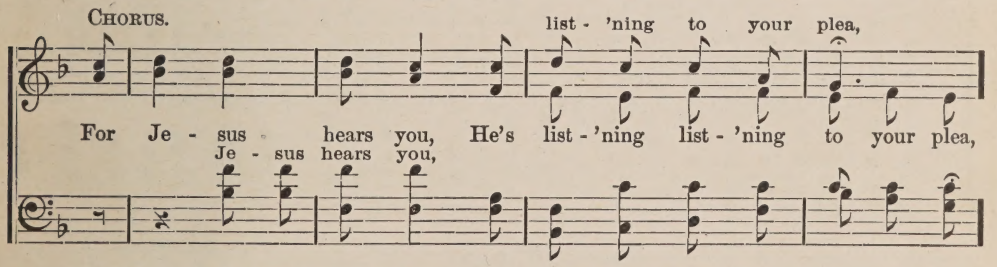
Respectfully dedicated to H. T. Ames.

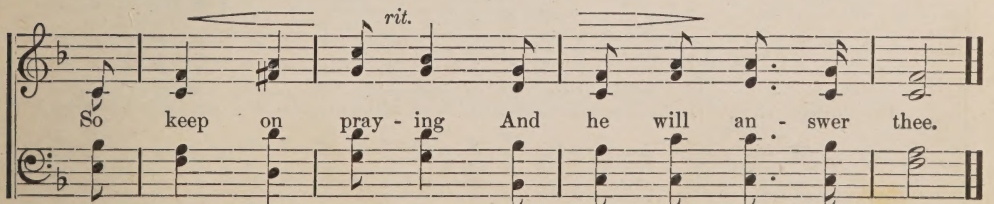
F. W. Vandersloot. Mabel F. Gohl.

With expression. (*May be sung as a solo and chorus.*)


1. Keep on pray-ing to God on high, Keep on pray-ing, He hears your cry;
2. Keep on pray-ing when bow'd with sin, Keep on pray-ing and you shall win;
3. Keep on pray-ing, He's ev - er near, Keep on pray-ing, 'twill ban - ish fear;
4. Keep on pray-ing all thro' the strife, Pray'r will pur-chase a crown of life;


God will an - swer the sin - cere heart, Keep on pray-ing, He will do His part.
Je - sus suf-fered on Cal - va - ry, Keep on pray-ing, He will an - swer thee.
"Thro' the val - ley" He'll walk with thee; Guide thy foot-steps to e - ter - ni - ty.
Heav'n is ring- ing with songs a - bove; Hal - le - lu - jahs, for a Sav - iour's love!





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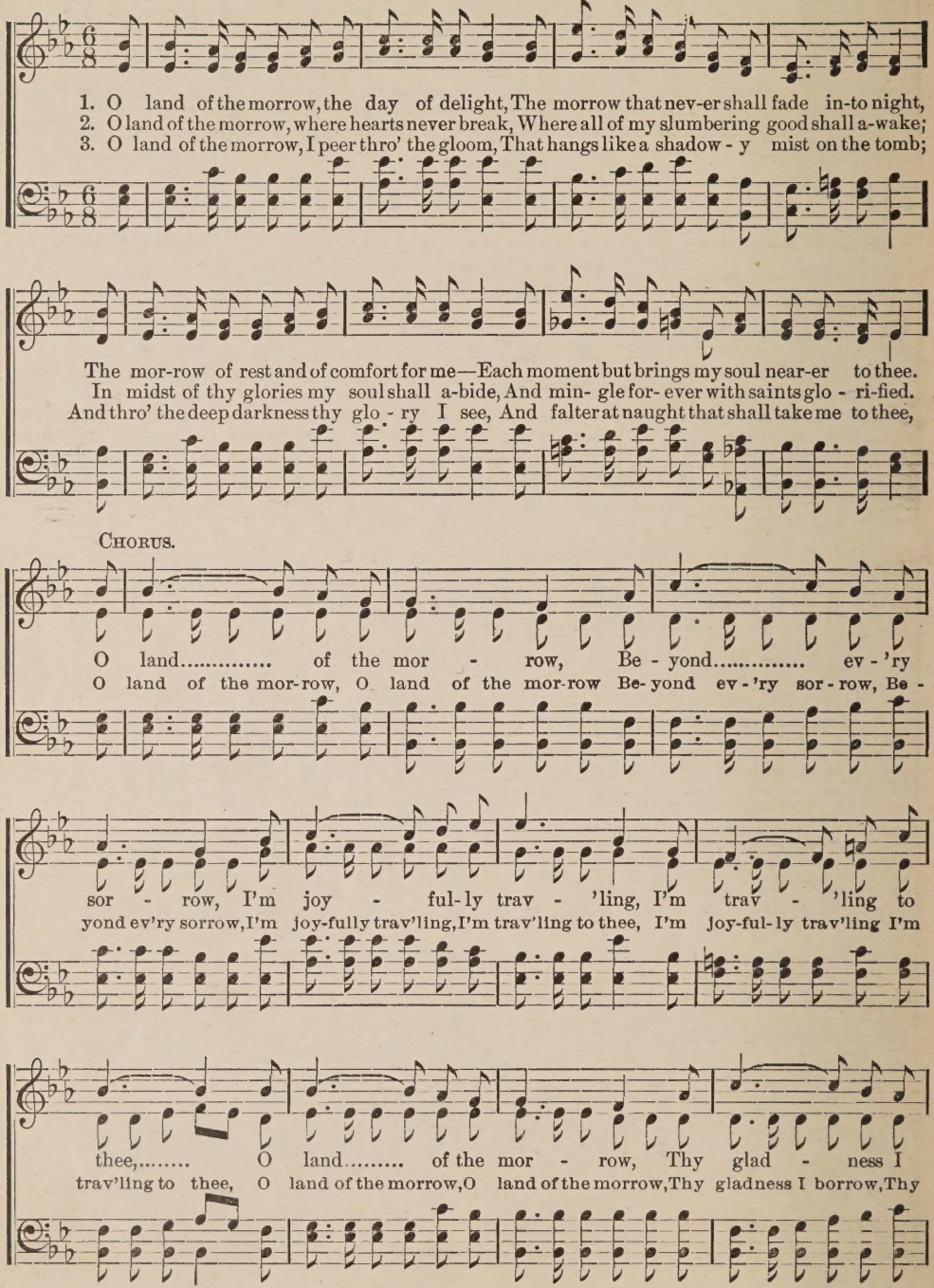
232 Land of the Morrow.

W. C. Martin. C. Austin Miles.

1. O land of the morrow, the day of delight, The morrow that nev-er shall fade in-to night,
2. O land of the morrow, where hearts never break, Where all of my slumbering good shall a-wake;
3. O land of the morrow, I peer thro' the gloom, That hangs like a shadow - y mist on the tomb;
The mor-row of rest and of comfort for me—Each moment but brings my soul near-er to thee.
In midst of thy glories my soul shall a-bide, And min- gle for- ever with saints glo - ri-fied.
And thro' the deep darkness thy glo - ry I see, And falter at naught that shall take me to thee,
Chorus.
O land..... of the mor - row, Be - yond..... ev - 'ry
O land of the mor-row, O land of the mor-row Be-yond ev - 'ry sor - row, Be -
sor - row, I'm joy - ful-ly trav - 'ling, I'm trav - 'ling to
yond ev'ry sorrow, I'm joy-fully trav'ling, I'm trav'ling to thee, I'm joy-ful-ly trav'ling I'm
thee,..... O land..... of the mor - row, Thy glad - ness I
trav'ling to thee, O land of the morrow, O land of the morrow, Thy gladness I borrow, Thy

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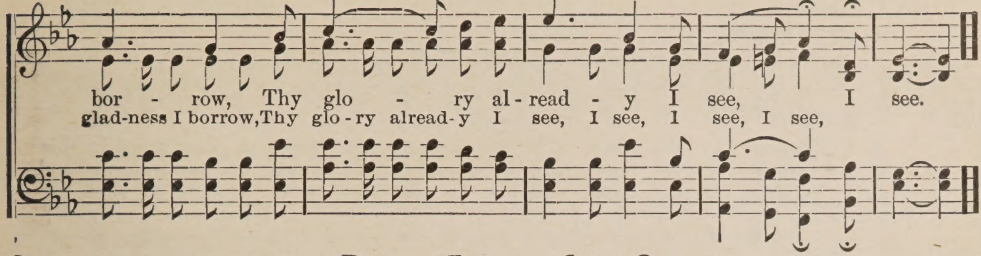
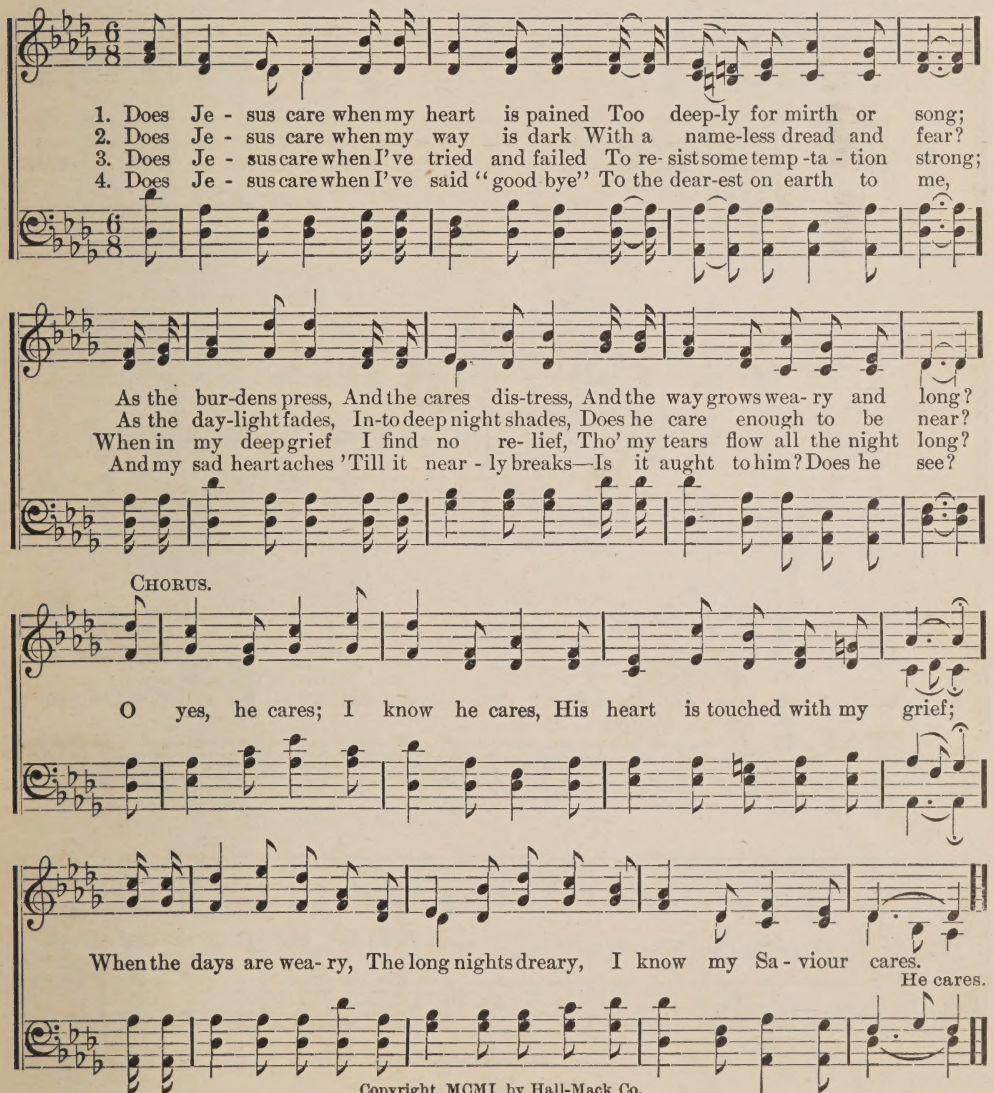
Land of the Morrow.—Concluded.



233 Does Jesus Care?

Rev. Frank E. Graeff. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep-ly for mirth or song;
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name-less dread and fear?
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re-sist some temp-ta - tion strong;
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good bye" To the dear-est on earth to me,
As the bur-dens press, And the cares dis-tress, And the way grows wea- ry and long?
As the day-light fades, In-to deep night shades, Does he care enough to be near?
When in my deep grief I find no re- lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches 'Till it near - ly breaks—Is it aught to him? Does he see?
Chorus.
O yes, he cares; I know he cares, His heart is touched with my grief;
When the days are wea- ry, The long nights dreary, I know my Sa - viour cares.
He cares.

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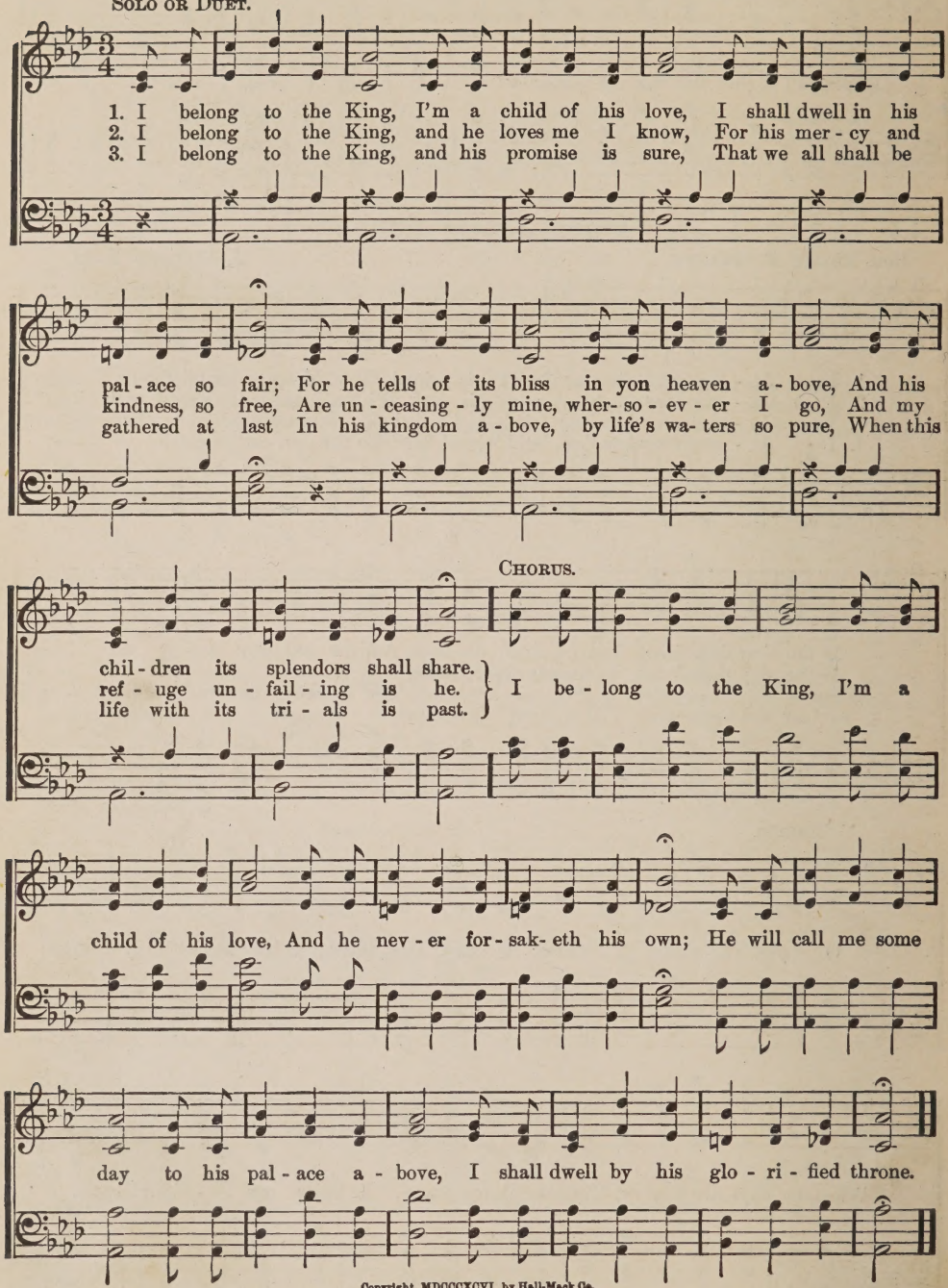
234 I Belong to the King.

IDA L. REED. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. I belong to the King, I'm a child of his love, I shall dwell in his pal - ace so fair; For he tells of its bliss in yon heaven a - bove, And his
2. I belong to the King, and he loves me I know, For his mer - cy and kindness, so free, Are un - ceasing - ly mine, wher- so - ev - er I go, And my
3. I belong to the King, and his promise is sure, That we all shall be gathered at last In his kingdom a - bove, by life's wa- ters so pure, When this
CHORUS.
chil - dren its splendors shall share. ref - uge un - fail - ing is he. life with its tri - als is past. I be - long to the King, I'm a child of his love, And he nev - er for - sak- eth his own; He will call me some day to his pal - ace a - bove, I shall dwell by his glo - ri - fied throne.

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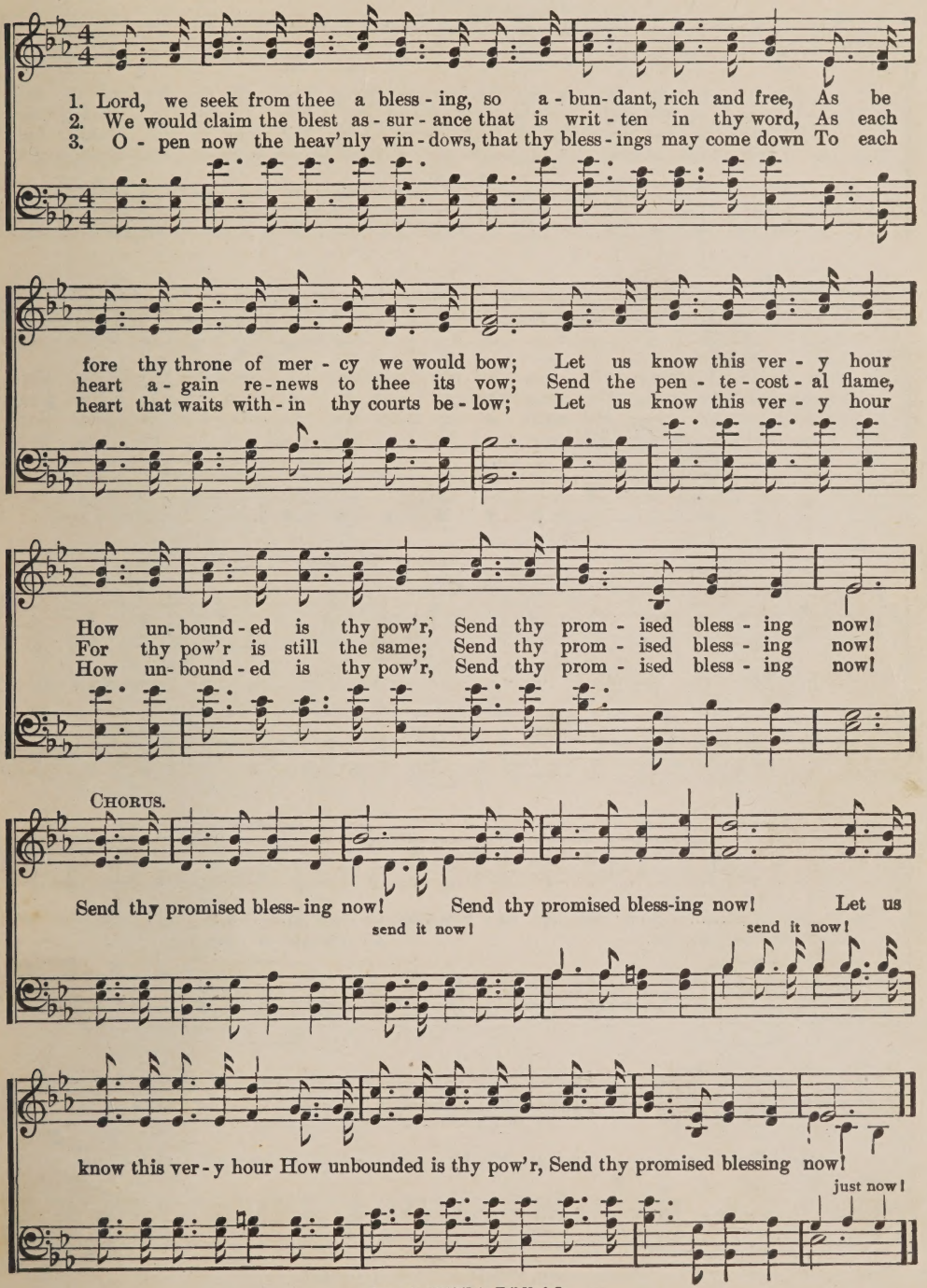
235 Send Thy Promised Blessing Now.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. Lord, we seek from thee a bless - ing, so a - bun - dant, rich and free, As be
2. We would claim the blest as - sur - ance that is writ - ten in thy word, As each
3. O - pen now the heav'nly win - dows, that thy bless - ings may come down To each
fore thy throne of mer - cy we would bow; Let us know this ver - y hour
heart a - gain re - news to thee its vow; Send the pen - te - cost - al flame,
heart that waits with - in thy courts be - low; Let us know this ver - y hour
How un - bound - ed is thy pow'r, Send thy prom - ised bless - ing now!
For thy pow'r is still the same; Send thy prom - ised bless - ing now!
How un - bound - ed is thy pow'r, Send thy prom - ised bless - ing now!
CHORUS.
Send thy promised bless - ing now! Send thy promised bless - ing now! Let us
send it now!
send it now!
know this ver - y hour How unbounded is thy pow'r, Send thy promised blessing now!
just now!

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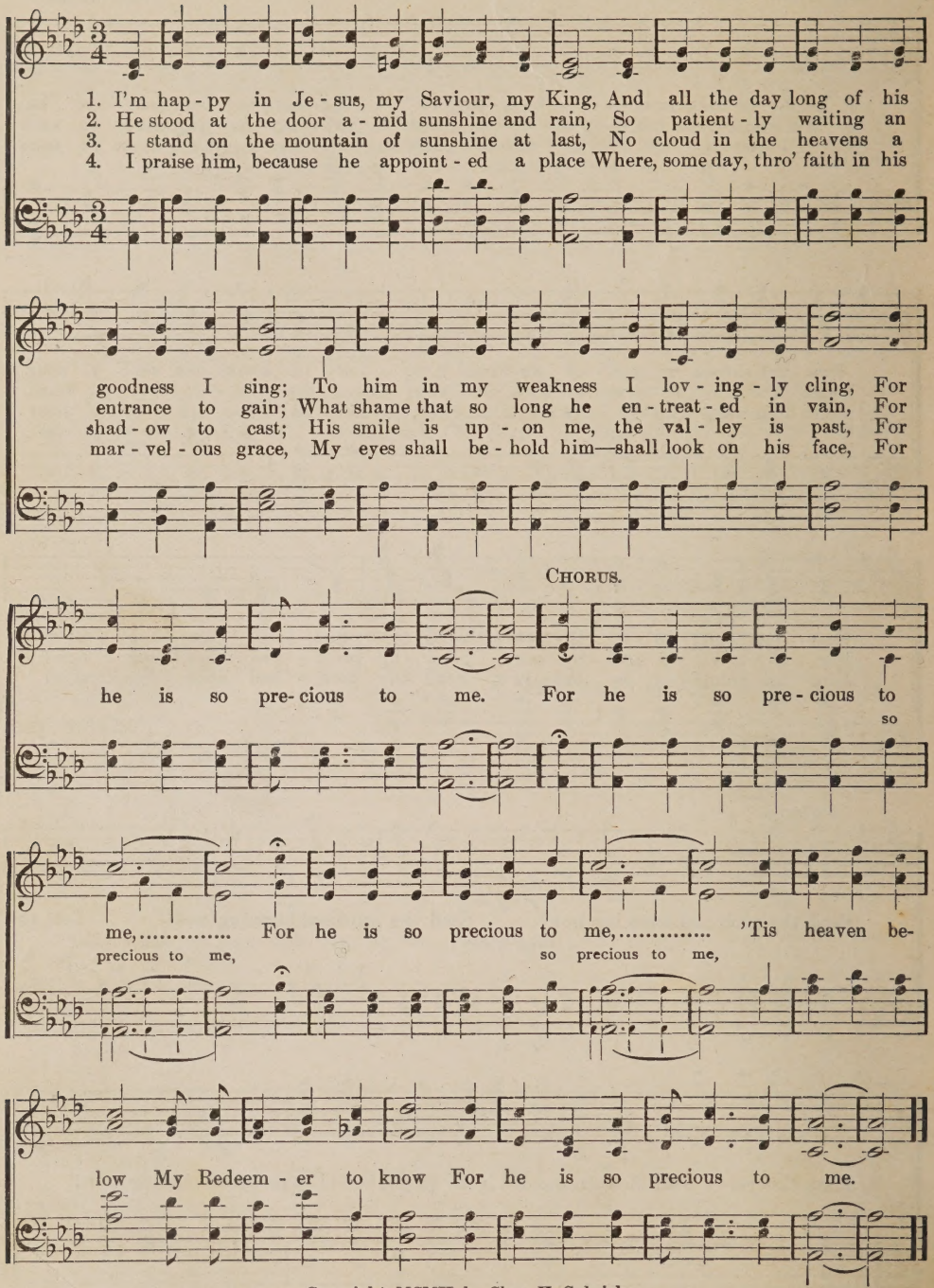
236 He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'm hap - py in Je - sus, my Saviour, my King, And all the day long of his
2. He stood at the door a - mid sunshine and rain, So patient - ly waiting an
3. I stand on the mountain of sunshine at last, No cloud in the heavens a
4. I praise him, because he appoint - ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in his
goodness I sing; To him in my weakness I lov - ing - ly cling, For
entrance to gain; What shame that so long he en - treat - ed in vain, For
shad - ow to cast; His smile is up - on me, the val - ley is past, For
mar - vel - ous grace, My eyes shall be - hold him—shall look on his face, For
CHORUS.
he is so pre- cious to me. For he is so pre - cious to
so
me,..... For he is so precious to me,..... 'Tis heaven be-
precious to me, so precious to me,
low My Redeem - er to know For he is so precious to me.

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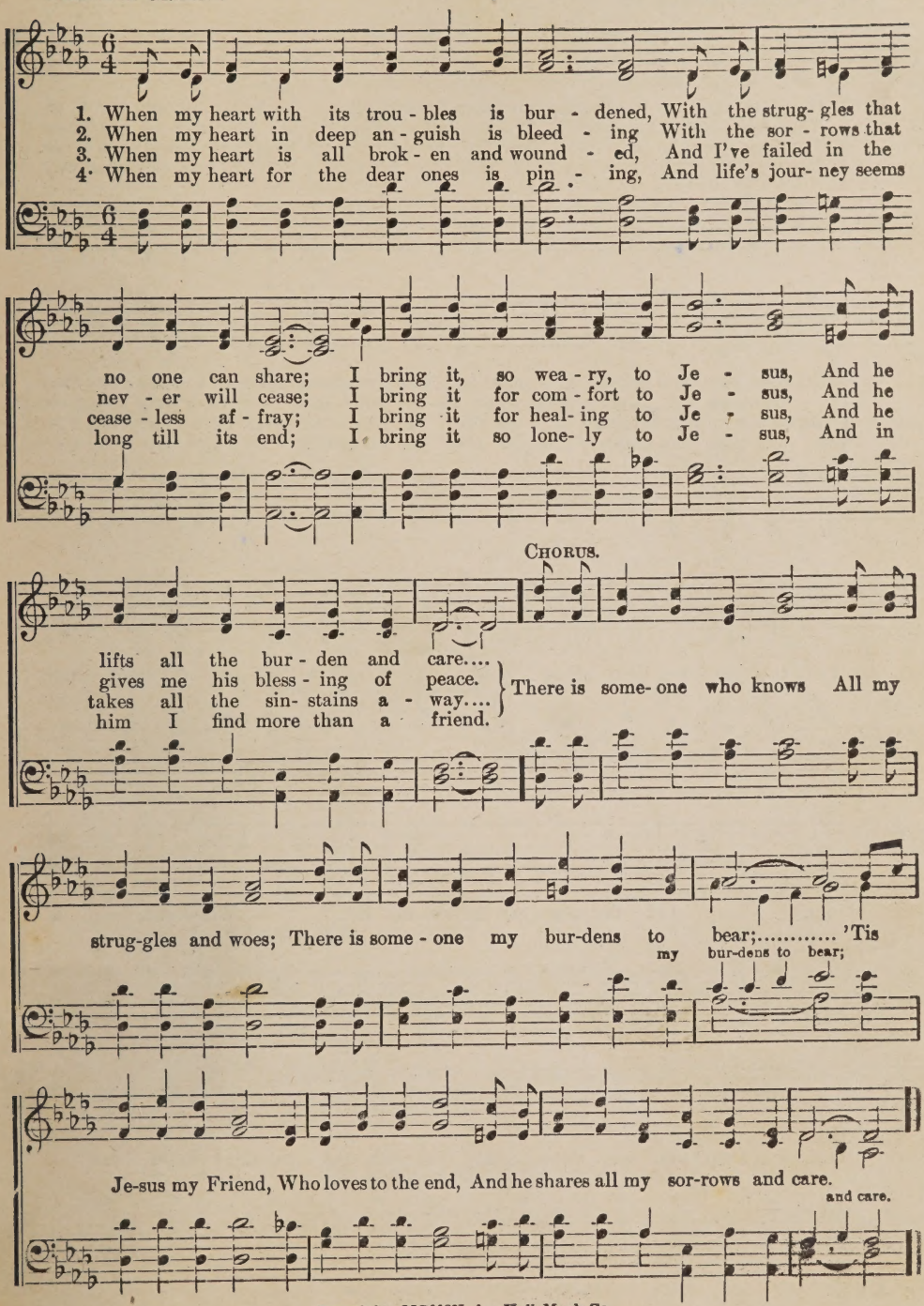
237 Some One Who Knows.

FRANK E. GRAEFF. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. When my heart with its trou - bles is bur - dened, With the strug- gles that
2. When my heart in deep an - guish is bleed - ing With the sor - rows that
3. When my heart is all brok - en and wound - ed, And I've failed in the
4. When my heart for the dear ones is pin - ing, And life's jour- ney seems
no one can share; I bring it, so wea - ry, to Je - sus, And he
nev - er will cease; I bring it for com - fort to Je - sus, And he
cease - less af - fray; I bring it for heal- ing to Je - sus, And he
long till its end; I bring it so lone- ly to Je - sus, And in
CHORUS.
lifts all the bur - den and care....
gives me his bless - ing of peace.
takes all the sin- stains a - way....
him I find more than a friend.
There is some- one who knows All my
strug-gles and woes; There is some - one my bur-dens to bear;..... 'Tis
my bur-dens to bear;
Je-sus my Friend, Who loves to the end, And he shares all my sor-rows and care.
and care.

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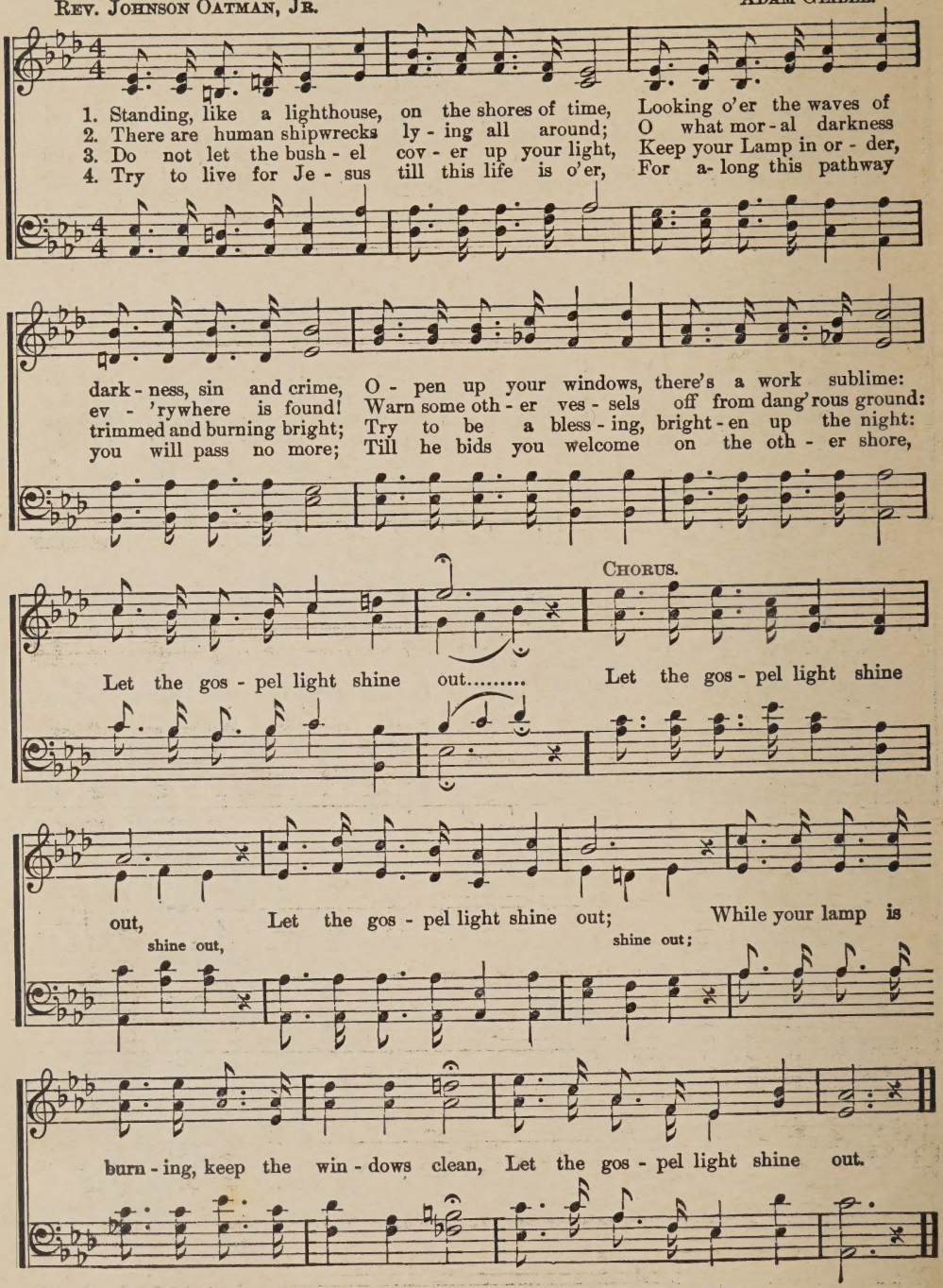
238 Let the Gospel Light Shine Out.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Standing, like a lighthouse, on the shores of time, Looking o'er the waves of
2. There are human shipwrecks ly - ing all around; O what mor - al darkness
3. Do not let the bush - el cov - er up your light, Keep your Lamp in or - der,
4. Try to live for Je - sus till this life is o'er, For a- long this pathway
dark - ness, sin and crime, O - pen up your windows, there's a work sublime:
ev - 'rywhere is found! Warn some oth - er ves - sels off from dang'rous ground:
trimmed and burning bright; Try to be a bless - ing, bright - en up the night:
you will pass no more; Till he bids you welcome on the oth - er shore,
CHORUS.
Let the gos - pel light shine out..... Let the gos - pel light shine
out, Let the gos - pel light shine out; While your lamp is
shine out, shine out;
burn - ing, keep the win - dows clean, Let the gos - pel light shine out.

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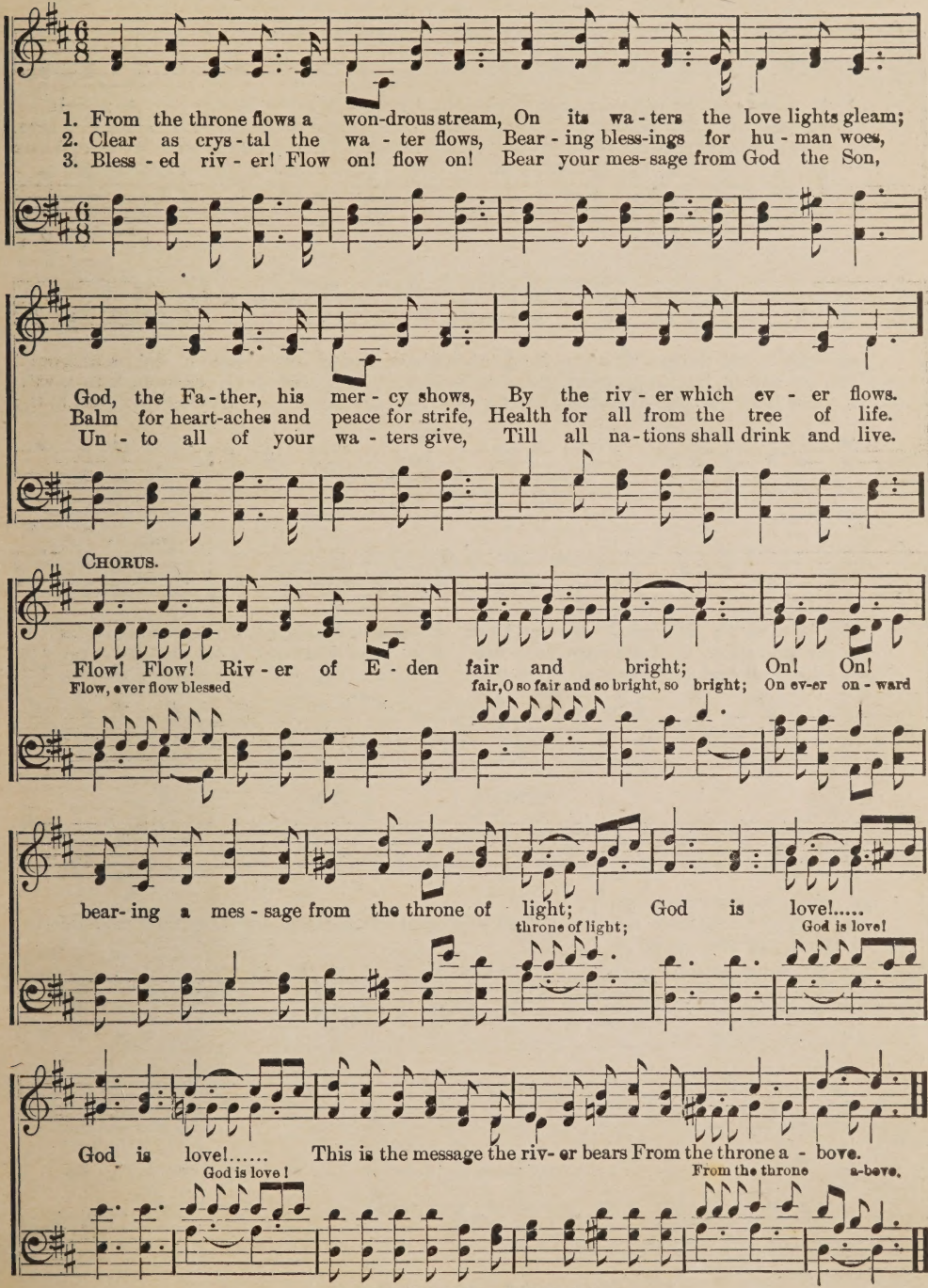
239 River of Eden.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. From the throne flows a won-drous stream, On its wa-ters the love lights gleam;
2. Clear as crys-tal the wa-ter flows, Bear-ing bless-ings for hu-man woes,
3. Bless-ed riv-er! Flow on! flow on! Bear your mes-sage from God the Son,
God, the Fa-ther, his mer-cy shows, By the riv-er which ev-er flows.
Balm for heart-aches and peace for strife, Health for all from the tree of life.
Un-to all of your wa-ters give, Till all na-tions shall drink and live.
Chorus.
Flow! Flow! Riv-er of E-den fair and bright; On! On!
Flow, ever flow blessed
fair, O so fair and so bright, so bright; On ever-ward
bear-ing a mes-sage from the throne of light; God is love!.....
throne of light;
God is love!
God is love!..... This is the message the riv-er bears From the throne a-bove.
God is love!
From the throne a-bove.

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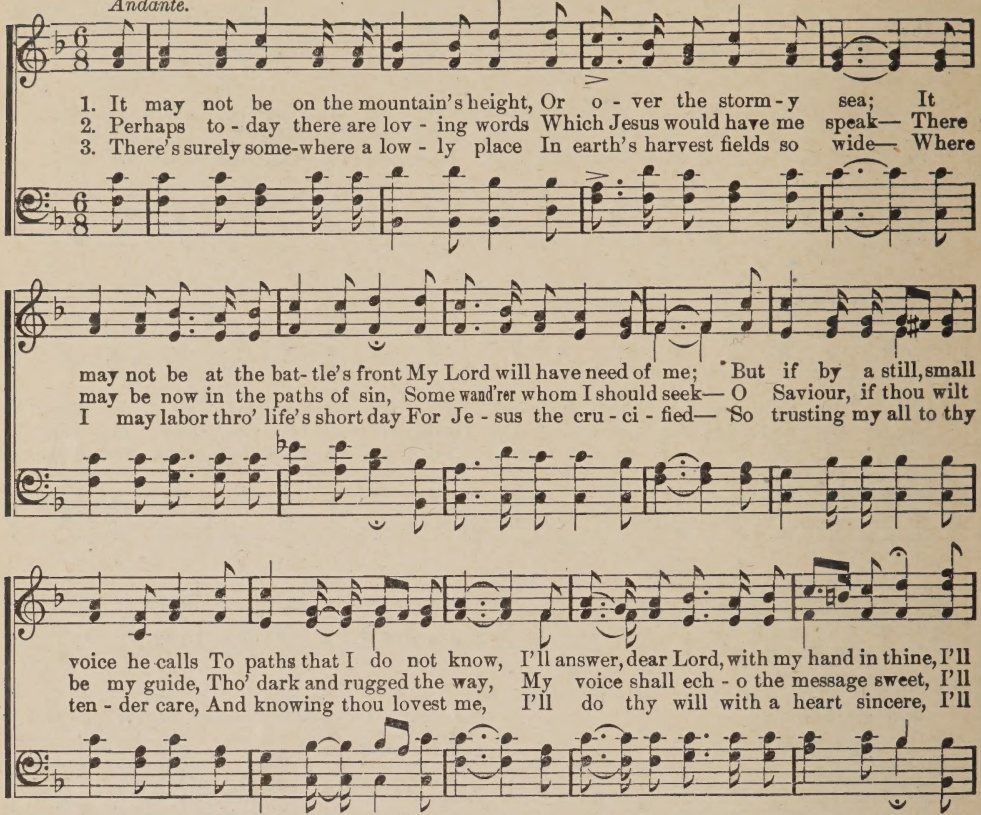
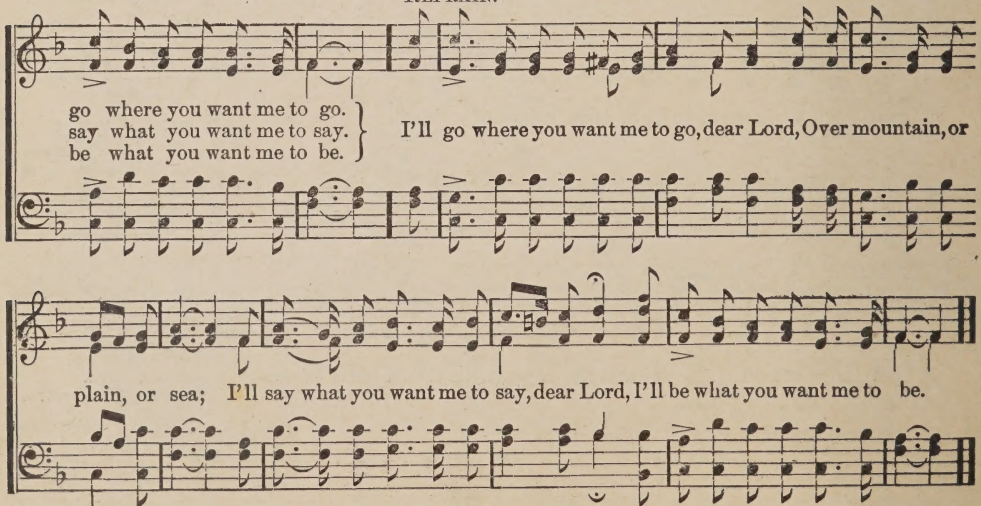
240 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.


1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea; It
2. Perhaps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak— There
3. There's surely some-where a low - ly place In earth's harvest fields so wide— Where
may not be at the bat- tle's front My Lord will have need of me; But if by a still, small
may be now in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek— O Saviour, if thou wilt
I may labor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied— So trusting my all to thy
voice he calls To paths that I do not know, I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine, I'll
be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way, My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll
ten - der care, And knowing thou lovest me, I'll do thy will with a heart sincere, I'll

REFRAIN.


go where you want me to go.
say what you want me to say.
be what you want me to be.
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or
plain, or sea; I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

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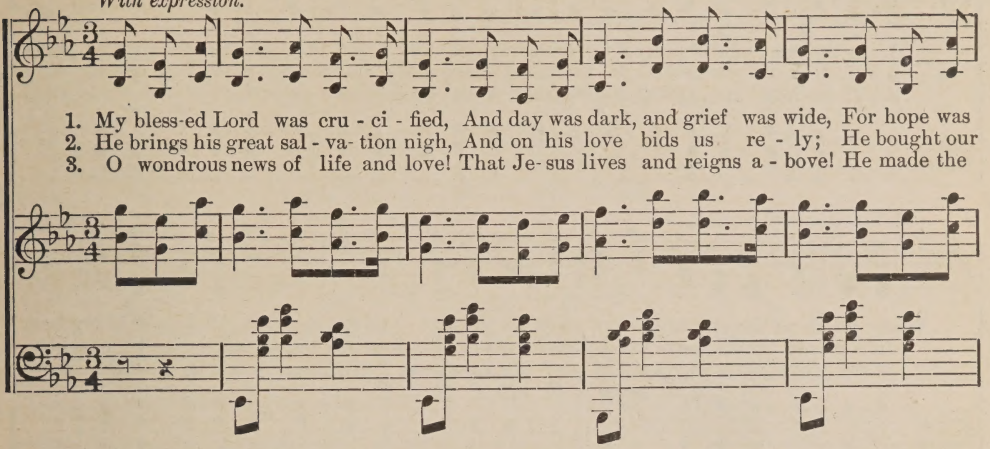
241 He Did Not Die in Vain.

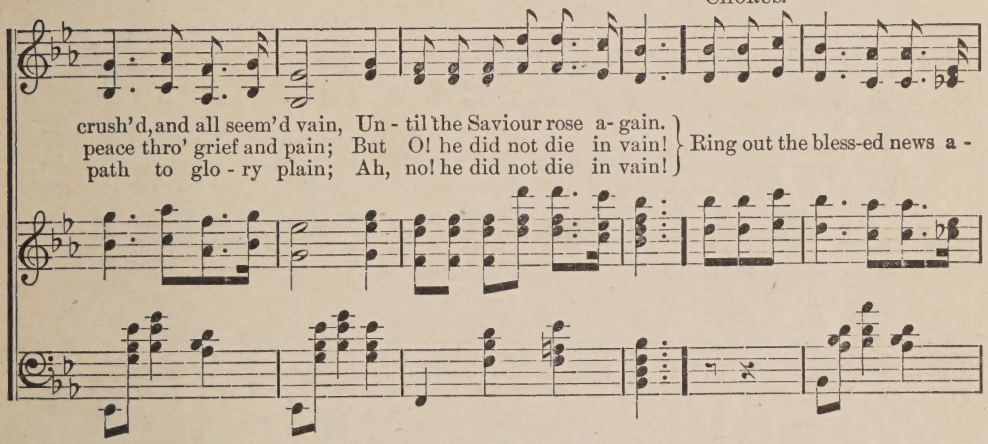
Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Grant Colfax Tullar.

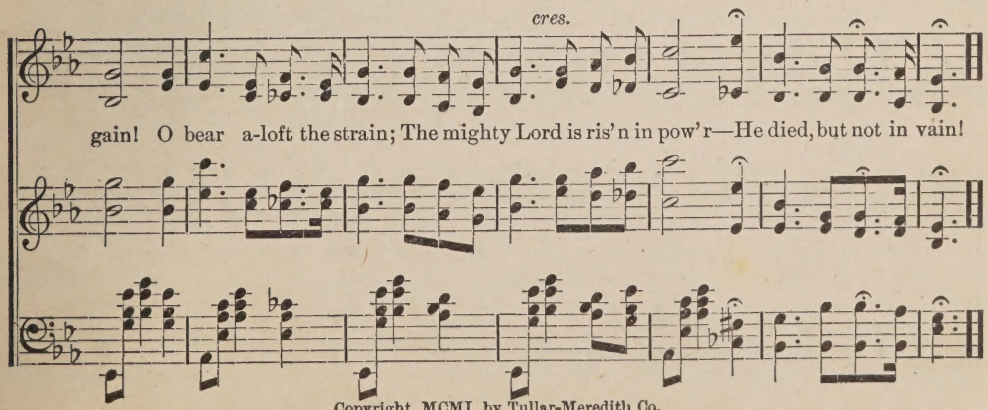
Duet for Mezzo Soprano and Tenor, or Unison Chorus.

With expression.


1. My bless-ed Lord was cru - ci - fied, And day was dark, and grief was wide, For hope was
2. He brings his great sal - va- tion nigh, And on his love bids us re - ly; He bought our
3. O wondrous news of life and love! That Je- sus lives and reigns a - bove! He made the

Chorus.


crush'd, and all seem'd vain, Un - til the Saviour rose a- gain.
peace thro' grief and pain; But O! he did not die in vain!
path to glo - ry plain; Ah, no! he did not die in vain!
Ring out the bless-ed news a -



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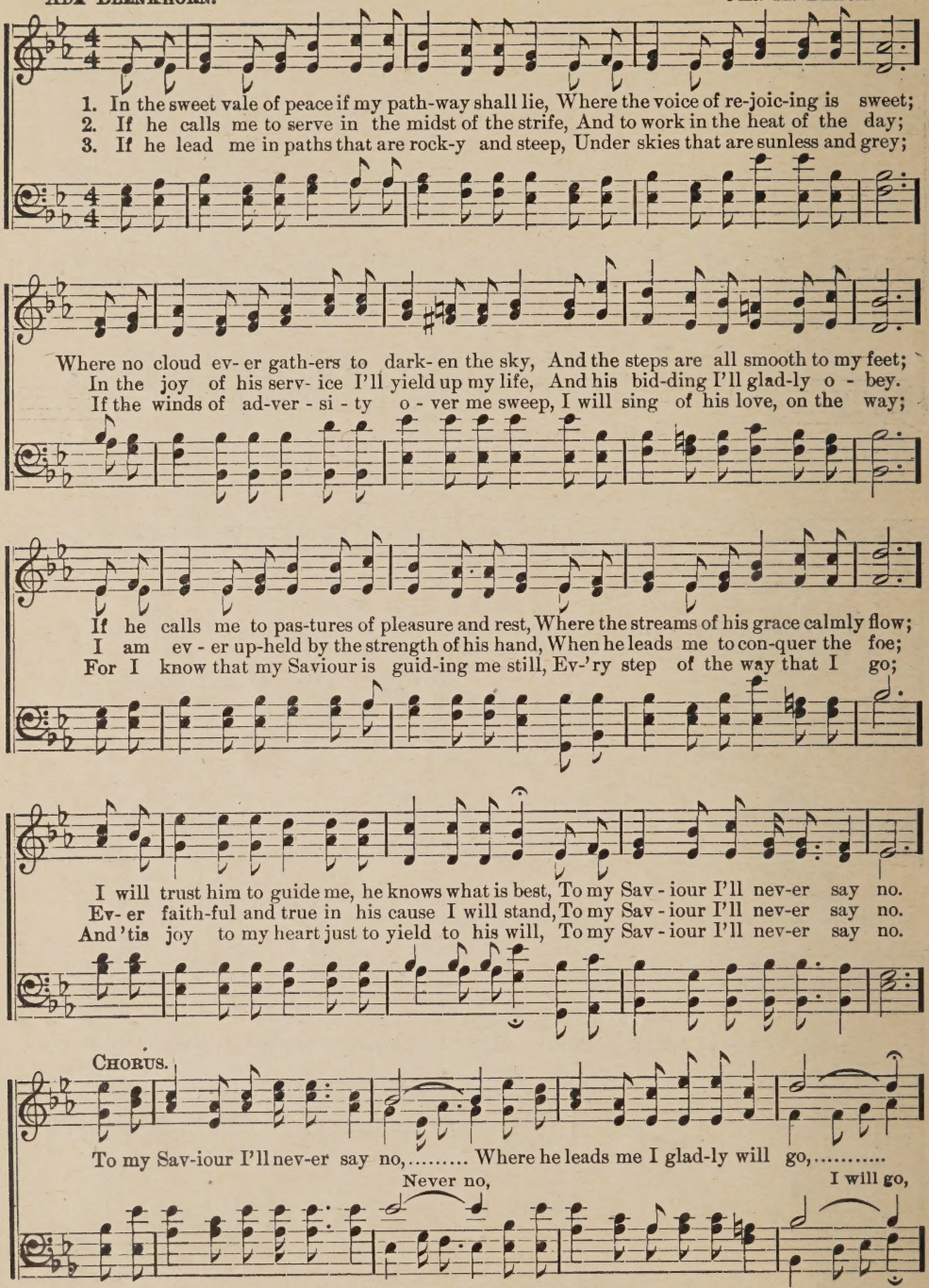
242 I'll Never Say No to Jesus.

ADA BLENKHORN. JAS. M. BLACK.

1. In the sweet vale of peace if my path-way shall lie, Where the voice of re-joic-ing is sweet;
2. If he calls me to serve in the midst of the strife, And to work in the heat of the day;
3. If he lead me in paths that are rock-y and steep, Under skies that are sunless and grey;
Where no cloud ev- er gath-ers to dark- en the sky, And the steps are all smooth to my feet;
In the joy of his serv- ice I'll yield up my life, And his bid-ding I'll glad-ly o - bey.
If the winds of ad-ver - si - ty o - ver me sweep, I will sing of his love, on the way;
If he calls me to pas-tures of pleasure and rest, Where the streams of his grace calmly flow;
I am ev - er up-held by the strength of his hand, When he leads me to con-quer the foe;
For I know that my Saviour is guid-ing me still, Ev-'ry step of the way that I go;
I will trust him to guide me, he knows what is best, To my Sav - iour I'll nev-er say no.
Ev- er faith-ful and true in his cause I will stand, To my Sav - iour I'll nev-er say no.
And 'tis joy to my heart just to yield to his will, To my Sav - iour I'll nev-er say no.
CHORUS.
To my Sav-iour I'll nev-er say no,..... Where he leads me I glad-ly will go,.....
Never no,
I will go,

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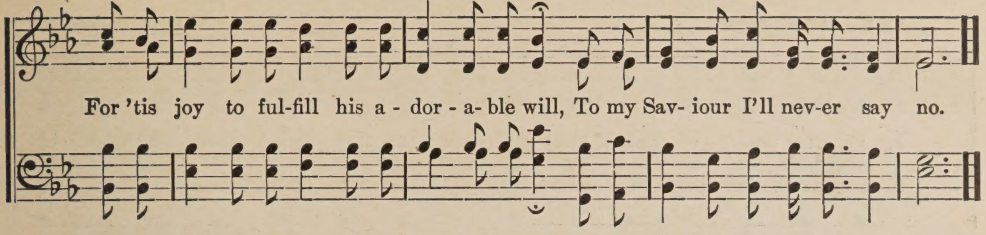
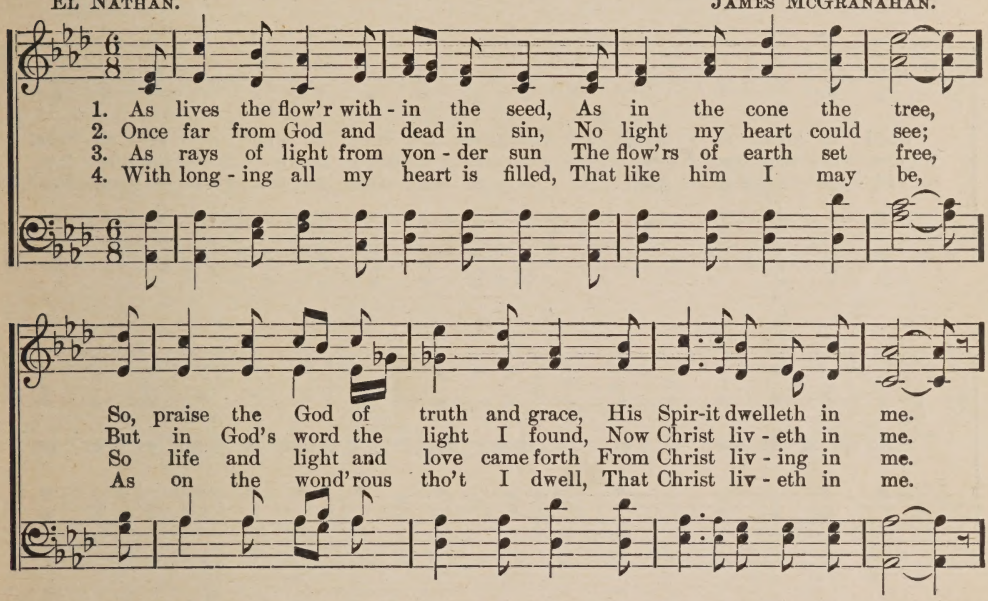
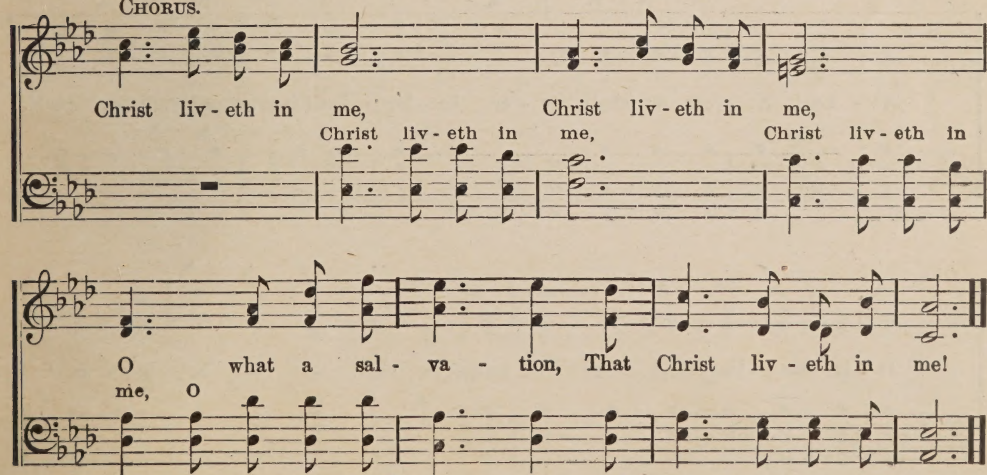
I'll Never Say No to Jesus.—Concluded.



243 Christ Liveth in Me.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. As lives the flow'r with - in the seed, As in the cone the tree,
2. Once far from God and dead in sin, No light my heart could see;
3. As rays of light from yon - der sun The flow'rs of earth set free,
4. With long - ing all my heart is filled, That like him I may be,
So, praise the God of truth and grace, His Spir-it dwelleth in me.
But in God's word the light I found, Now Christ liv - eth in me.
So life and light and love came forth From Christ liv - ing in me.
As on the wond'rous tho't I dwell, That Christ liv - eth in me.

CHORUS.

Christ liv - eth in me, Christ liv - eth in me,
Christ liv - eth in me, Christ liv - eth in me, O
O what a sal - va - tion, That Christ liv - eth in me!

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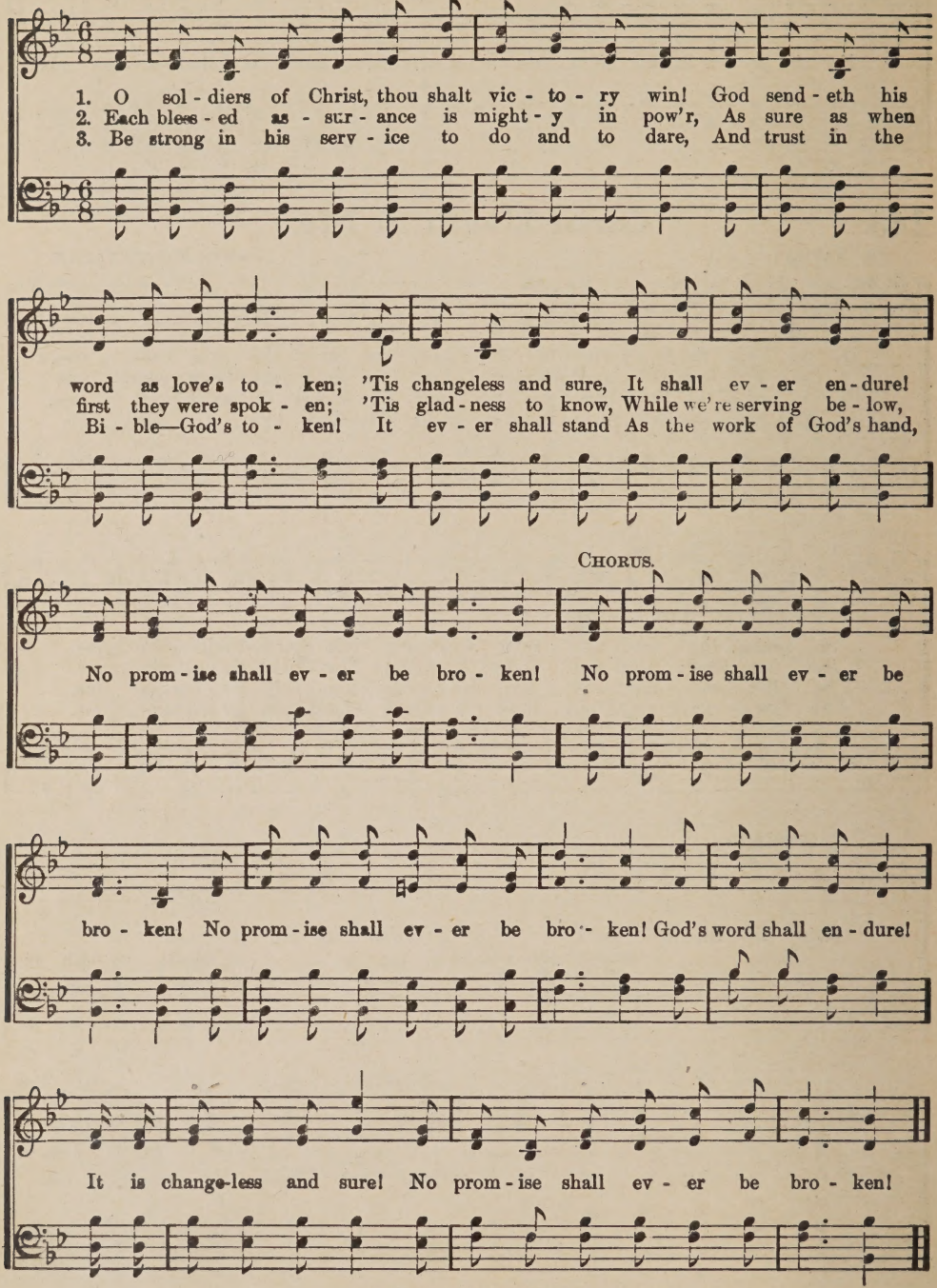
244 God's Word Shall Endure.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ALFRED JUDSON.


1. O sol - diers of Christ, thou shalt vic - to - ry win! God send - eth his
2. Each bless - ed as - sur - ance is might - y in pow'r, As sure as when
3. Be strong in his serv - ice to do and to dare, And trust in the
word as love's to - ken; 'Tis changeless and sure, It shall ev - er en - dure!
first they were spok - en; 'Tis glad - ness to know, While we're serving be - low,
Bi - ble—God's to - ken! It ev - er shall stand As the work of God's hand,
CHORUS.
No prom - ise shall ev - er be bro - ken! No prom - ise shall ev - er be
bro - ken! No prom - ise shall ev - er be bro - ken! God's word shall en - dure!
It is change-less and sure! No prom - ise shall ev - er be bro - ken!

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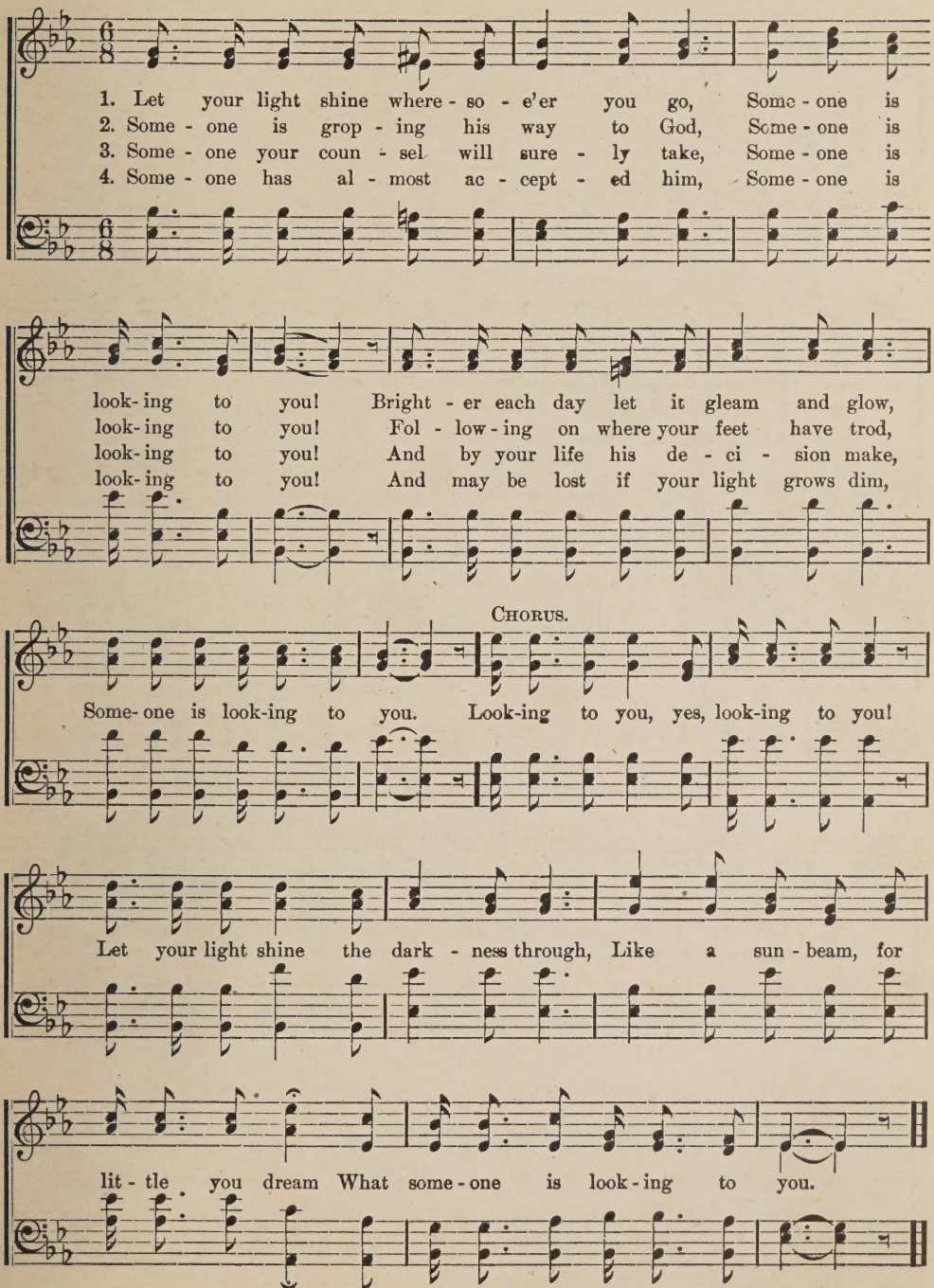
245 Someone is Looking to You.

W. M. Lighthall. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Let your light shine where - so - e'er you go, Some - one is
2. Some - one is grop - ing his way to God, Some - one is
3. Some - one your coun - sel will sure - ly take, Some - one is
4. Some - one has al - most ac - cept - ed him, Some - one is
look- ing to you! Bright - er each day let it gleam and glow,
look- ing to you! Fol - low - ing on where your feet have trod,
look- ing to you! And by your life his de - ci - sion make,
look- ing to you! And may be lost if your light grows dim,
Chorus.
Some- one is look-ing to you. Look-ing to you, yes, look-ing to you!
Let your light shine the dark - ness through, Like a sun - beam, for
lit - tle you dream What some - one is look - ing to you.

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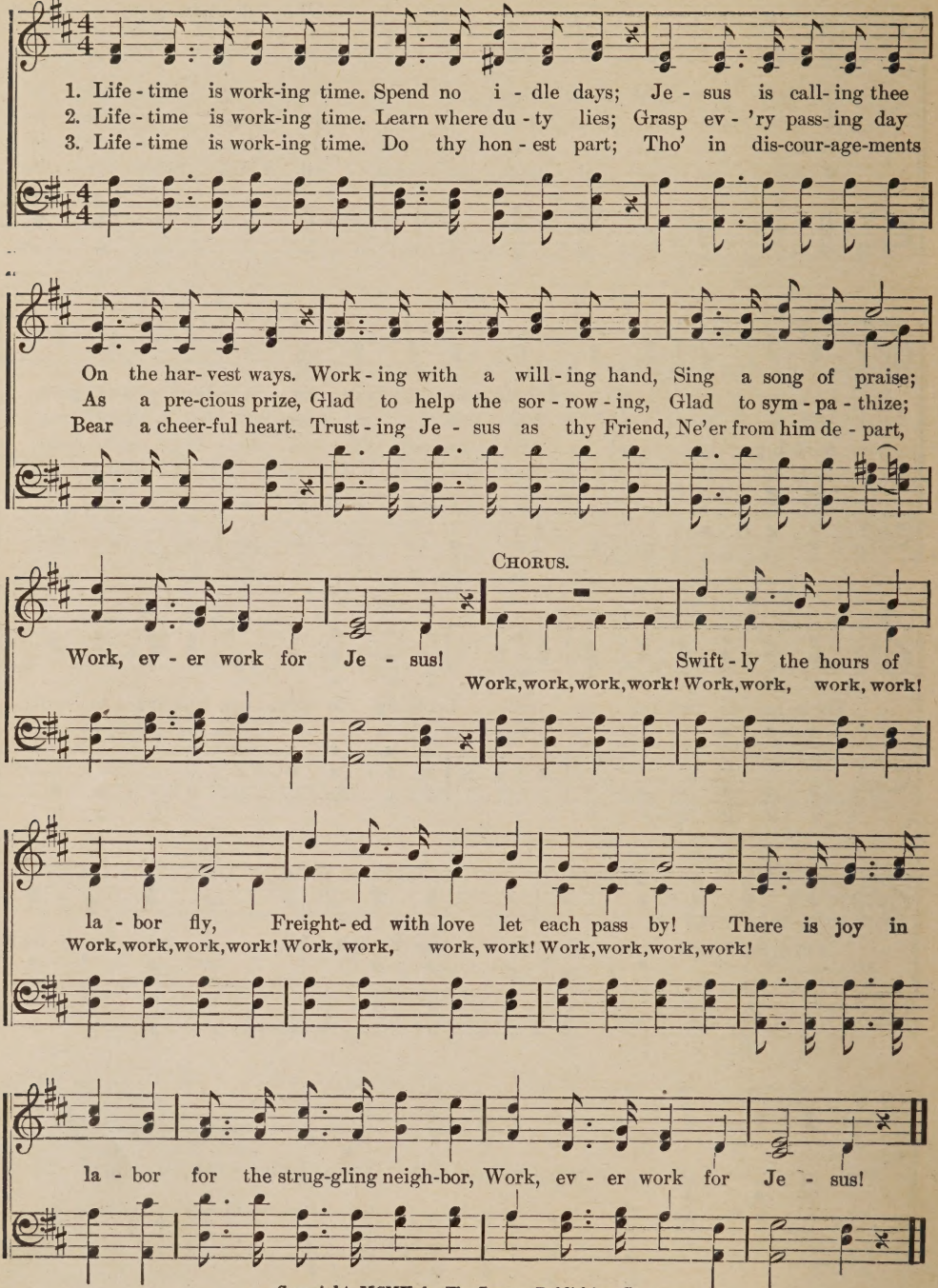
246 Lifetime is Working Time.

Mrs. Carrie E. Breck. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Life - time is work-ing time. Spend no i - dle days; Je - sus is call- ing thee
2. Life - time is work-ing time. Learn where du - ty lies; Grasp ev - 'ry pass- ing day
3. Life - time is work-ing time. Do thy hon - est part; Tho' in dis-cour-age-ments
On the har- vest ways. Work - ing with a will - ing hand, Sing a song of praise;
As a pre-cious prize, Glad to help the sor - row - ing, Glad to sym - pa - thize;
Bear a cheer-ful heart. Trust - ing Je - sus as thy Friend, Ne'er from him de - part,
Chorus.
Work, ev - er work for Je - sus! Swift - ly the hours of
Work, work, work, work! Work, work, work, work!
la - bor fly, Freight- ed with love let each pass by! There is joy in
Work, work, work, work! Work, work, work, work! Work, work, work, work!
la - bor for the strug-gling neigh-bor, Work, ev - er work for Je - sus!

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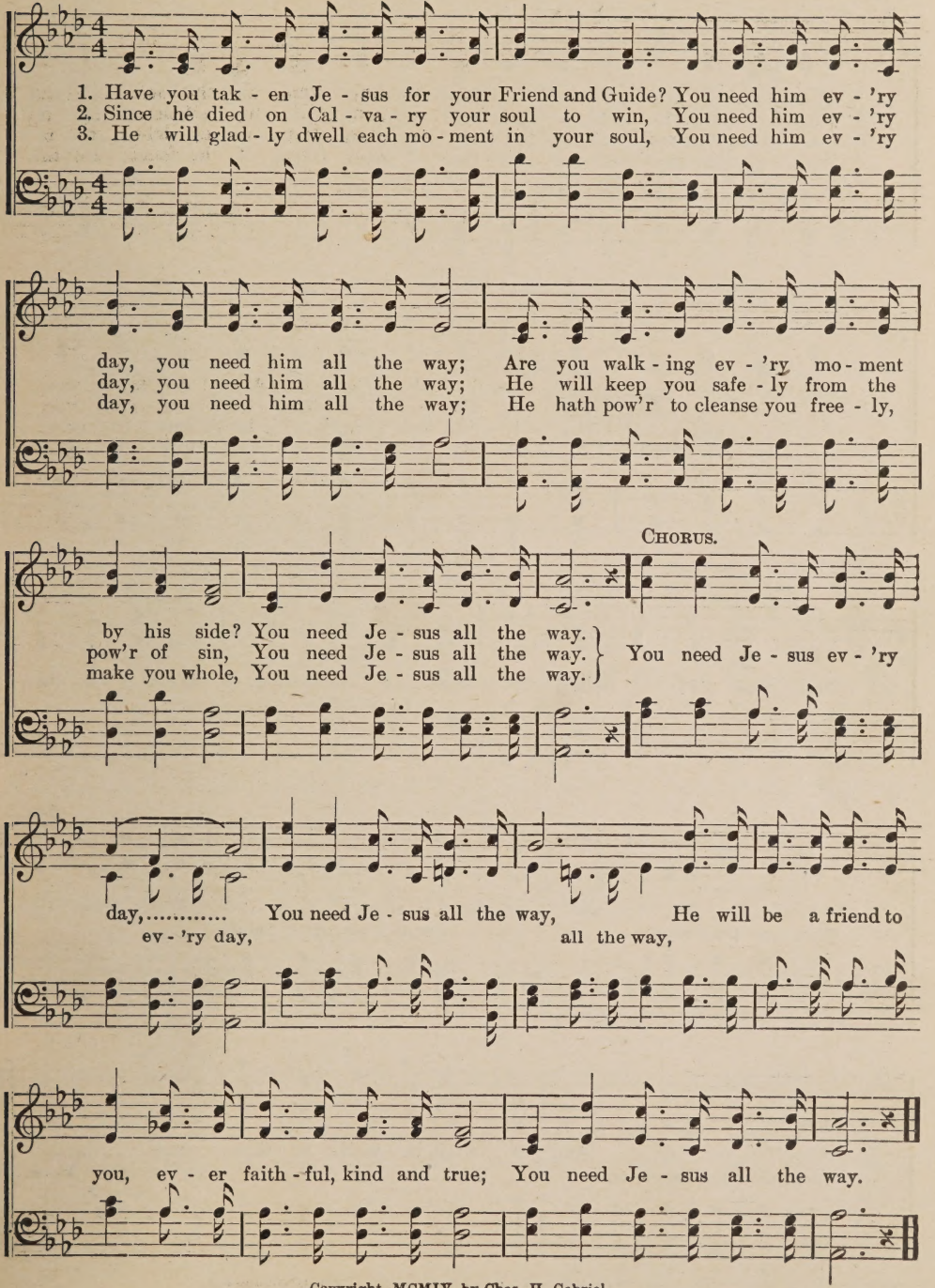
247 You Need Jesus All the Way.

EDGAR LEWIS. L. E. JONES.

1. Have you tak - en Je - sus for your Friend and Guide? You need him ev - 'ry day, you need him all the way; Are you walk - ing ev - 'ry mo - ment by his side? You need Je - sus all the way.
2. Since he died on Cal - va - ry your soul to win, You need him ev - 'ry day, you need him all the way; He will keep you safe - ly from the pow'r of sin, You need Je - sus all the way.
3. He will glad - ly dwell each mo - ment in your soul, You need him ev - 'ry day, you need him all the way; He hath pow'r to cleanse you free - ly, make you whole, You need Je - sus all the way.
CHORUS.
You need Je - sus ev - 'ry day,..... You need Je - sus all the way, He will be a friend to you, ev - er faith - ful, kind and true; You need Je - sus all the way.
ev - 'ry day, all the way,

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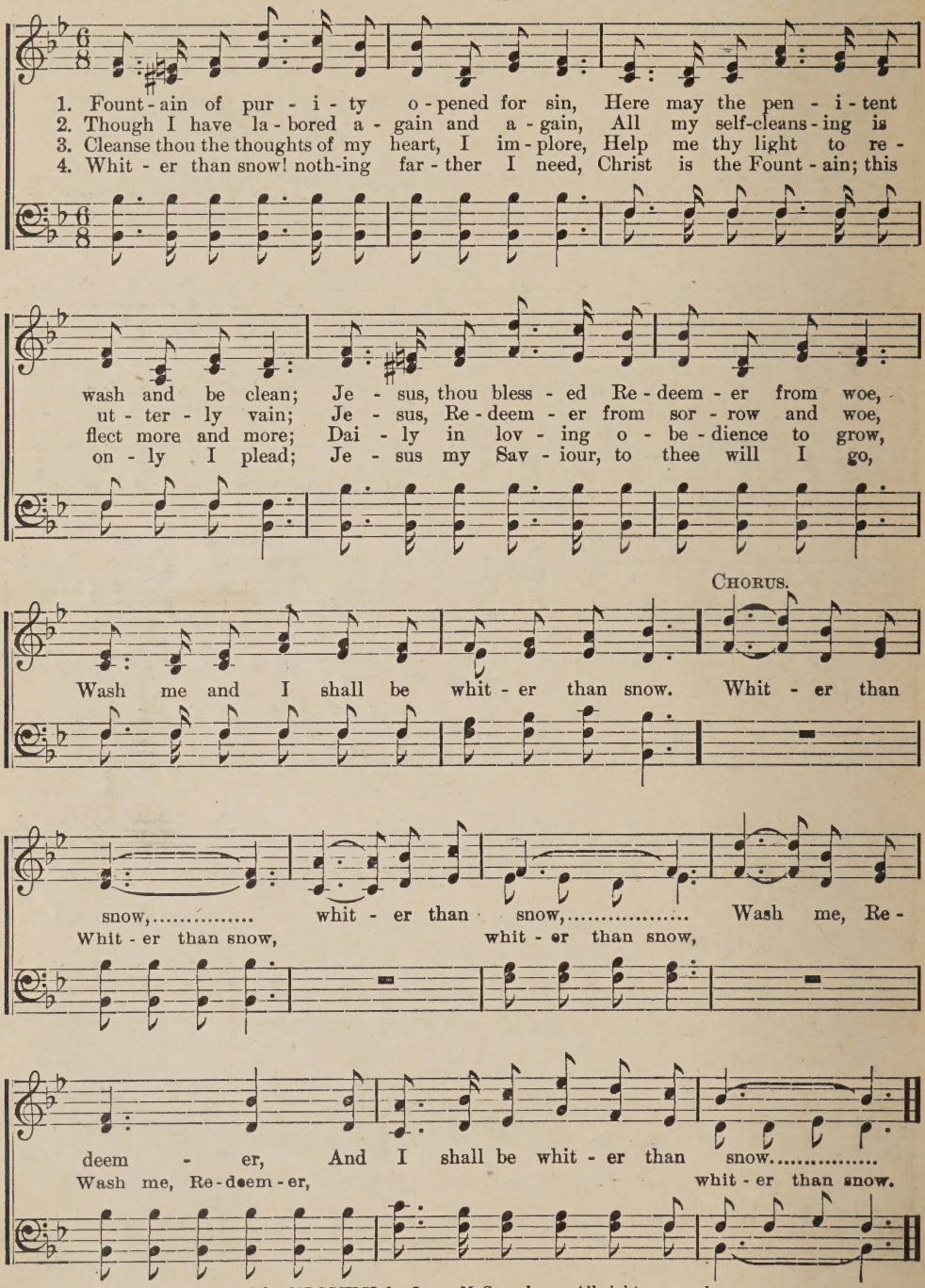
248 Christ the Fountain.

NEWMAN HALL. C. C. CASE.

1. Fount - ain of pur - i - ty o - pened for sin, Here may the pen - i - tent
2. Though I have la - bored a - gain and a - gain, All my self-cleans - ing is
3. Cleanse thou the thoughts of my heart, I im - plore, Help me thy light to re -
4. Whit - er than snow! noth-ing far - ther I need, Christ is the Fount - ain; this
wash and be clean; Je - sus, thou bless - ed Re - deem - er from woe,
ut - ter - ly vain; Je - sus, Re - deem - er from sor - row and woe,
flect more and more; Dai - ly in lov - ing o - be - dience to grow,
on - ly I plead; Je - sus my Sav - iour, to thee will I go,
CHORUS.
Wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than
snow,..... whit - er than snow,..... Wash me, Re -
Whit - er than snow, whit - er than snow,
deem - er, And I shall be whit - er than snow.....
Wash me, Re - deem - er, whit - er than snow.

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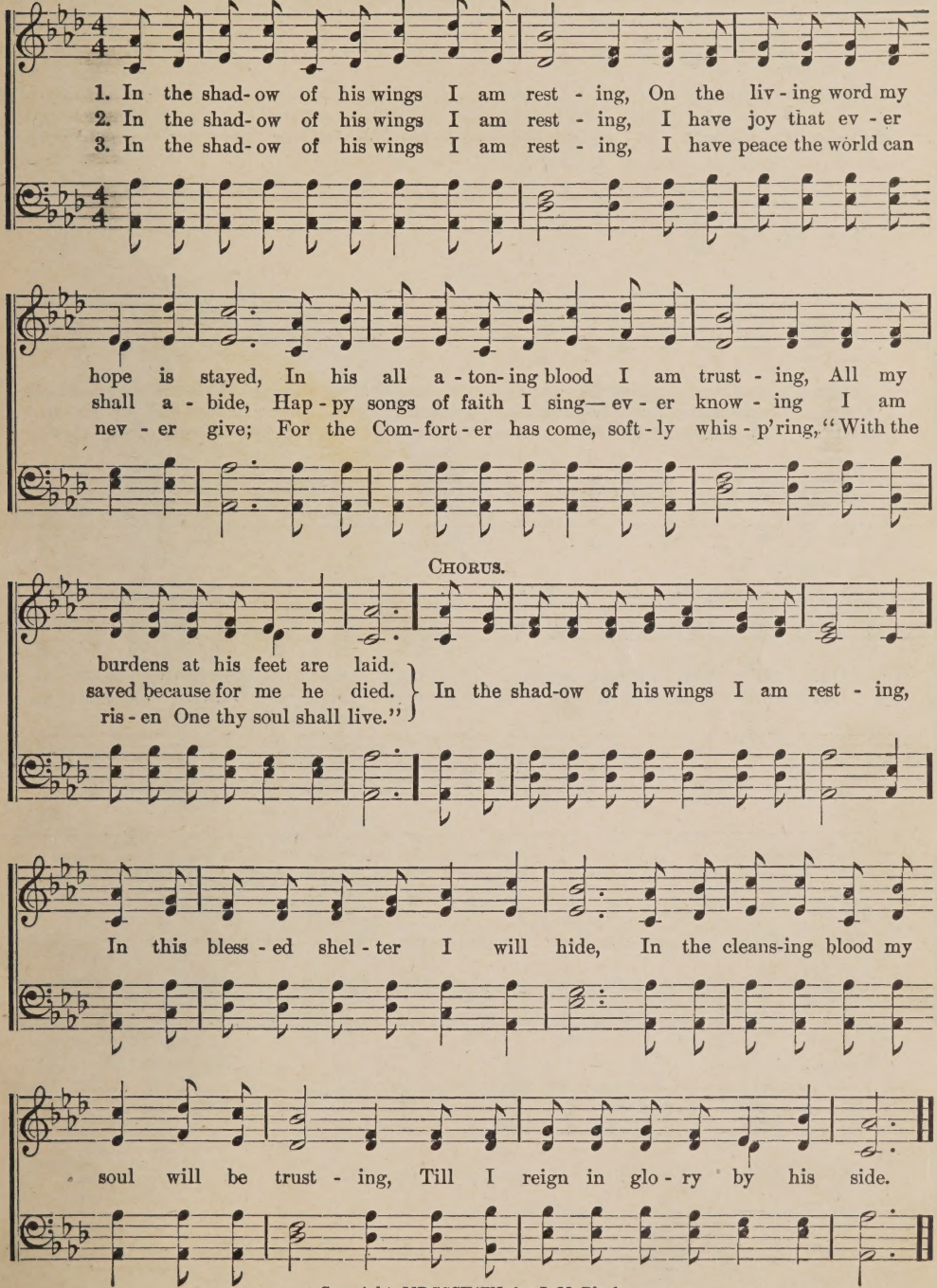
249 In the Shadow of His Wings.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS. J. M. BLACK.

1. In the shad-ow of his wings I am rest - ing, On the liv - ing word my
2. In the shad-ow of his wings I am rest - ing, I have joy that ev - er
3. In the shad-ow of his wings I am rest - ing, I have peace the world can
hope is stayed, In his all a - ton-ing blood I am trust - ing, All my
shall a - bide, Hap - py songs of faith I sing— ev - er know - ing I am
nev - er give; For the Com-fort - er has come, soft - ly whis - p'ring, "With the
CHORUS.
burdens at his feet are laid.
saved because for me he died.
ris - en One thy soul shall live."
In the shad-ow of his wings I am rest - ing,
In this bless - ed shel - ter I will hide, In the cleans-ing blood my
soul will be trust - ing, Till I reign in glo - ry by his side.

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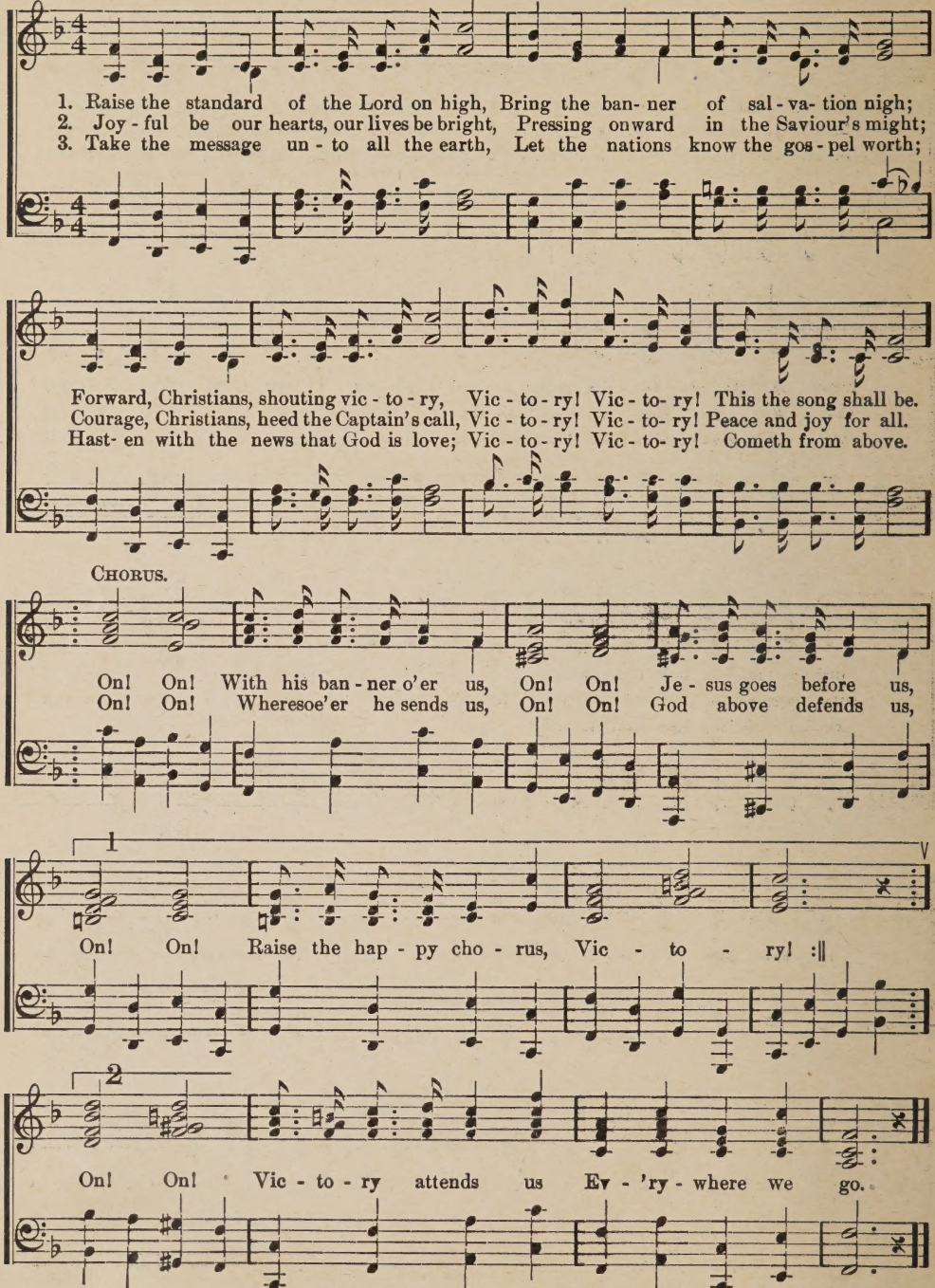
250 Victory.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. Raise the standard of the Lord on high, Bring the ban- ner of sal - va- tion nigh;
2. Joy - ful be our hearts, our lives be bright, Pressing onward in the Saviour's might;
3. Take the message un - to all the earth, Let the nations know the gos - pel worth;
Forward, Christians, shouting vic - to - ry, Vic - to - ry! Vic - to- ry! This the song shall be.
Courage, Christians, heed the Captain's call, Vic - to - ry! Vic - to- ry! Peace and joy for all.
Hast- en with the news that God is love; Vic - to - ry! Vic - to- ry! Cometh from above.
CHORUS.
On! On! With his ban - ner o'er us, On! On! Je - sus goes before us,
On! On! Wheresoe'er he sends us, On! On! God above defends us,
1
On! On! Raise the hap - py cho - rus, Vic - to - ry! :‖
2
On! On! Vic - to - ry attends us Ev - 'ry - where we go.

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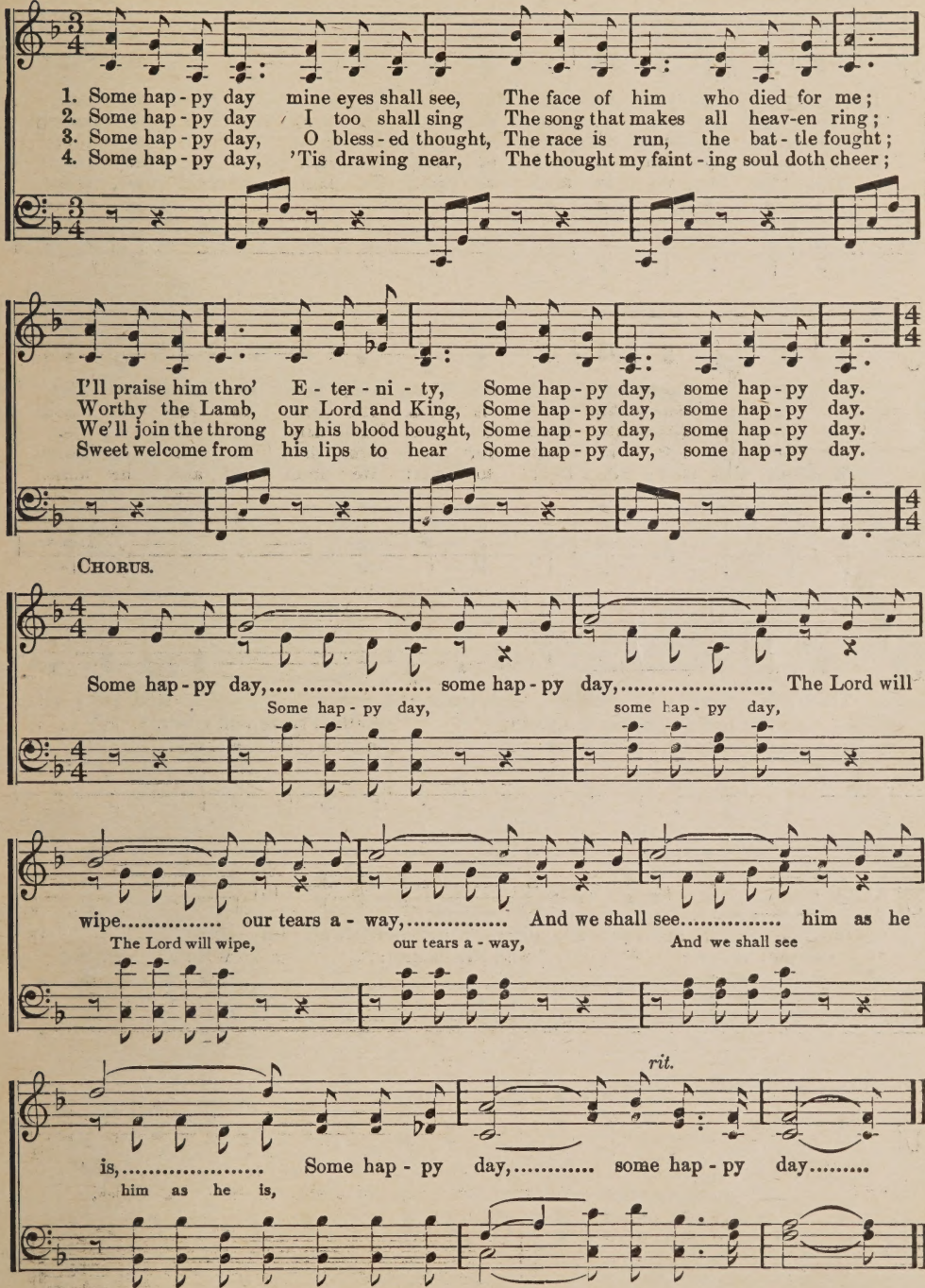
251 Some Happy Day.

JOHN JAMES. J. J. LOWE.


1. Some hap - py day mine eyes shall see, The face of him who died for me;
2. Some hap - py day I too shall sing The song that makes all heav-en ring;
3. Some hap - py day, O bless - ed thought, The race is run, the bat - tle fought;
4. Some hap - py day, 'Tis drawing near, The thought my faint - ing soul doth cheer;
I'll praise him thro' E - ter - ni - ty, Some hap - py day, some hap - py day.
Worthy the Lamb, our Lord and King, Some hap - py day, some hap - py day.
We'll join the throng by his blood bought, Some hap - py day, some hap - py day.
Sweet welcome from his lips to hear Some hap - py day, some hap - py day.
CHORUS.
Some hap - py day,.... some hap - py day,..... The Lord will
Some hap - py day, some hap - py day,
wipe..... our tears a - way,..... And we shall see..... him as he
The Lord will wipe, our tears a - way, And we shall see
rit.
is,..... Some hap - py day,..... some hap - py day.....
him as he is,

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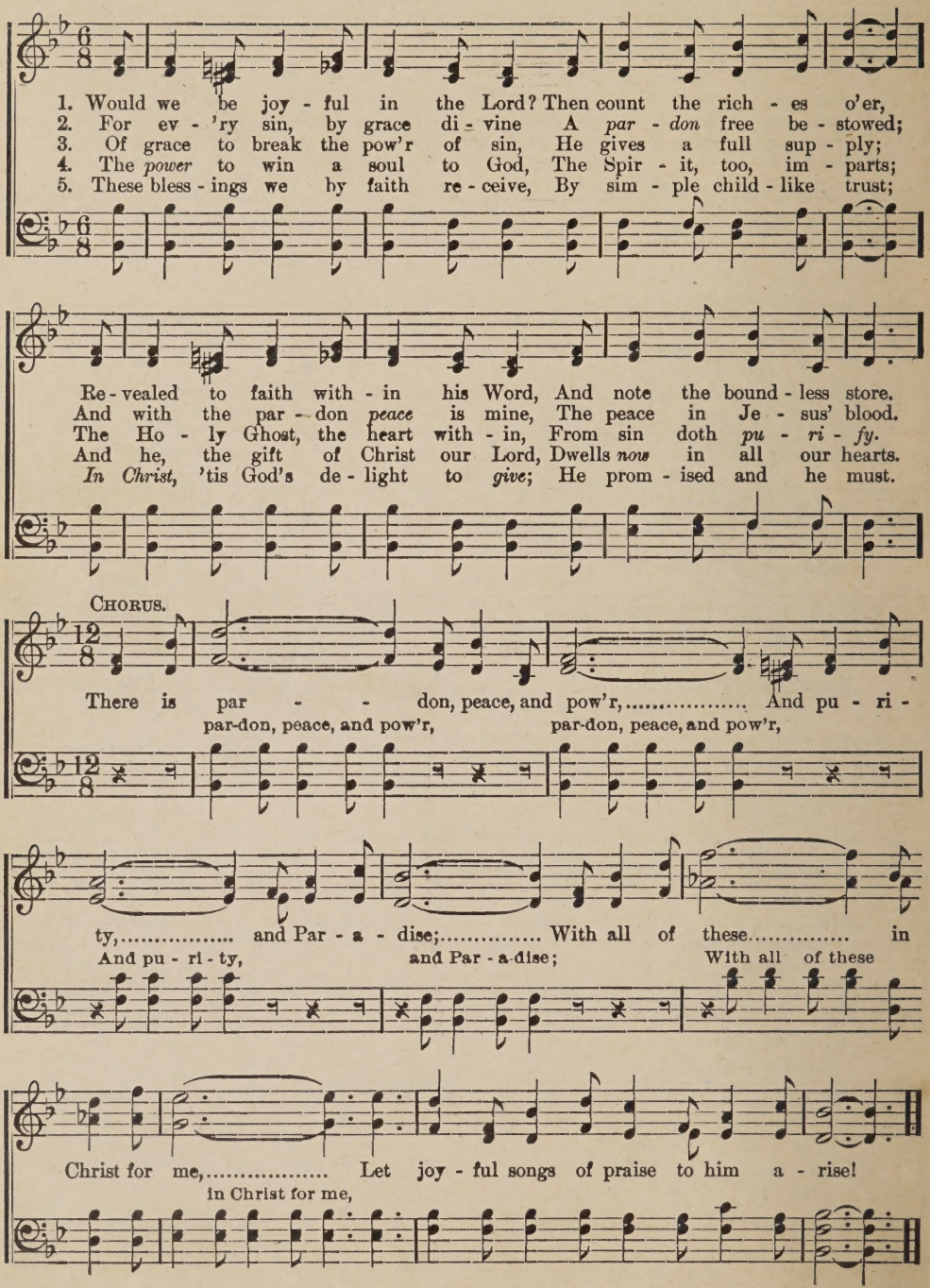
252 Pardon, Peace and Power.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Would we be joy - ful in the Lord? Then count the rich - es o'er,
2. For ev - 'ry sin, by grace di - vine A par - don free be - stowed;
3. Of grace to break the pow'r of sin, He gives a full sup - ply;
4. The power to win a soul to God, The Spir - it, too, im - parts;
5. These bless - ings we by faith re - ceive, By sim - ple child - like trust;
Re - vealed to faith with - in his Word, And note the bound - less store.
And with the par - don peace is mine, The peace in Je - sus' blood.
The Ho - ly Ghost, the heart with - in, From sin doth pu - ri - fy.
And he, the gift of Christ our Lord, Dwells now in all our hearts.
In Christ, 'tis God's de - light to give; He prom - ised and he must.
CHORUS.
There is par - - don, peace, and pow'r, ... And pu - ri -
par-don, peace, and pow'r, par-don, peace, and pow'r,
ty, ... and Par - a - dise; ..... With all of these ..... in
And pu - ri - ty, and Par - a - dise; With all of these
Christ for me, ... Let joy - ful songs of praise to him a - rise!
in Christ for me,

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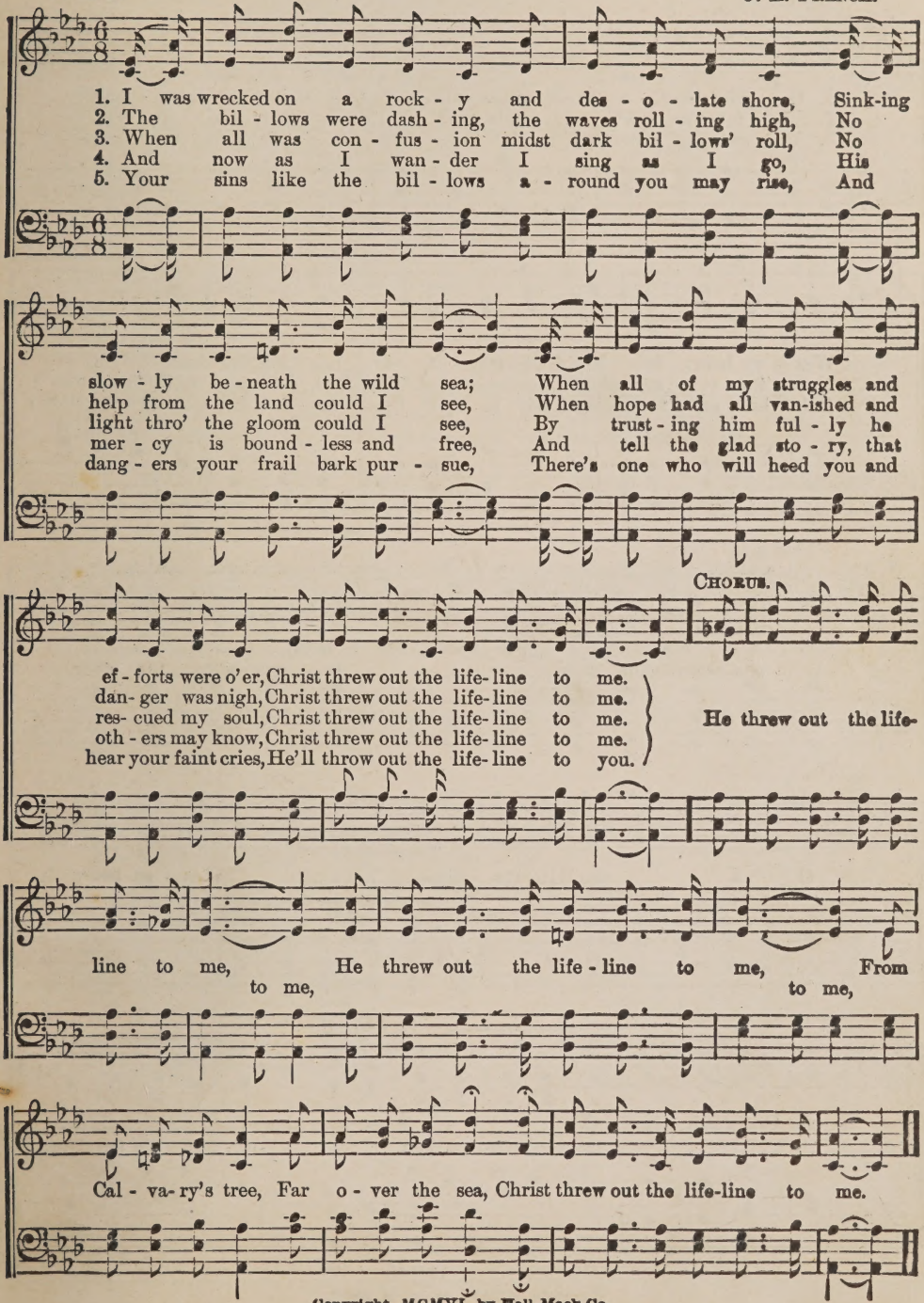
253 He Threw Out the Life-Line to Me.

J. E. F. J. E. FRENCH.

1. I was wrecked on a rock - y and des - o - late shore, Sink-ing
2. The bil - lows were dash - ing, the waves roll - ing high, No
3. When all was con - fus - ion midst dark bil - lows' roll, No
4. And now as I wan - der I sing as I go, His
5. Your sins like the bil - lows a - round you may rise, And
slow - ly be - neath the wild sea; When all of my struggles and
help from the land could I see, When hope had all van-ished and
light thro' the gloom could I see, By trust - ing him ful - ly he
mer - cy is bound - less and free, And tell the glad sto - ry, that
dang - ers your frail bark pur - sue, There's one who will heed you and
CHORUS.
ef - forts were o'er, Christ threw out the life- line to me.
dan- ger was nigh, Christ threw out the life- line to me.
res- cued my soul, Christ threw out the life- line to me.
oth - ers may know, Christ threw out the life- line to me.
hear your faint cries, He'll throw out the life- line to you.
He threw out the life-
line to me, He threw out the life - line to me, From
to me, to me,
Cal - va- ry's tree, Far o - ver the sea, Christ threw out the life-line to me.

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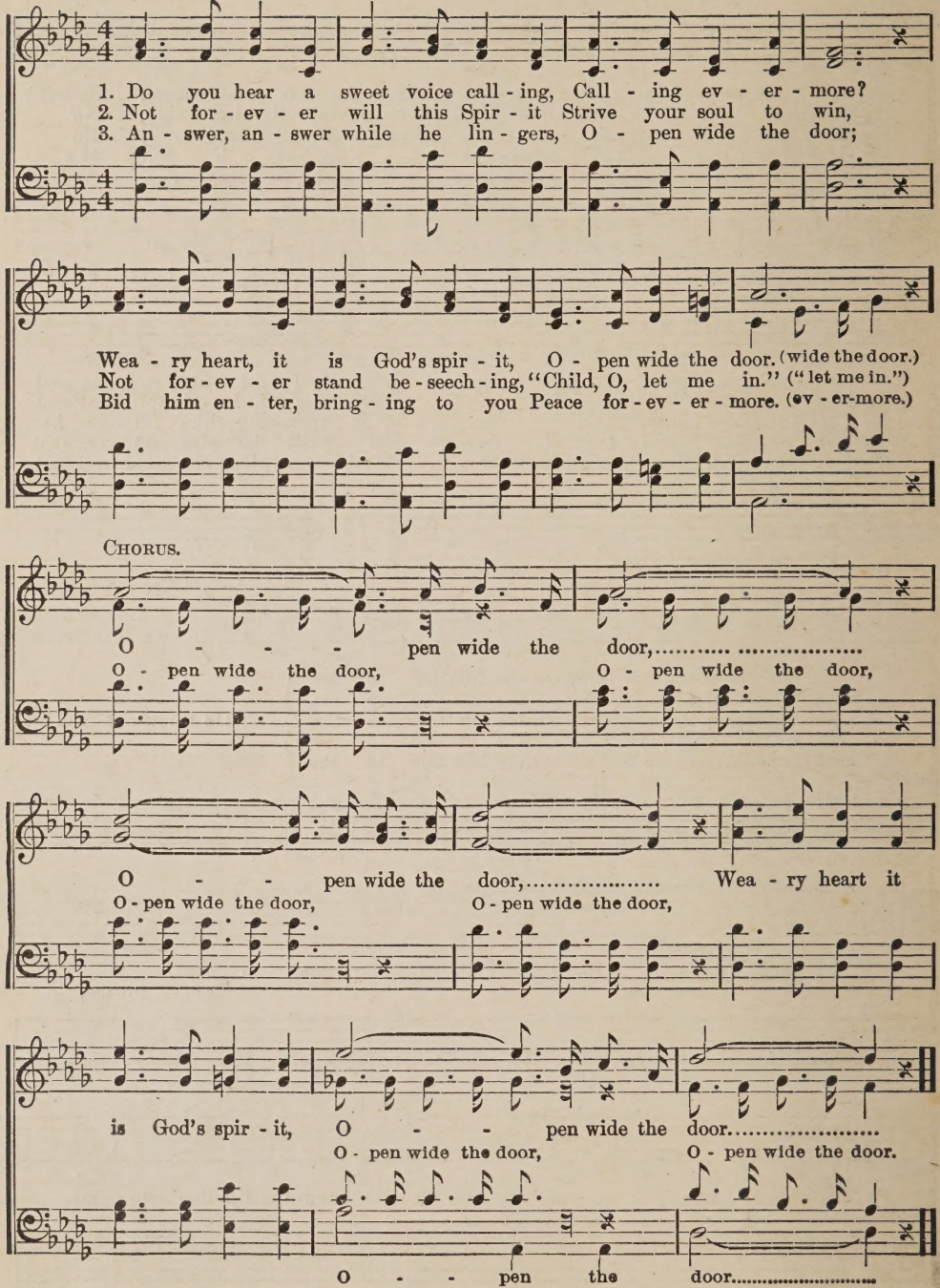
254 Open Wide the Door.

CLARA J. DENTON. JAS. M. BLACK.

1. Do you hear a sweet voice call - ing, Call - ing ev - er - more?
2. Not for - ev - er will this Spir - it Strive your soul to win,
3. An - swer, an - swer while he lin - gers, O - pen wide the door;
Wea - ry heart, it is God's spir - it, O - pen wide the door. (wide the door.)
Not for - ev - er stand be - seech - ing, "Child, O, let me in." ("let me in.")
Bid him en - ter, bring - ing to you Peace for - ev - er - more. (ev - er-more.)
CHORUS.
O - - - pen wide the door,..... .....
O - pen wide the door, O - pen wide the door,
O - - - pen wide the door,..... Wea - ry heart it
O - pen wide the door, O - pen wide the door,
is God's spir - it, O - - - pen wide the door.....
O - pen wide the door, O - pen wide the door.
O - - - pen the door.....

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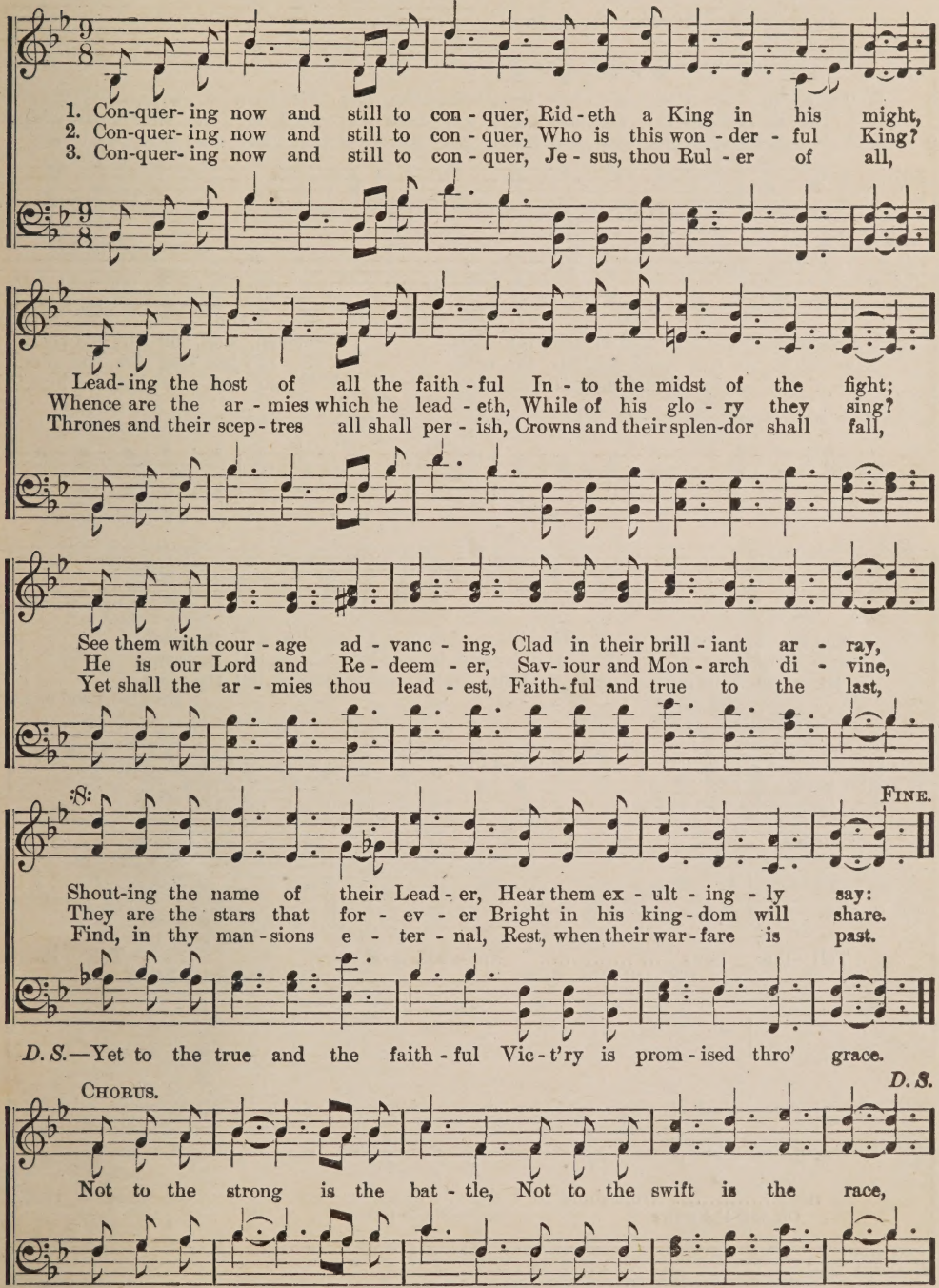
255 Victory Through Grace.

SALLIE MARTIN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Rid-eth a King in his might,
2. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Who is this won-der-ful King?
3. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Je-sus, thou Rul-er of all,
Lead-ing the host of all the faith-ful In-to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the ar-mies which he lead-eth, While of his glo-ry they sing?
Thrones and their scep-tres all shall per-ish, Crowns and their splen-dor shall fall,
See them with cour-age ad-vanc-ing, Clad in their brill-iant ar-ray,
He is our Lord and Re-deem-er, Sav-iour and Mon-arch di-vine,
Yet shall the ar-mies thou lead-est, Faith-ful and true to the last,
:8:
FINE.
Shout-ing the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex-ult-ing-ly say:
They are the stars that for-ev-er Bright in his king-dom will share.
Find, in thy man-sions e-ter-nal, Rest, when their war-fare is past.
D. S.—Yet to the true and the faith-ful Vic-t'ry is prom-ised thro' grace.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Not to the strong is the bat-tle, Not to the swift is the race,

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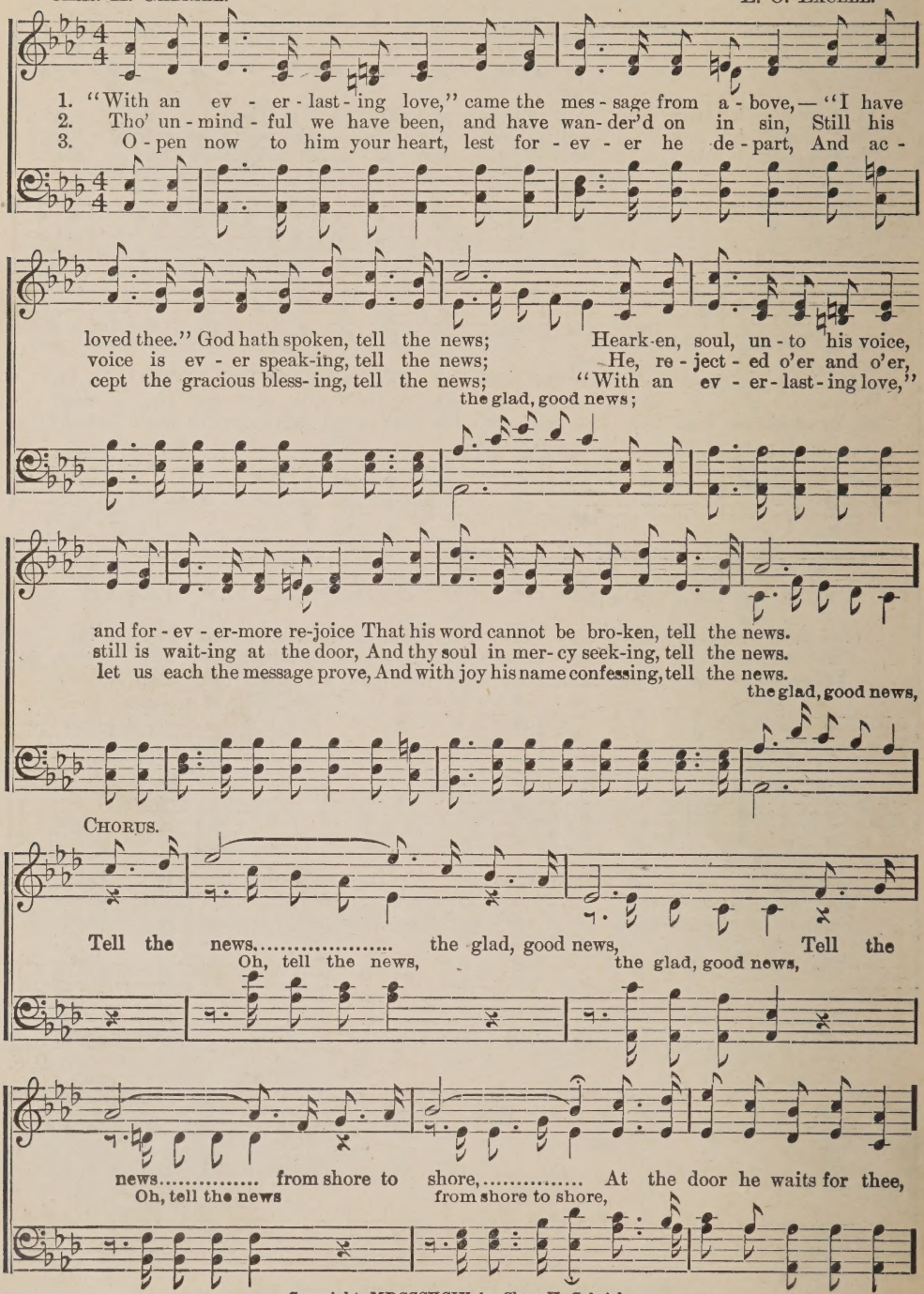
256 The Glad, Good News.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. E. O. EXCELL.

1. "With an ev - er - last - ing love," came the mes - sage from a - bove,— "I have
2. Tho' un - mind - ful we have been, and have wan - der'd on in sin, Still his
3. O - pen now to him your heart, lest for - ev - er he de - part, And ac -
loved thee." God hath spoken, tell the news; Heark-en, soul, un - to his voice,
voice is ev - er speak-ing, tell the news; He, re - ject - ed o'er and o'er,
cept the gracious bless - ing, tell the news; "With an ev - er - last - ing love,"
the glad, good news;
and for - ev - er-more re-joice That his word cannot be bro-ken, tell the news.
still is wait-ing at the door, And thy soul in mer - cy seek-ing, tell the news.
let us each the message prove, And with joy his name confessing, tell the news.
the glad, good news,
CHORUS.
Tell the news..... the glad, good news, Tell the
Oh, tell the news, the glad, good news,
news..... from shore to shore,..... At the door he waits for thee,
Oh, tell the news from shore to shore,

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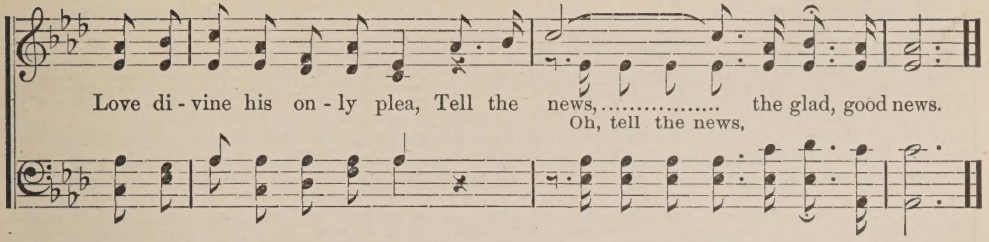
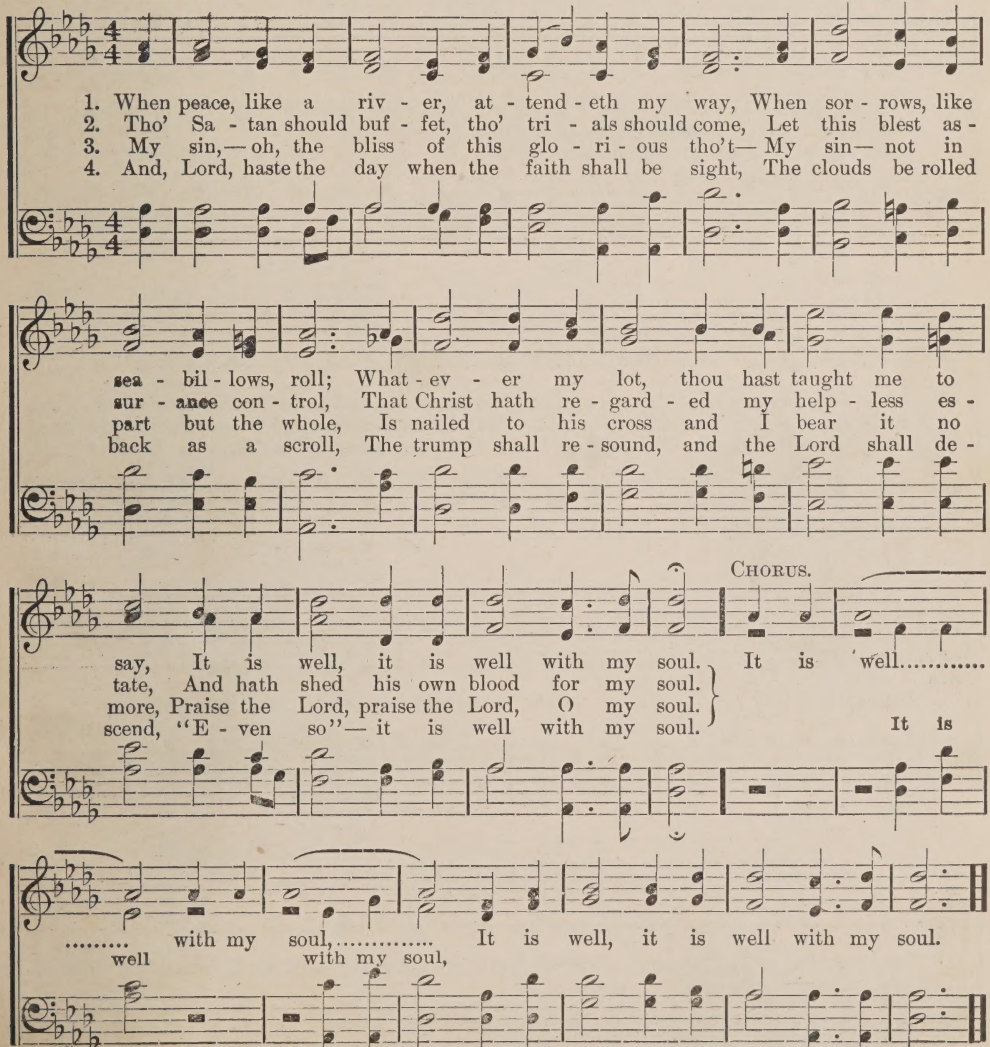


257 It is Well with My Soul.

H. G. Spafford. P. P. Bliss.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows, like
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as -
3. My sin,— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't— My sin— not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled
sea - bil - lows, roll; What - ev - er my lot, thou hast taught me to
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es -
part but the whole, Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no
back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the Lord shall de -
Chorus.
say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is well.....
tate, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.
more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.
scend, "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.
It is
..... well with my soul, ... It is well, it is well with my soul.
with my soul,

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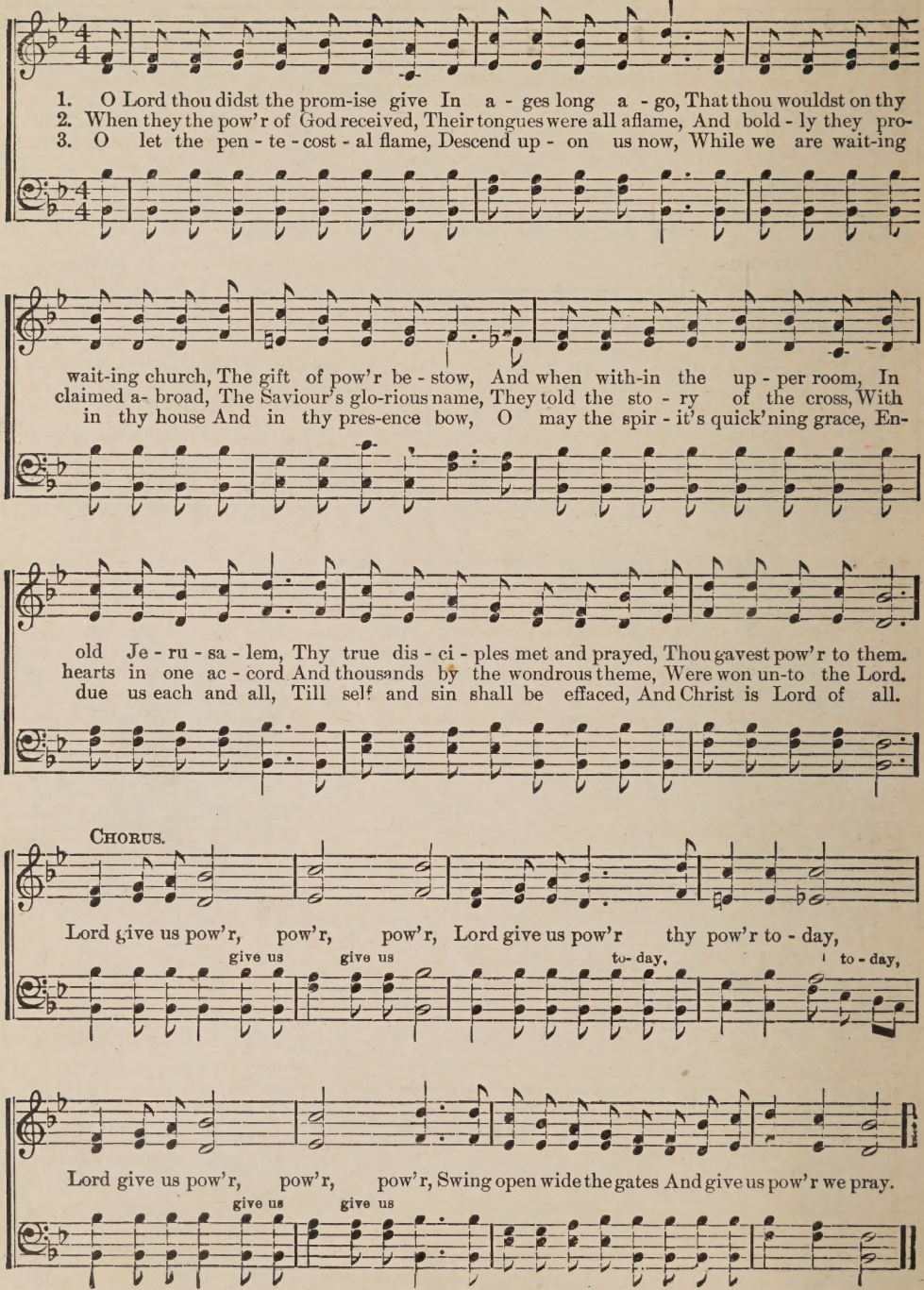
258 Give Us Power.

T. M. EASTWOOD. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. O Lord thou didst the prom-ise give In a - ges long a - go, That thou wouldst on thy
2. When they the pow'r of God received, Their tongues were all aflame, And bold - ly they pro-
3. O let the pen - te - cost - al flame, Descend up - on us now, While we are wait-ing
wait-ing church, The gift of pow'r be - stow, And when with-in the up - per room, In
claimed a- broad, The Saviour's glo-rious name, They told the sto - ry of the cross, With
in thy house And in thy pres-ence bow, O may the spir - it's quick'ning grace, En-
old Je - ru - sa - lem, Thy true dis - ci - ples met and prayed, Thou gavest pow'r to them.
hearts in one ac - cord And thousands by the wondrous theme, Were won un-to the Lord.
due us each and all, Till self and sin shall be effaced, And Christ is Lord of all.
CHORUS.
Lord give us pow'r, pow'r, pow'r, Lord give us pow'r thy pow'r to - day,
give us give us to- day, to - day,
Lord give us pow'r, pow'r, pow'r, Swing open wide the gates And give us pow'r we pray.
give us give us

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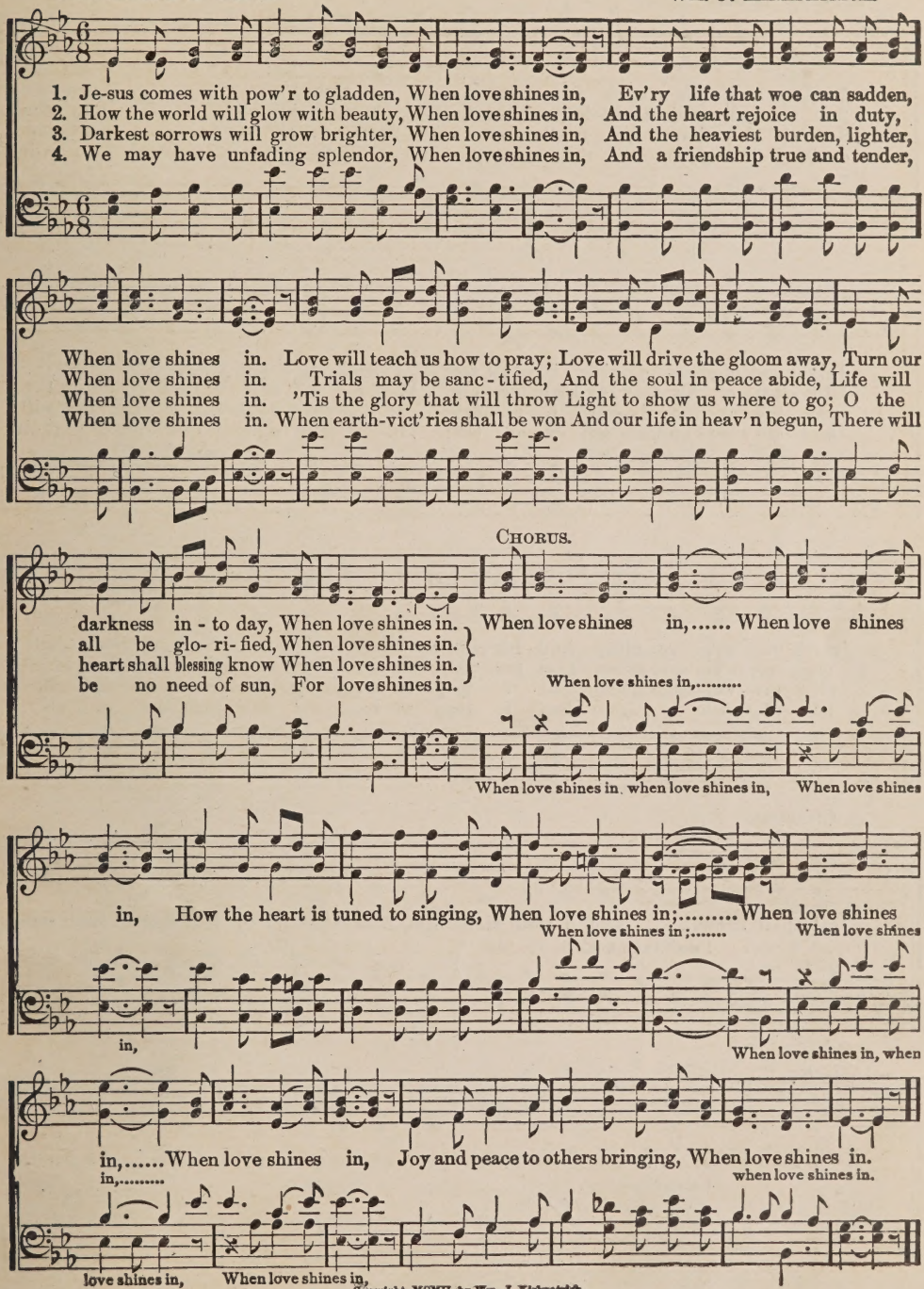
259 When Love Shines In.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je-sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev'ry life that woe can sadden,
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart rejoice in duty,
3. Darkest sorrows will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest burden, lighter,
4. We may have unfading splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship true and tender,
When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray; Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our
When love shines in. Trials may be sanc-tified, And the soul in peace abide, Life will
When love shines in. 'Tis the glory that will throw Light to show us where to go; O the
When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won And our life in heav'n begun, There will
CHORUS.
darkness in - to day, When love shines in.
all be glo- ri- fied, When love shines in.
heart shall blessing know When love shines in.
be no need of sun, For love shines in.
When love shines in,..... When love shines
When love shines in,.....
When love shines in, when love shines in, When love shines
in, How the heart is tuned to singing, When love shines in;..... When love shines
When love shines in;.....
When love shines
in,
When love shines in, when
in,..... When love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
in,.....
when love shines in.
love shines in,
When love shines in,

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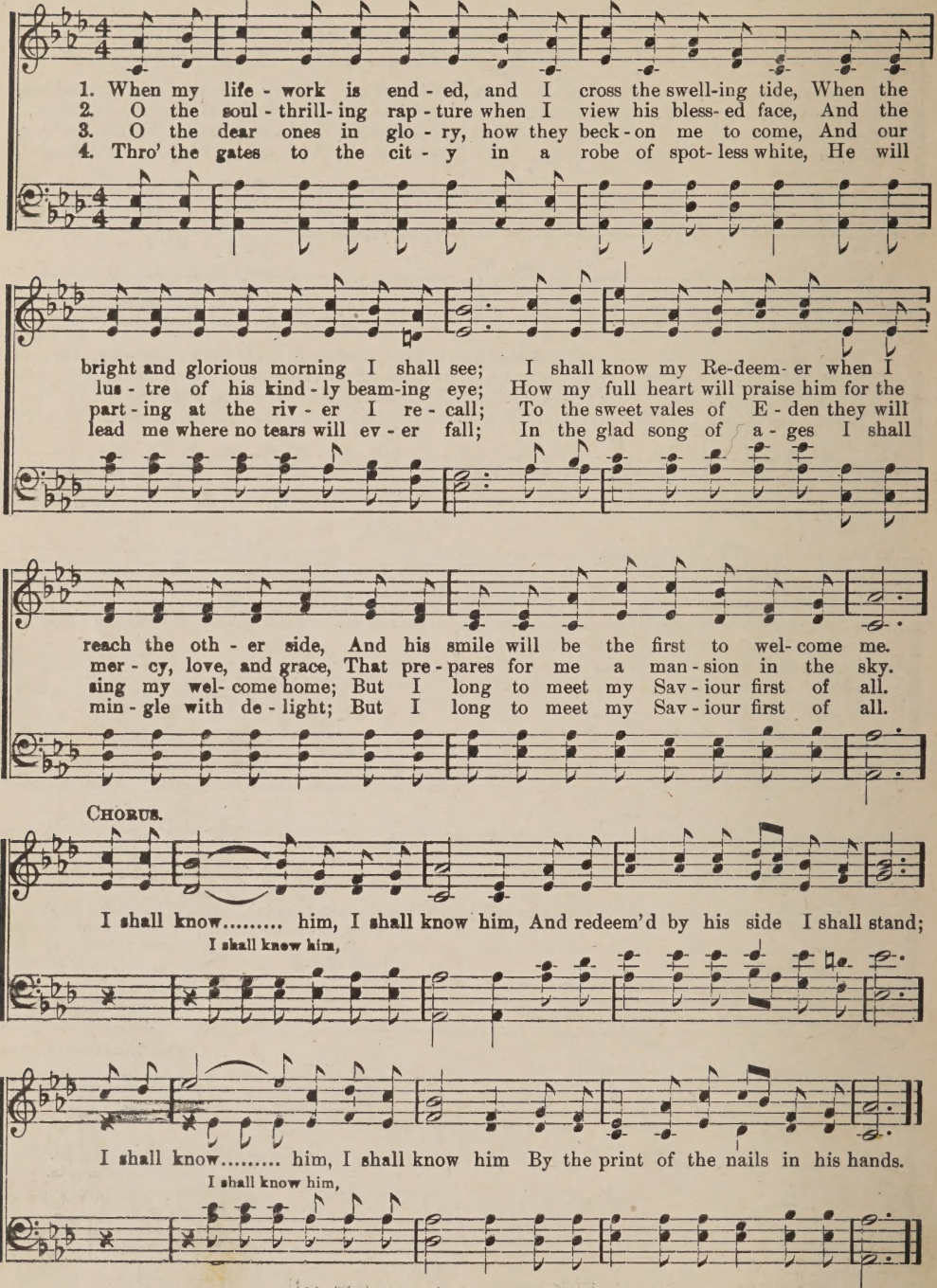
260 My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life - work is end - ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. O the soul - thrill- ing rap - ture when I view his bless- ed face, And the
3. O the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck - on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spot- less white, He will
bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Re-deem- er when I
lus - tre of his kind - ly beam-ing eye; How my full heart will praise him for the
part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E - den they will
lead me where no tears will ev - er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall
reach the oth - er side, And his smile will be the first to wel- come me.
mer - cy, love, and grace, That pre - pares for me a man - sion in the sky.
sing my wel- come home; But I long to meet my Sav - iour first of all.
min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Sav - iour first of all.
CHORUS.
I shall know..... him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand;
I shall know him,
I shall know..... him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hands.
I shall know him,

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261 If He Abide with Me.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Grant Colfax Tullar.

Duet.

1. My days with sun-shine shall be fraught, My sor - row, joy shall be,
2. No e - vil ev - er shall be - fall, No bur - dens heav - y be,
3. If shad - ows make my path - way dim, I shall not need to see;
4. My storms are calm at his be - hest, Who spoke to Gal - i - lee;
5. No pow'rs of life or death can harm, All griefs and dan - gers flee,

And thorn - y ways shall seem as naught, If Christ a - bide with me.
For Christ will glad - ly take them all If he a - bide with me.
But sweet - ly trust my way with him Who will a - bide with me.
And fears shall nev - er rob my rest, If Christ a - bide with me.
If I but trust in Christ's strong arm, When he a - bides with me.

Chorus.

I shall be safe - - ly kept from sin,..... My life be glad..... and free;..... For I shall have..... sweet peace with in,..... If Christ a - bide..... with me.....

I shall be safe - ly, safe - ly kept from sin, Each moment glad and free; yes, glad and free; For I shal have sweet peace, sweet peace within, If Christ a-bide with me, a-bide with me.

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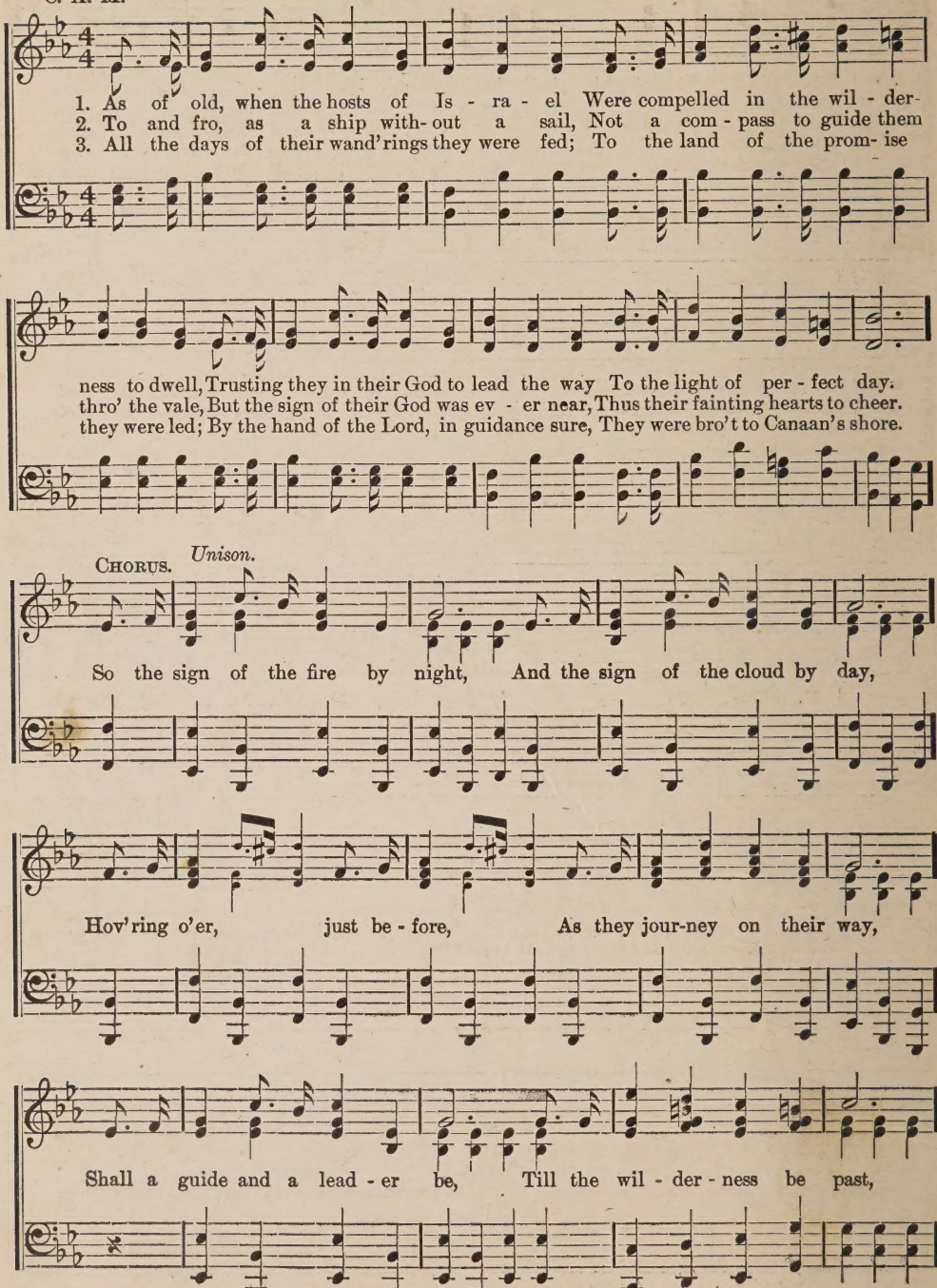
262 The Cloud and Fire.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. As of old, when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wil - der-
2. To and fro, as a ship with- out a sail, Not a com - pass to guide them
3. All the days of their wand'rings they were fed; To the land of the prom- ise
ness to dwell, Trusting they in their God to lead the way To the light of per - fect day.
thro' the vale, But the sign of their God was ev - er near, Thus their fainting hearts to cheer.
they were led; By the hand of the Lord, in guidance sure, They were bro't to Canaan's shore.
Chorus. Unison.
So the sign of the fire by night, And the sign of the cloud by day,
Hov'ring o'er, just be - fore, As they jour-ney on their way,
Shall a guide and a lead - er be, Till the wil - der - ness be past,

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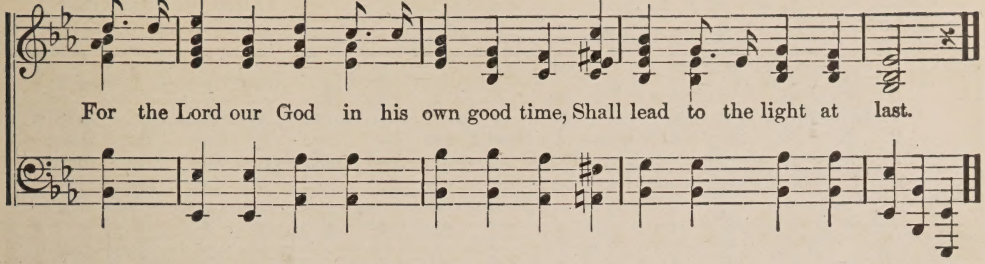
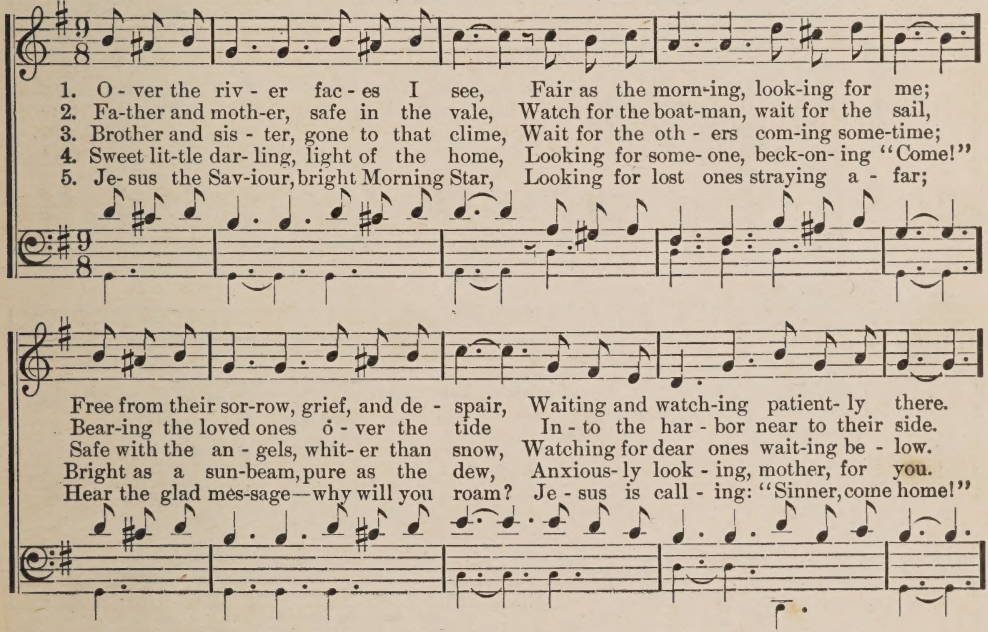
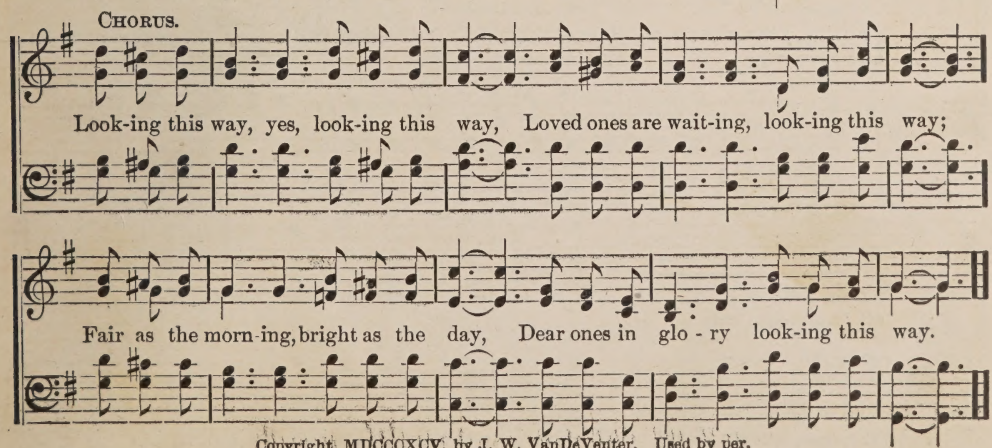


263 Looking This Way.

J. W. V. (Duet and Chorus.) J. W. VanDeVenter.


1. O - ver the riv - er fac - es I see, Fair as the morn-ing, look-ing for me;
2. Fa-ther and moth-er, safe in the vale, Watch for the boat-man, wait for the sail,
3. Brother and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers com-ing some-time;
4. Sweet lit-tle dar- ling, light of the home, Looking for some- one, beck-on- ing "Come!"
5. Je- sus the Sav-iour, bright Morning Star, Looking for lost ones straying a - far;

Free from their sor-row, grief, and de - spair, Waiting and watch-ing patient- ly there.
Bear-ing the loved ones ō - ver the tide In - to the har - bor near to their side.
Safe with the an - gels, whit- er than snow, Watching for dear ones wait-ing be - low.
Bright as a sun-beam, pure as the dew, Anxious- ly look - ing, mother, for you.
Hear the glad mes-sage—why will you roam? Je - sus is call - ing: "Sinner, come home!"


Chorus.
Look-ing this way, yes, look-ing this way, Loved ones are wait-ing, look-ing this way;
Fair as the morn-ing, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry look-ing this way.

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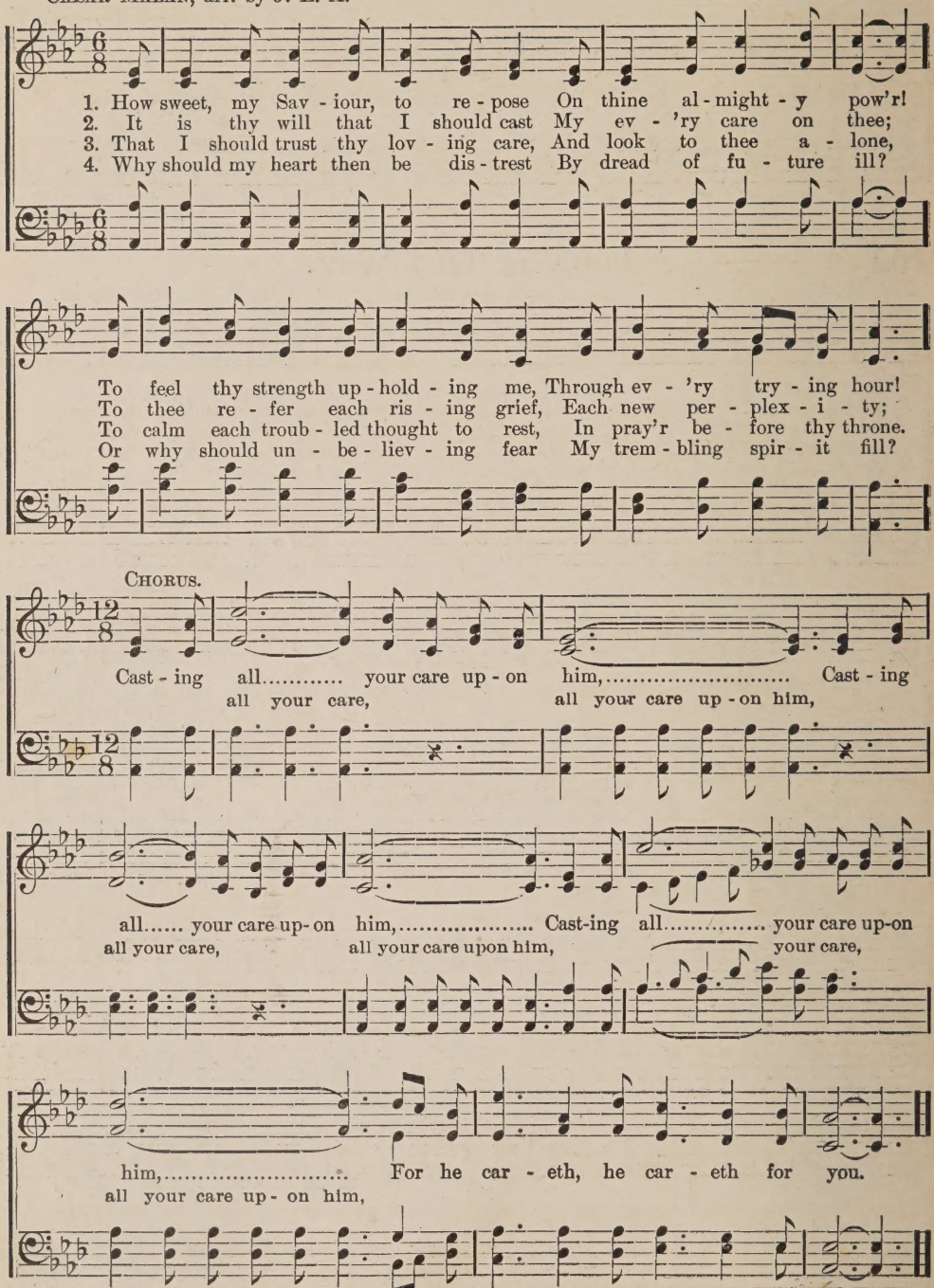
264 Casting All Your Care upon Him.

CÆSAR MALAN, arr. by J. E. A. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. How sweet, my Sav - iour, to re - pose On thine al - might - y pow'r!
2. It is thy will that I should cast My ev - 'ry care on thee;
3. That I should trust thy lov - ing care, And look to thee a - lone,
4. Why should my heart then be dis - trest By dread of fu - ture ill?
To feel thy strength up - hold - ing me, Through ev - 'ry try - ing hour!
To thee re - fer each ris - ing grief, Each new per - plex - i - ty;
To calm each troub - led thought to rest, In pray'r be - fore thy throne.
Or why should un - be - liev - ing fear My trem - bling spir - it fill?
CHORUS.
Cast - ing all..... your care up - on him,..... Cast - ing
all your care, all your care up - on him,
all..... your care up - on him,..... Cast-ing all..... your care up-on
all your care, all your care upon him, your care,
him,..... For he car - eth, he car - eth for you.
all your care up - on him,

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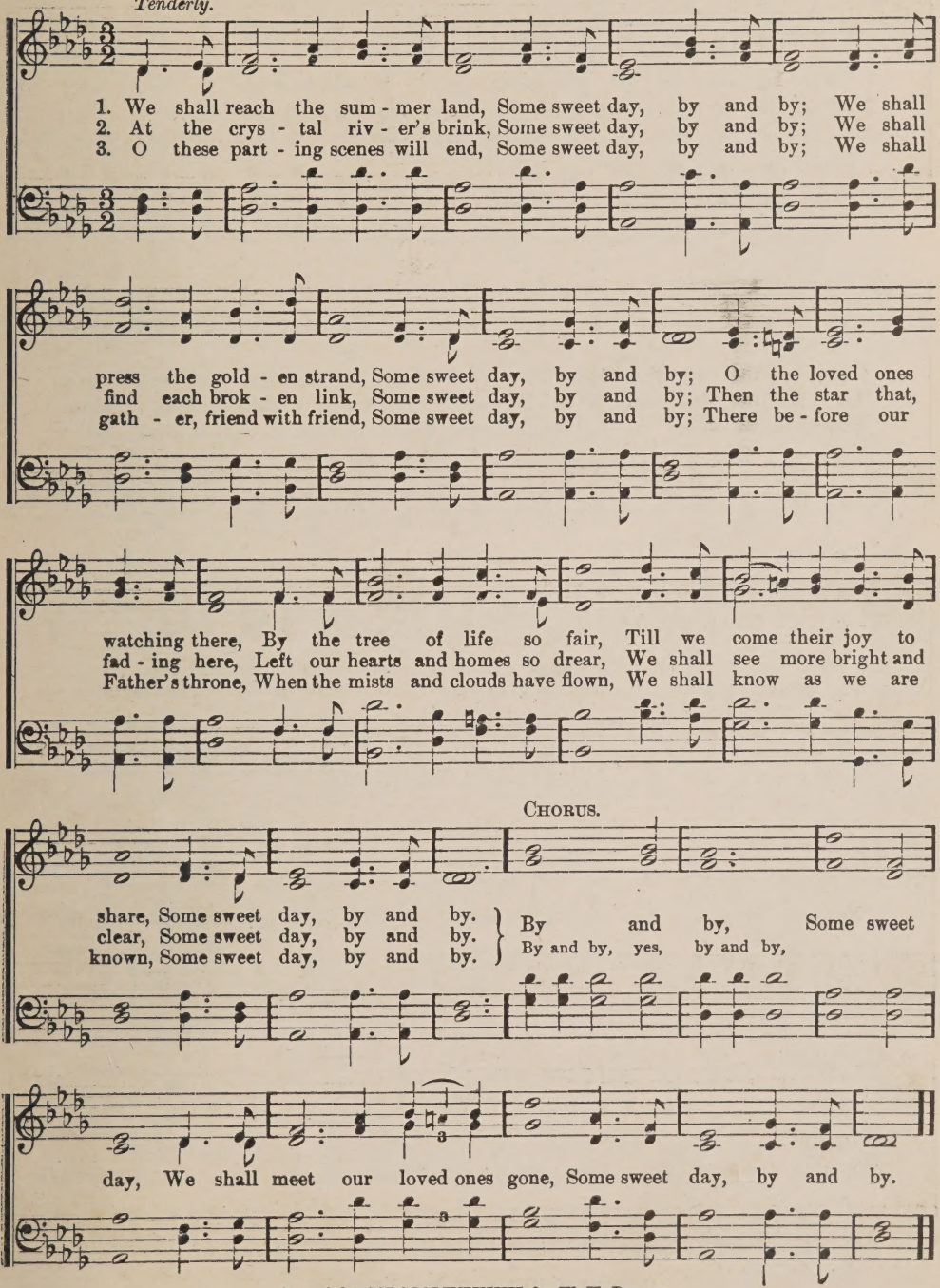
265 Some Sweet Day, By and By.

EDNA L. PARK. W. H. DOANE.

Tenderly.

1. We shall reach the sum - mer land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
2. At the crys - tal riv - er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
3. O these part - ing scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
press the gold - en strand, Some sweet day, by and by; O the loved ones
find each brok - en link, Some sweet day, by and by; Then the star that,
gath - er, friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by; There be - fore our
watching there, By the tree of life so fair, Till we come their joy to
fad - ing here, Left our hearts and homes so drear, We shall see more bright and
Father's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall know as we are
CHORUS.
share, Some sweet day, by and by.
clear, Some sweet day, by and by.
known, Some sweet day, by and by.
By and by, Some sweet
By and by, yes, by and by,
day, We shall meet our loved ones gone, Some sweet day, by and by.

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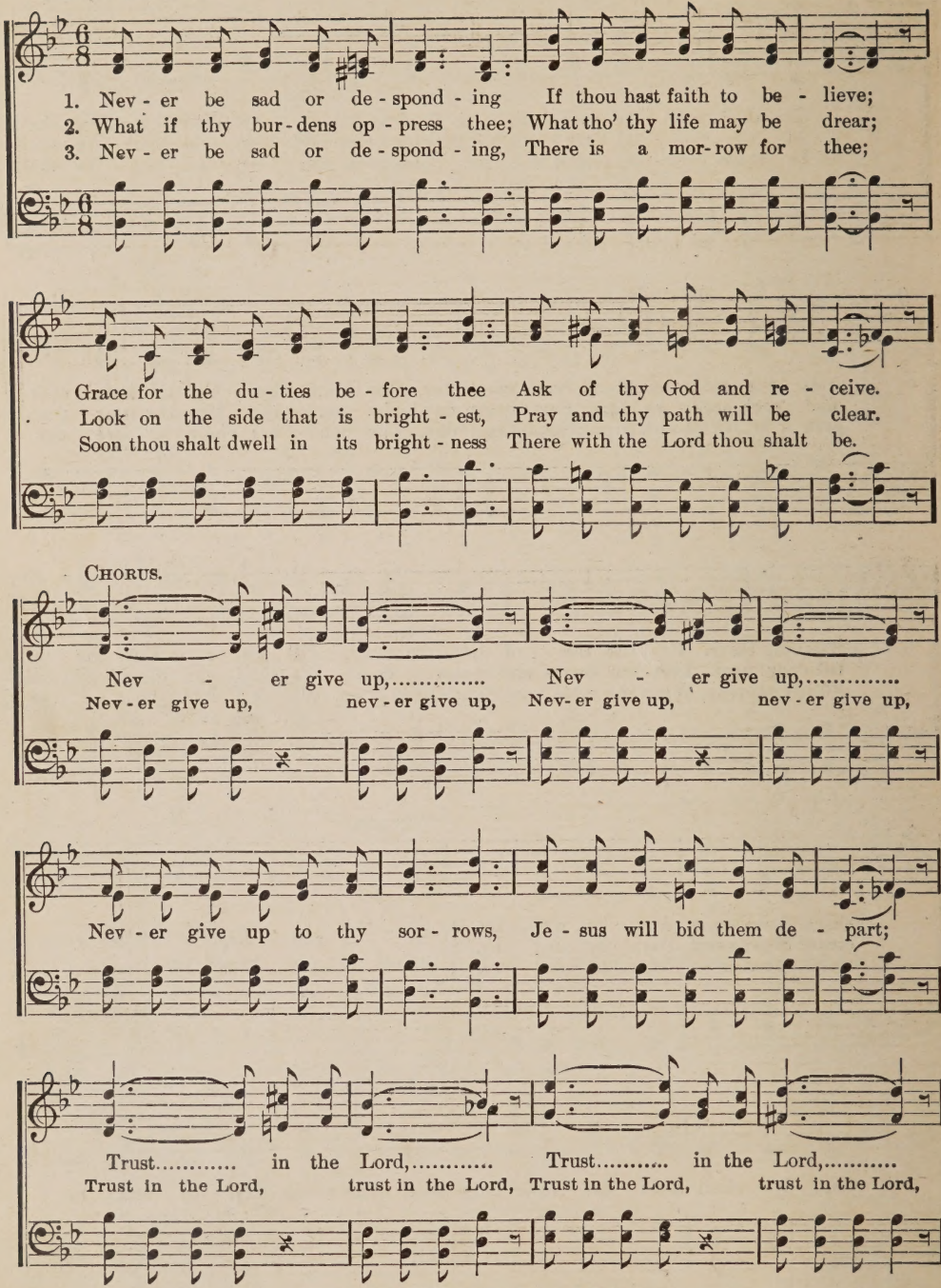
266 Never Give Up.

FANNY J. CROSBY. I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. Nev - er be sad or de - spond - ing If thou hast faith to be - lieve;
2. What if thy bur - dens op - press thee; What tho' thy life may be drear;
3. Nev - er be sad or de - spond - ing, There is a mor - row for thee;
Grace for the du - ties be - fore thee Ask of thy God and re - ceive.
Look on the side that is bright - est, Pray and thy path will be clear.
Soon thou shalt dwell in its bright - ness There with the Lord thou shalt be.
CHORUS.
Nev - er give up,..... Nev - er give up,.....
Nev - er give up, nev - er give up, Nev - er give up, nev - er give up,
Nev - er give up to thy sor - rows, Je - sus will bid them de - part;
Trust..... in the Lord,..... Trust..... in the Lord,.....
Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord,

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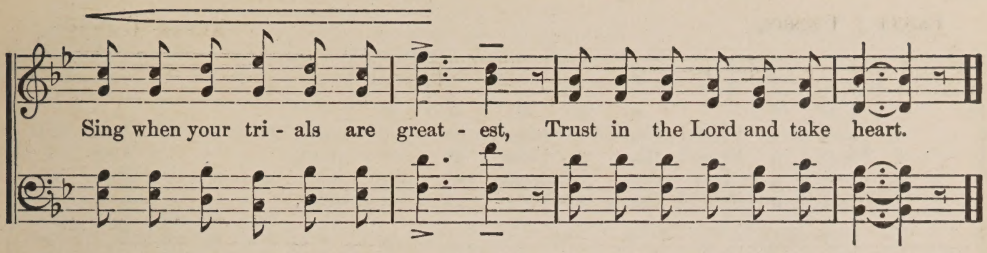
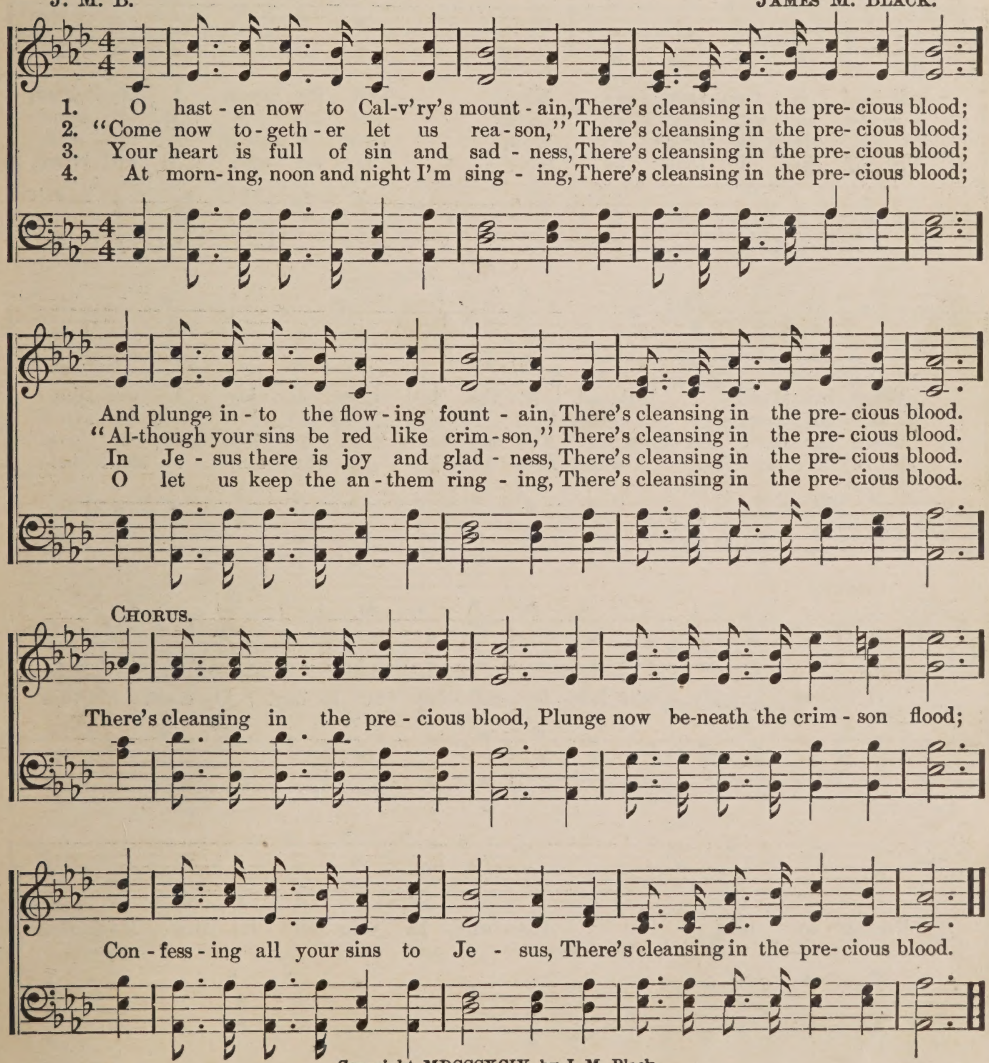

267 There's Cleansing in the Precious Blood.

J. M. B. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. O hast - en now to Cal-v'ry's mount - ain, There's cleansing in the pre- cious blood;
2. "Come now to - geth - er let us rea - son," There's cleansing in the pre- cious blood;
3. Your heart is full of sin and sad - ness, There's cleansing in the pre- cious blood;
4. At morn- ing, noon and night I'm sing - ing, There's cleansing in the pre- cious blood;
And plunge in - to the flow - ing fount - ain, There's cleansing in the pre- cious blood.
"Al-though your sins be red like crim - son," There's cleansing in the pre- cious blood.
In Je - sus there is joy and glad - ness, There's cleansing in the pre- cious blood.
O let us keep the an - them ring - ing, There's cleansing in the pre- cious blood.
CHORUS.
There's cleansing in the pre - cious blood, Plunge now be-neath the crim - son flood;
Con - fess - ing all your sins to Je - sus, There's cleansing in the pre- cious blood.

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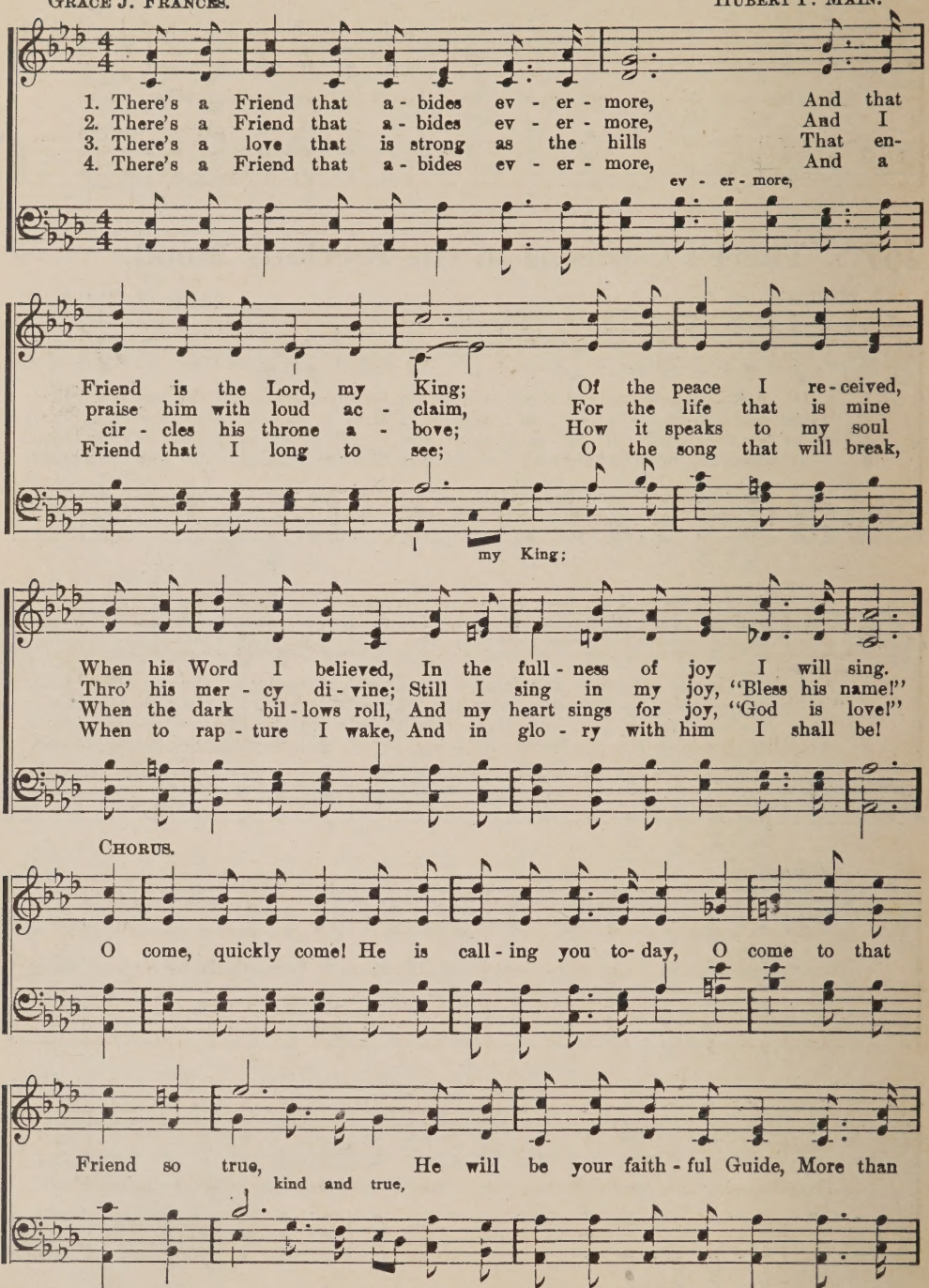
268 There's a Friend that Abides.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. There's a Friend that a - bides ev - er - more, And that
2. There's a Friend that a - bides ev - er - more, And I
3. There's a love that is strong as the hills That en-
4. There's a Friend that a - bides ev - er - more, And a
ev - er - more,
Friend is the Lord, my King; Of the peace I re - ceived,
praise him with loud ac - claim, For the life that is mine
cir - cles his throne a - bove; How it speaks to my soul
Friend that I long to see; O the song that will break,
my King;
When his Word I believed, In the full - ness of joy I will sing.
Thro' his mer - cy di - vine; Still I sing in my joy, "Bless his name!"
When the dark bil - lows roll, And my heart sings for joy, "God is love!"
When to rap - ture I wake, And in glo - ry with him I shall be!
CHORUS.
O come, quickly come! He is call - ing you to - day, O come to that
Friend so true, He will be your faith - ful Guide, More than
kind and true,

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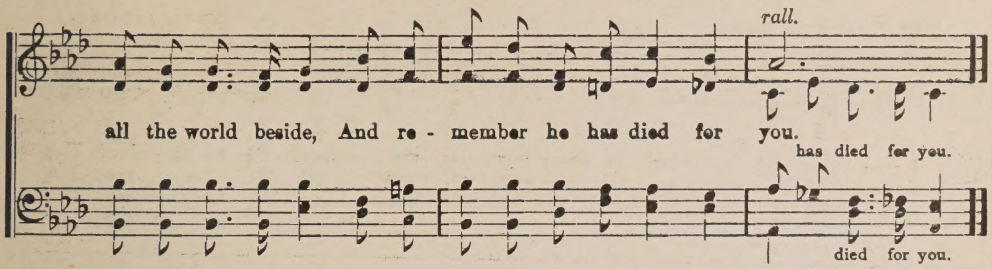
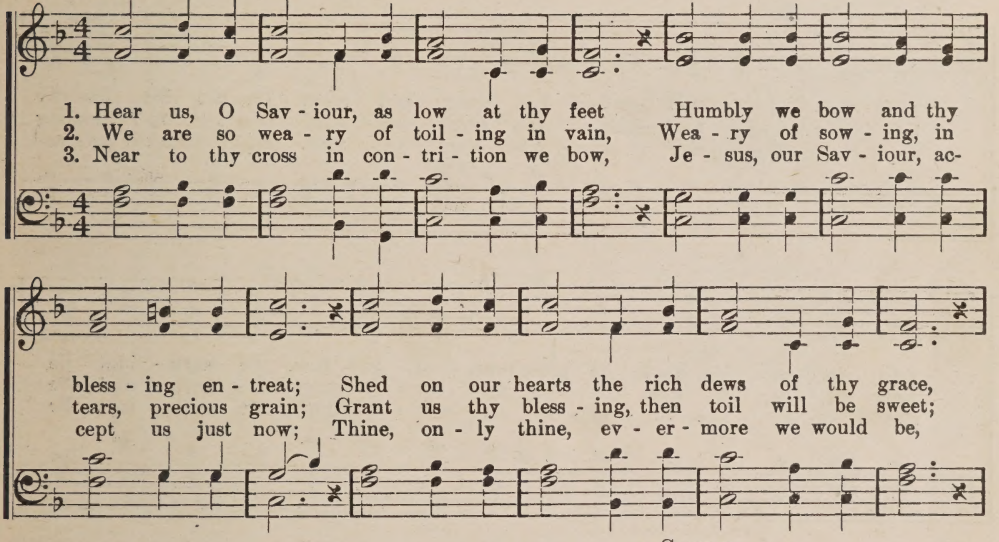
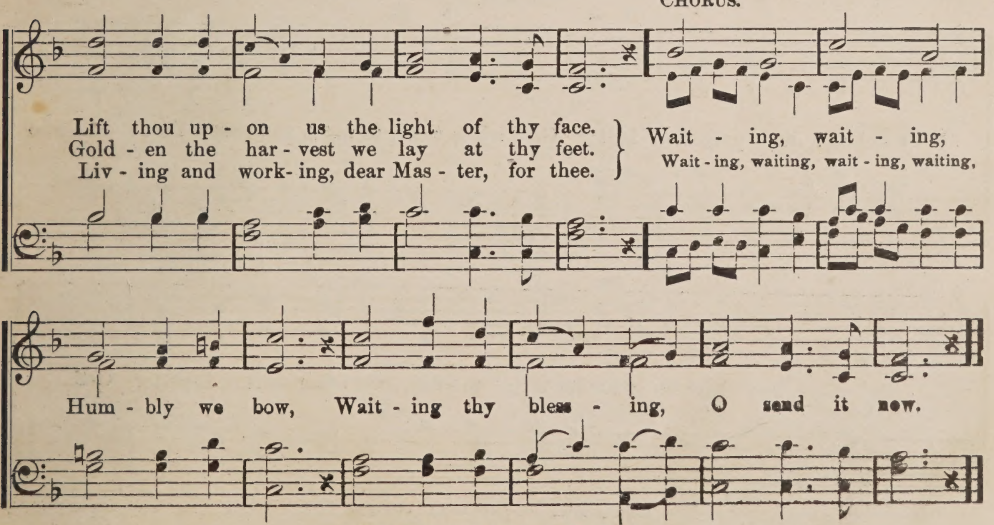
There's a Friend that Abides.—Concluded.



269 Hear Us, O Saviour.

K. E. P. KATHARINE E. PURVIS.

1. Hear us, O Sav - iour, as low at thy feet Humbly we bow and thy
2. We are so wea - ry of toil - ing in vain, Wea - ry of sow - ing, in
3. Near to thy cross in con - tri - tion we bow, Je - sus, our Sav - iour, ac-
bless - ing en - treat; Shed on our hearts the rich dews of thy grace,
tears, precious grain; Grant us thy bless - ing, then toil will be sweet;
cept us just now; Thine, on - ly thine, ev - er - more we would be,

CHORUS.


Lift thou up - on us the light of thy face.
Gold - en the har - vest we lay at thy feet.
Liv - ing and work- ing, dear Mas - ter, for thee.
Wait - ing, wait - ing,
Wait - ing, waiting, wait - ing, waiting,
Hum - bly we bow, Wait - ing thy bless - ing, O send it now.

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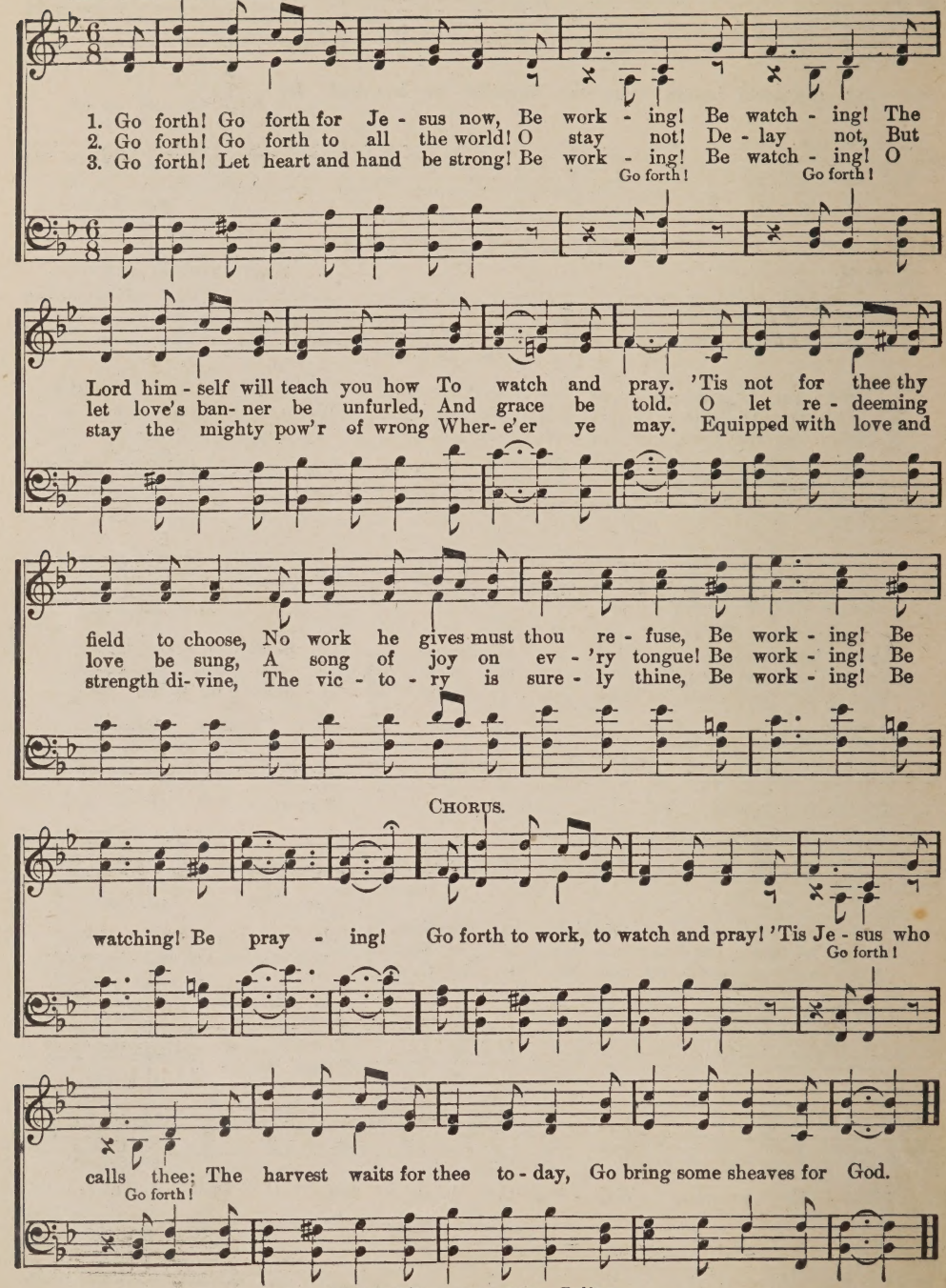
270 Working, Watching, Praying.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. POWELL G. FITHIAN.


1. Go forth! Go forth for Je - sus now, Be work - ing! Be watch - ing! The
2. Go forth! Go forth to all the world! O stay not! De - lay not, But
3. Go forth! Let heart and hand be strong! Be work - ing! Be watch - ing! O
Go forth! Go forth!
Lord him - self will teach you how To watch and pray. 'Tis not for thee thy
let love's ban- ner be unfurled, And grace be told. O let re - deeming
stay the mighty pow'r of wrong Wher- e'er ye may. Equipped with love and
field to choose, No work he gives must thou re - fuse, Be work - ing! Be
love be sung, A song of joy on ev - 'ry tongue! Be work - ing! Be
strength di- vine, The vic - to - ry is sure - ly thine, Be work - ing! Be
CHORUS.
watching! Be pray - ing! Go forth to work, to watch and pray! 'Tis Je - sus who
Go forth!
calls thee; The harvest waits for thee to - day, Go bring some sheaves for God.
Go forth!

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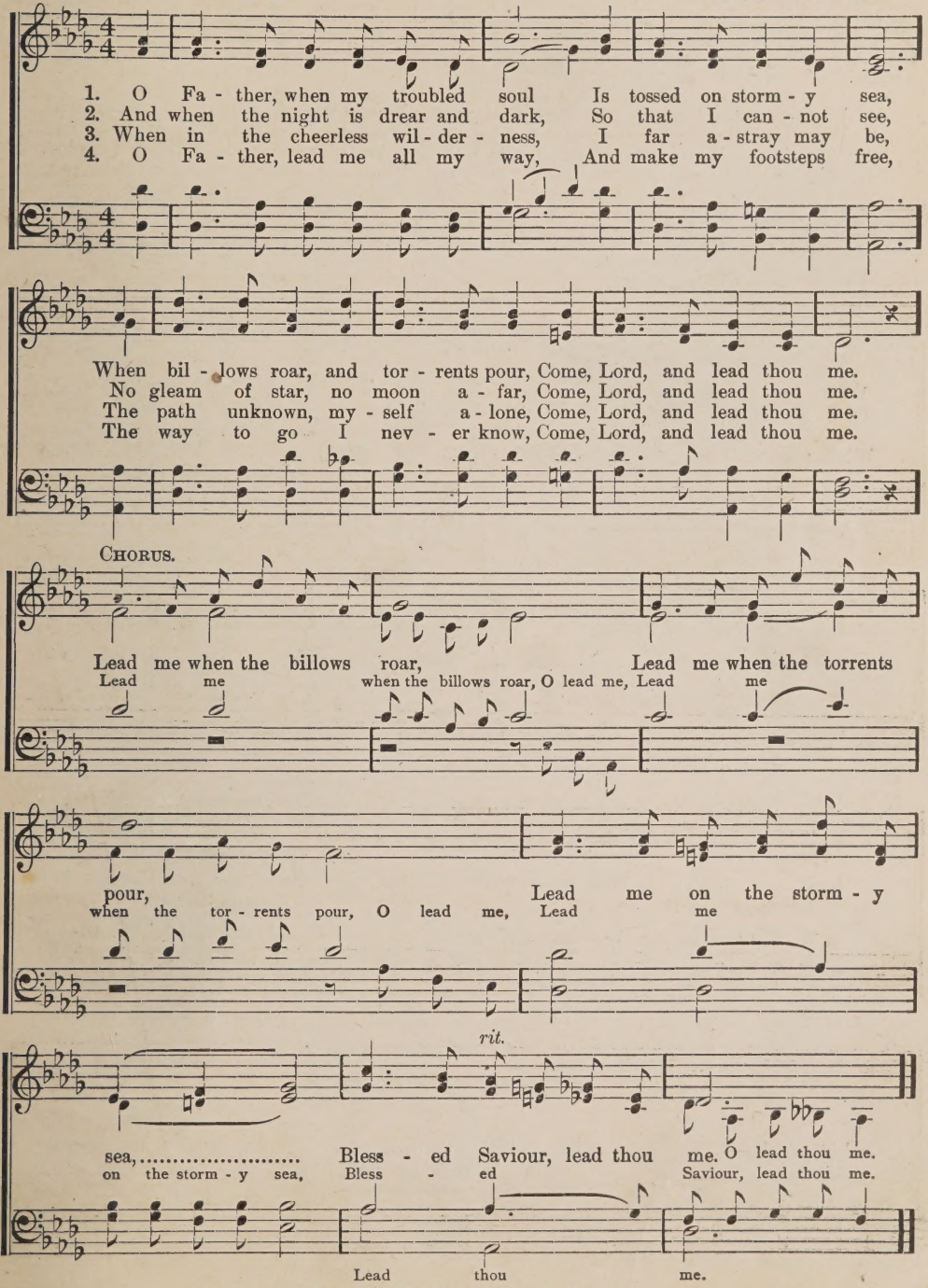
271 Lead Me.

REV. T. M. EASTWOOD. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. O Fa - ther, when my troubled soul Is tossed on storm - y sea,
2. And when the night is drear and dark, So that I can - not see,
3. When in the cheerless wil - der - ness, I far a - stray may be,
4. O Fa - ther, lead me all my way, And make my footsteps free,
When bil - lows roar, and tor - rents pour, Come, Lord, and lead thou me.
No gleam of star, no moon a - far, Come, Lord, and lead thou me.
The path unknown, my - self a - lone, Come, Lord, and lead thou me.
The way to go I nev - er know, Come, Lord, and lead thou me.
CHORUS.
Lead me when the billows roar, Lead me when the torrents
Lead me when the billows roar, O lead me, Lead me
pour, Lead me on the storm - y
when the tor - rents pour, O lead me, Lead me
rit.
sea, Bless - ed Saviour, lead thou me. O lead thou me.
on the storm - y sea, Bless - ed Saviour, lead thou me.
Lead thou me.

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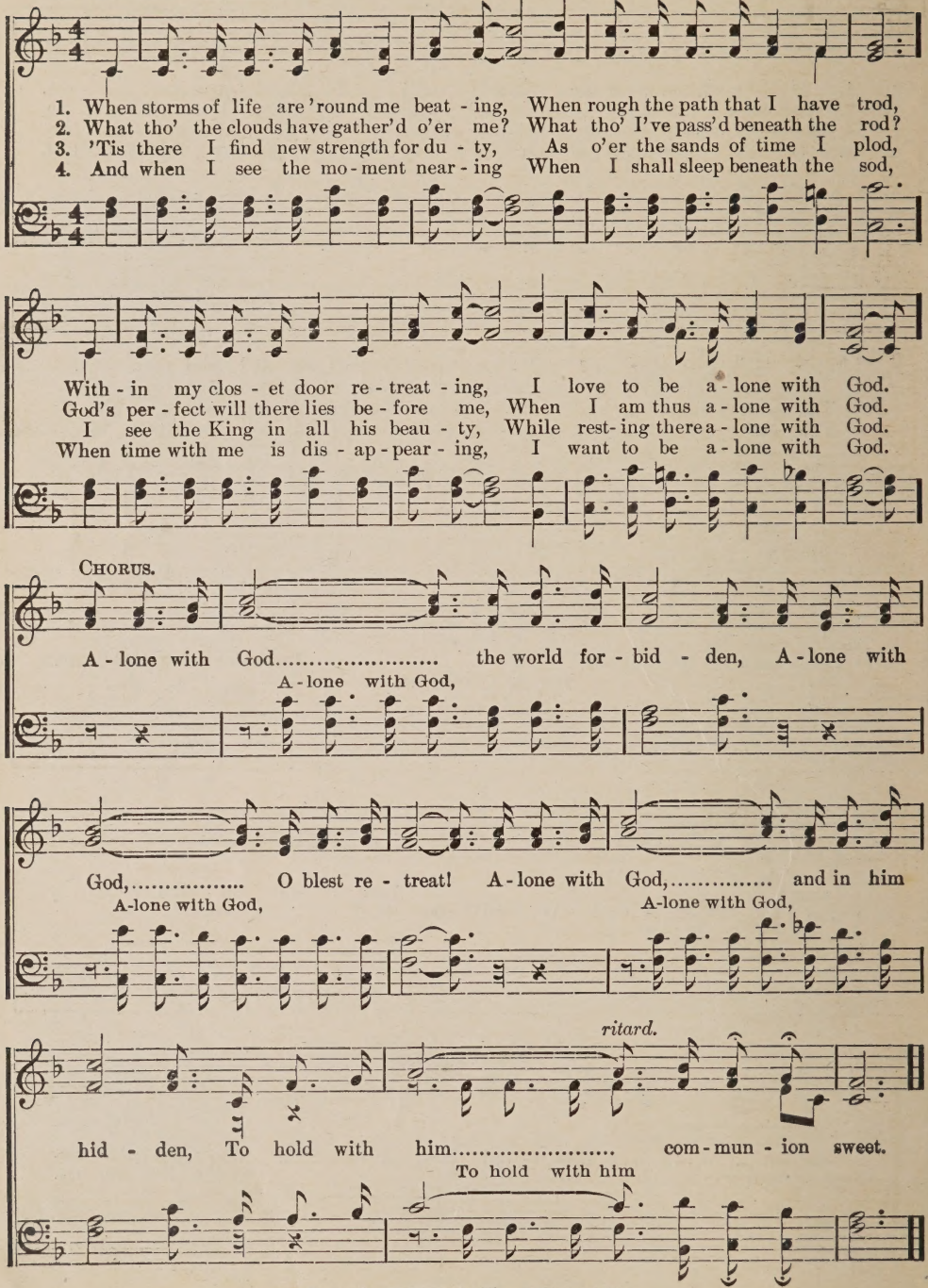
272 Alone With God.

Rev. Johnson Oatman Jr. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. When storms of life are 'round me beat - ing, When rough the path that I have trod,
2. What tho' the clouds have gather'd o'er me? What tho' I've pass'd beneath the rod?
3. 'Tis there I find new strength for du - ty, As o'er the sands of time I plod,
4. And when I see the mo - ment near - ing When I shall sleep beneath the sod,
With - in my clos - et door re - treat - ing, I love to be a - lone with God.
God's per - fect will there lies be - fore me, When I am thus a - lone with God.
I see the King in all his beau - ty, While rest - ing there a - lone with God.
When time with me is dis - ap - pear - ing, I want to be a - lone with God.
Chorus.
A - lone with God..... the world for - bid - den, A - lone with
A - lone with God,
God,..... O blest re - treat! A - lone with God,..... and in him
A - lone with God,
A - lone with God,
ritard.
hid - den, To hold with him..... com - mun - ion sweet.
To hold with him

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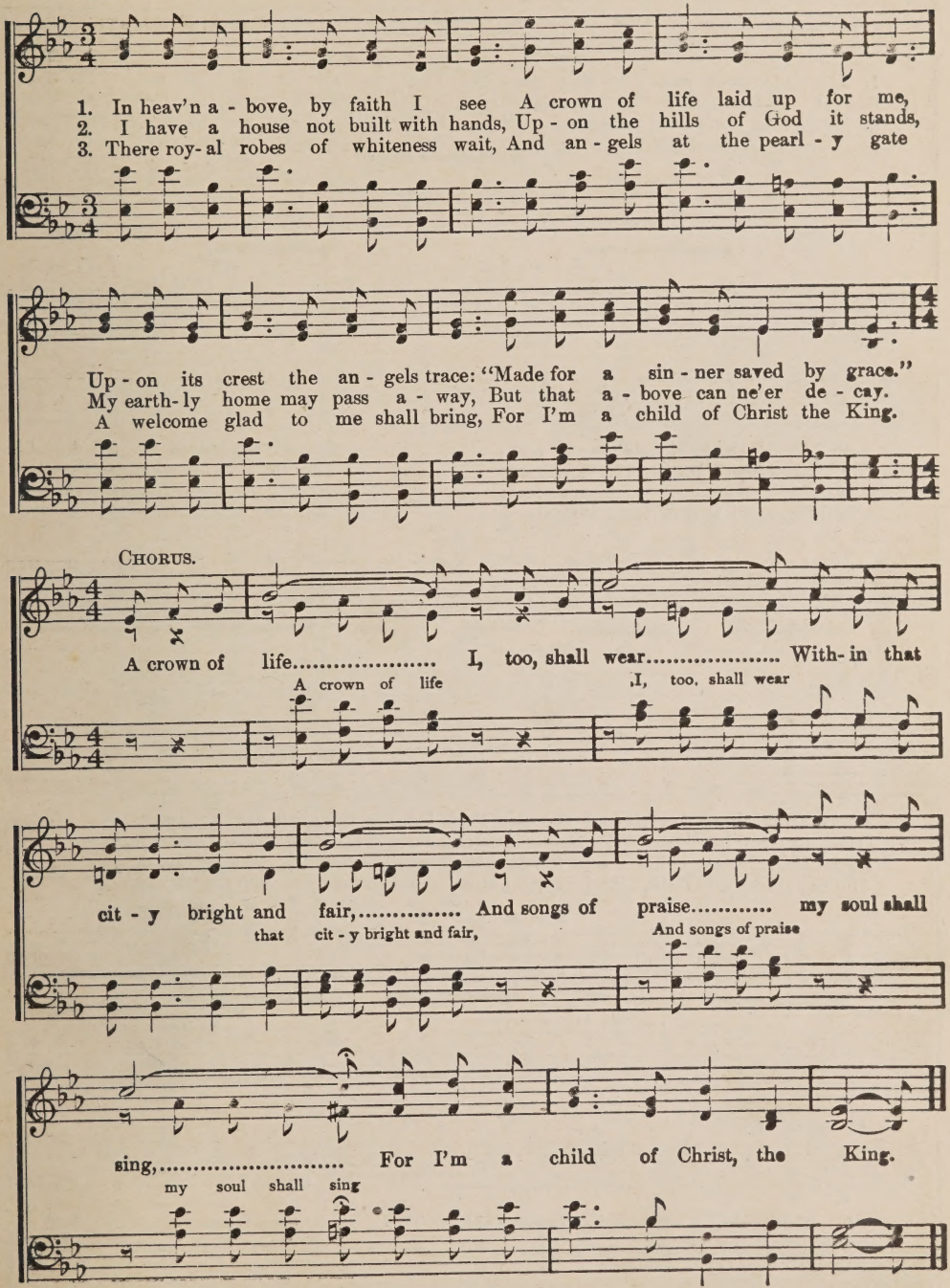
273 A Crown of Life Laid Up for Me.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. In heav'n a - bove, by faith I see A crown of life laid up for me,
2. I have a house not built with hands, Up - on the hills of God it stands,
3. There roy - al robes of whiteness wait, And an - gels at the pearl - y gate
Up - on its crest the an - gels trace: "Made for a sin - ner saved by grace."
My earth - ly home may pass a - way, But that a - bove can ne'er de - cay.
A welcome glad to me shall bring, For I'm a child of Christ the King.
CHORUS.
A crown of life..... I, too, shall wear..... With - in that
A crown of life
I, too, shall wear
cit - y bright and fair,..... And songs of praise..... my soul shall
that cit - y bright and fair,
And songs of praise
sing,..... For I'm a child of Christ, the King.
my soul shall sing

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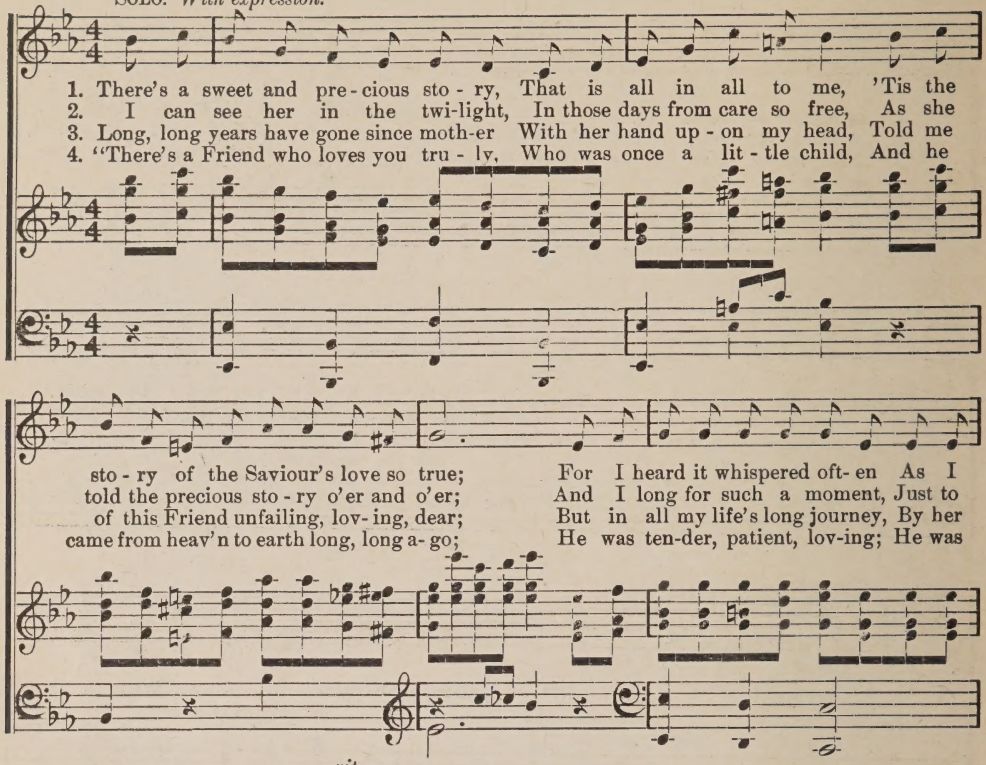
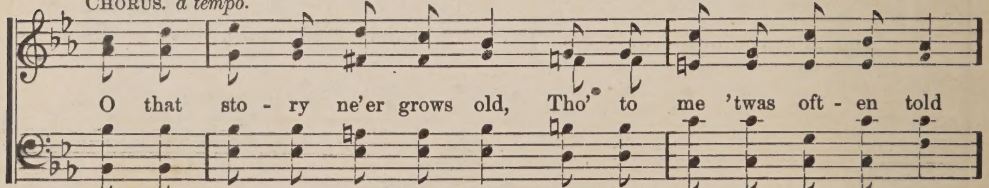
274 When I Knelt at Mother's Knee.

FRANK E. GRAEFF. J. LINCOLN HALL.

SOLO. *With expression.*


1. There's a sweet and pre - cious sto - ry, That is all in all to me, 'Tis the
2. I can see her in the twi-light, In those days from care so free, As she
3. Long, long years have gone since moth-er With her hand up - on my head, Told me
4. "There's a Friend who loves you tru - ly, Who was once a lit - tle child, And he
sto - ry of the Saviour's love so true; For I heard it whispered oft- en As I
told the precious sto - ry o'er and o'er; And I long for such a moment, Just to
of this Friend unfailing, lov- ing, dear; But in all my life's long journey, By her
came from heav'n to earth long, long a- go; He was ten-der, patient, lov-ing; He was
rit.
knelt at mother's knee, And she said "this lov- ing Sav- iour died for you."
rest be - side her knee, Whe nmy heart with cares is bleeding, bruised and sore.
coun- sels safe - ly led, I have found this pre-cious Sav-iour ev - er near.
ho - ly, meek and mild, And I pray this Friend so faith-ful you may know."
rit.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*



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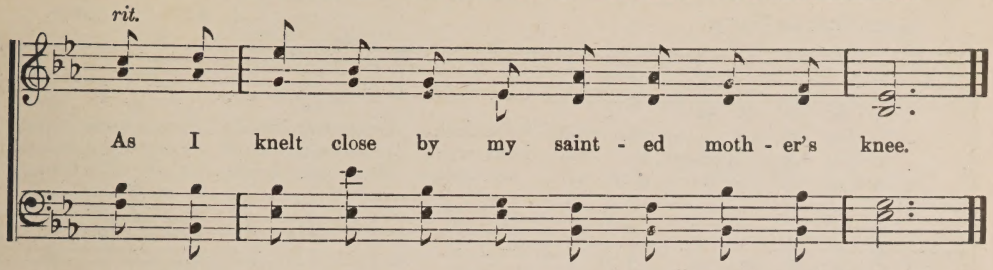
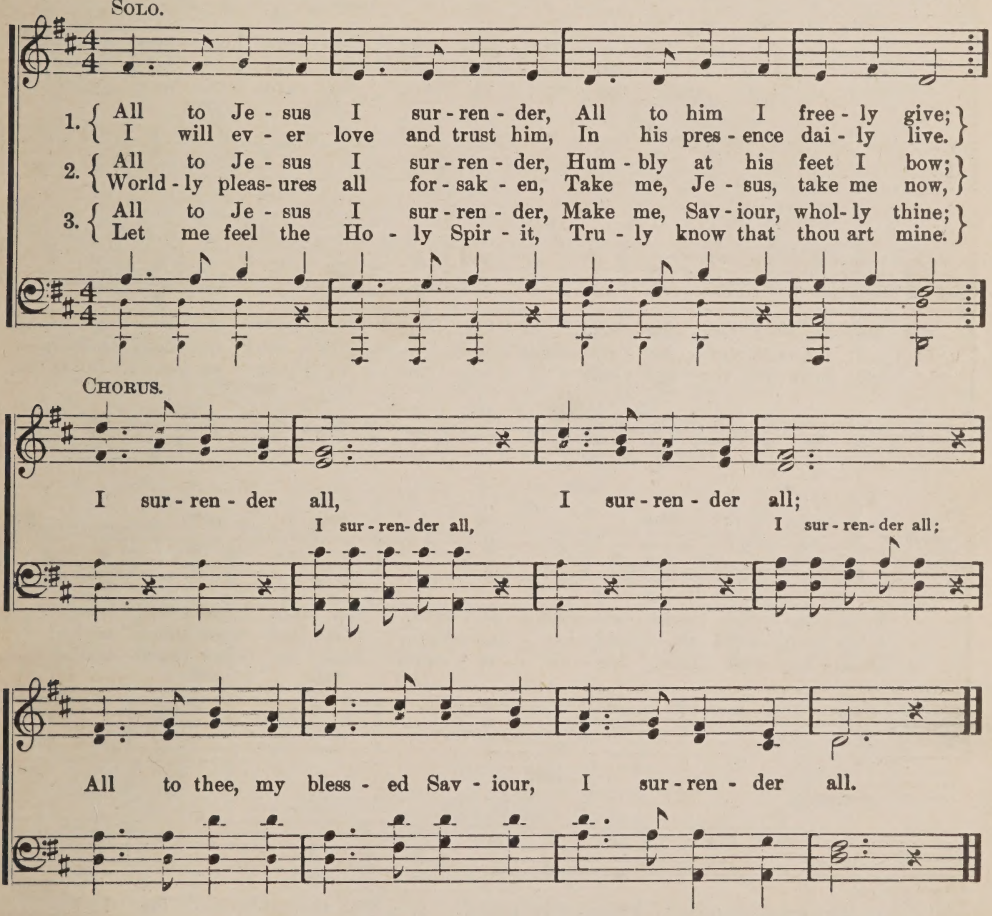
When I Knelt at Mother's Knee.—Concluded.



275 I Surrender All.

J. W. VanDeVenter. W. S. Weeden.

Solo.
1. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to him I free - ly give;
I will ev - er love and trust him, In his pres - ence dai - ly live.
2. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum - bly at his feet I bow;
World - ly pleas - ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now,
3. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - iour, whol - ly thine;
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine.
Chorus.
I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;
I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;
All to thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to thee;
Fill me with thy love and power,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to his name!

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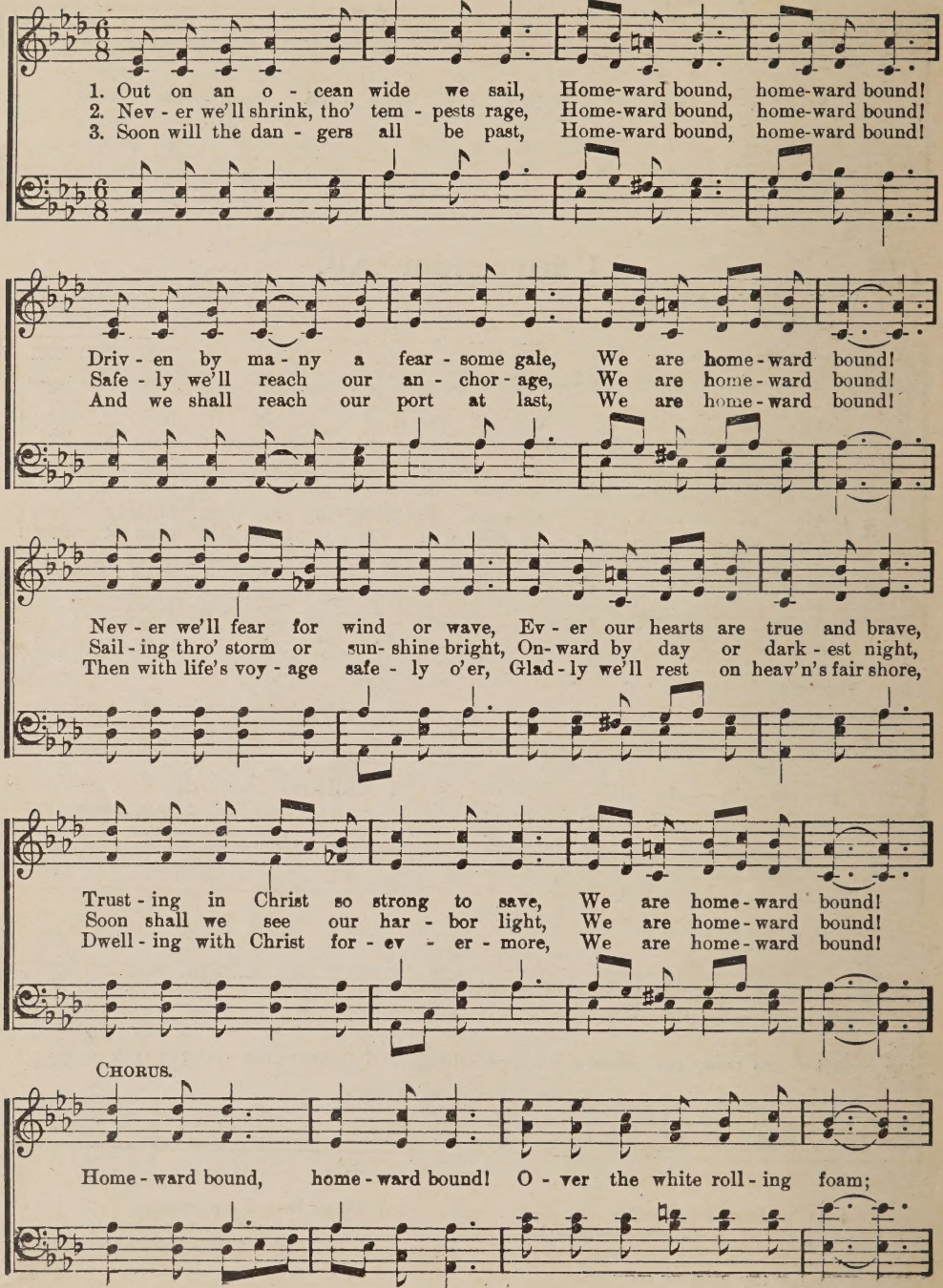
Homeward Bound.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. ALFRED JUDSON.

1. Out on an o - cean wide we sail, Home-ward bound, home-ward bound!
2. Nev - er we'll shrink, tho' tem - pests rage, Home-ward bound, home-ward bound!
3. Soon will the dan - gers all be past, Home-ward bound, home-ward bound!
Driv - en by ma - ny a fear - some gale, We are home - ward bound!
Safe - ly we'll reach our an - chor - age, We are home - ward bound!
And we shall reach our port at last, We are home - ward bound!
Nev - er we'll fear for wind or wave, Ev - er our hearts are true and brave,
Sail - ing thro' storm or sun- shine bright, On-ward by day or dark - est night,
Then with life's voy - age safe - ly o'er, Glad - ly we'll rest on heav'n's fair shore,
Trust - ing in Christ so strong to save, We are home - ward bound!
Soon shall we see our har - bor light, We are home - ward bound!
Dwell - ing with Christ for - ev - er - more, We are home - ward bound!
CHORUS.
Home - ward bound, home - ward bound! O - ver the white roll - ing foam;

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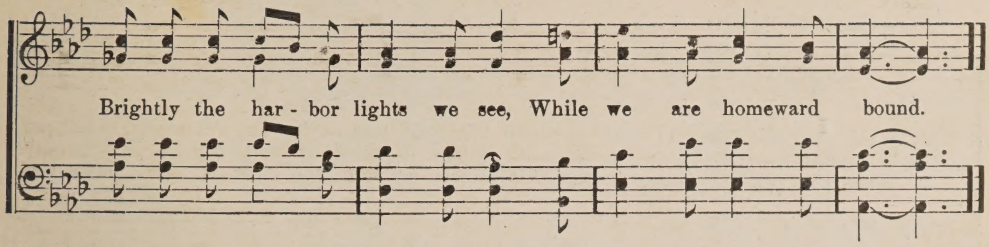
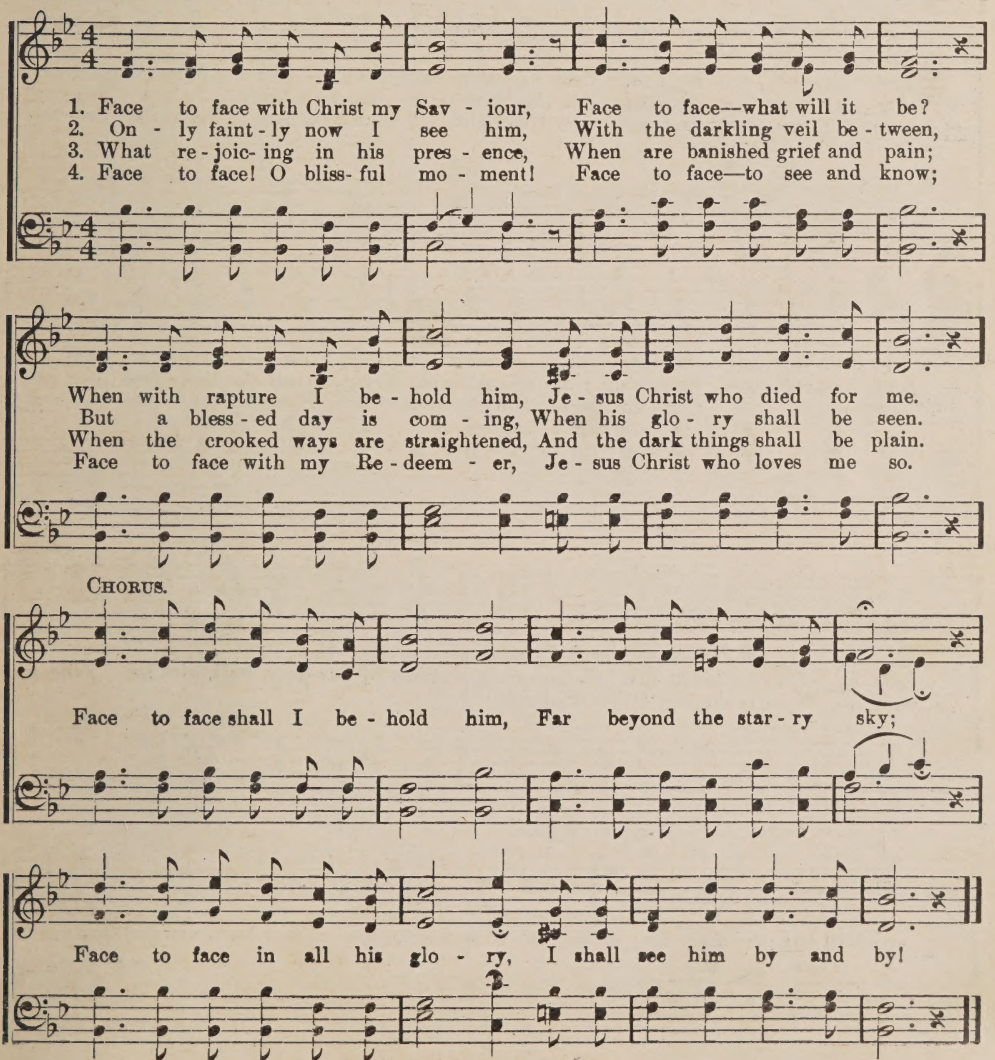


277 Face to Face.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - iour, Face to face—what will it be?
2. On - ly faint - ly now I see him, With the darkling veil be - tween,
3. What re - joic - ing in his pres - ence, When are banished grief and pain;
4. Face to face! O bliss - ful mo - ment! Face to face—to see and know;
When with rapture I be - hold him, Je - sus Christ who died for me.
But a bless - ed day is com - ing, When his glo - ry shall be seen.
When the crooked ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
Face to face with my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.
CHORUS.
Face to face shall I be - hold him, Far beyond the star - ry sky;
Face to face in all his glo - ry, I shall see him by and by!

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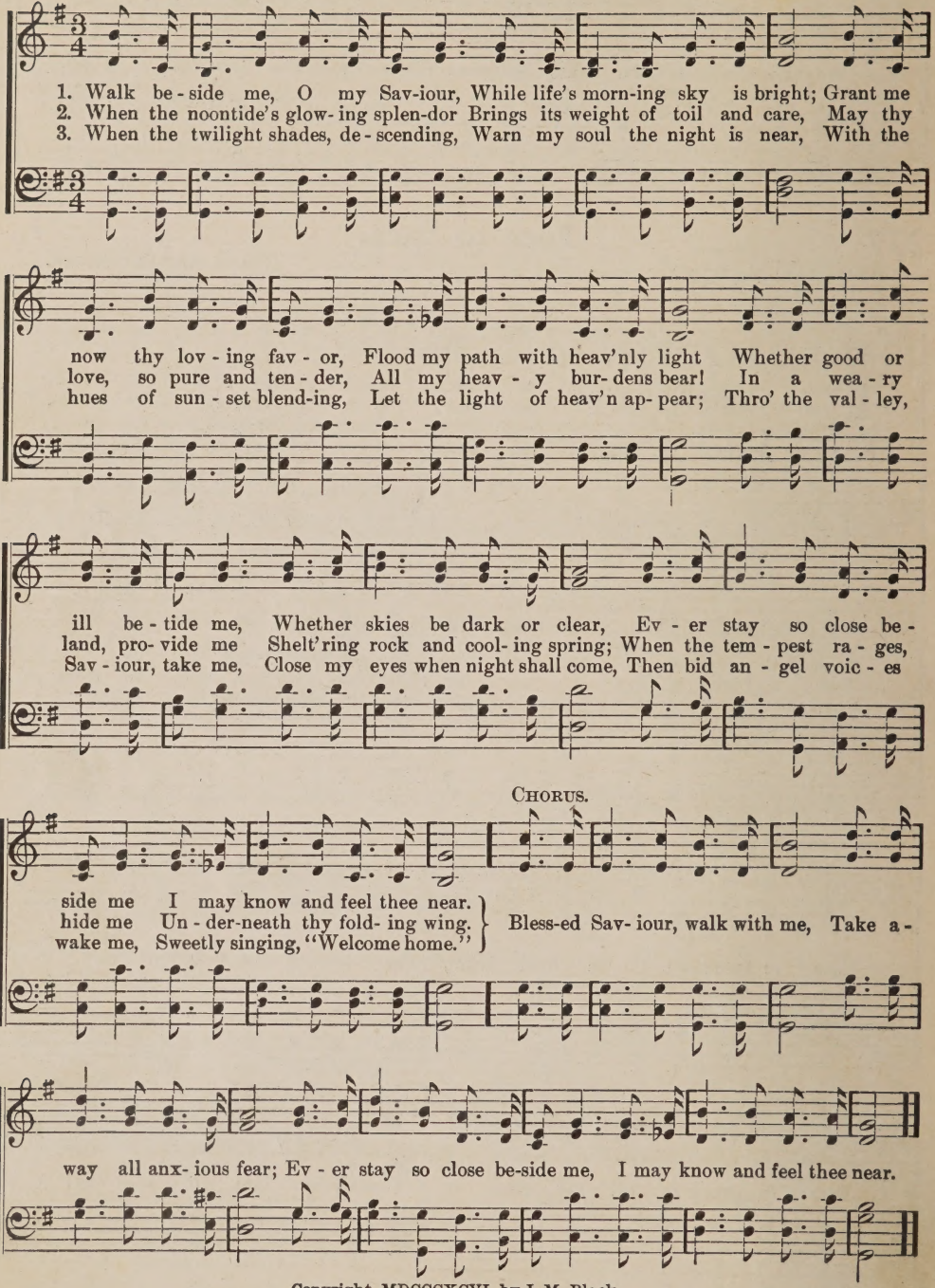
278 Walk Beside Me.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS. J. M. BLACK.


1. Walk be - side me, O my Sav-iour, While life's morn-ing sky is bright; Grant me
2. When the noontide's glow- ing splen-dor Brings its weight of toil and care, May thy
3. When the twilight shades, de - scending, Warn my soul the night is near, With the
now thy lov - ing fav - or, Flood my path with heav'nly light Whether good or
love, so pure and ten - der, All my heav - y bur- dens bear! In a wea - ry
hues of sun - set blend-ing, Let the light of heav'n ap- pear; Thro' the val - ley,
ill be - tide me, Whether skies be dark or clear, Ev - er stay so close be -
land, pro- vide me Shelt'ring rock and cool- ing spring; When the tem - pest ra - ges,
Sav - iour, take me, Close my eyes when night shall come, Then bid an - gel voic - es
CHORUS.
side me I may know and feel thee near.
hide me Un - der-neath thy fold- ing wing.
wake me, Sweetly singing, "Welcome home."
Bless-ed Sav- iour, walk with me, Take a -
way all anx- ious fear; Ev - er stay so close be-side me, I may know and feel thee near.

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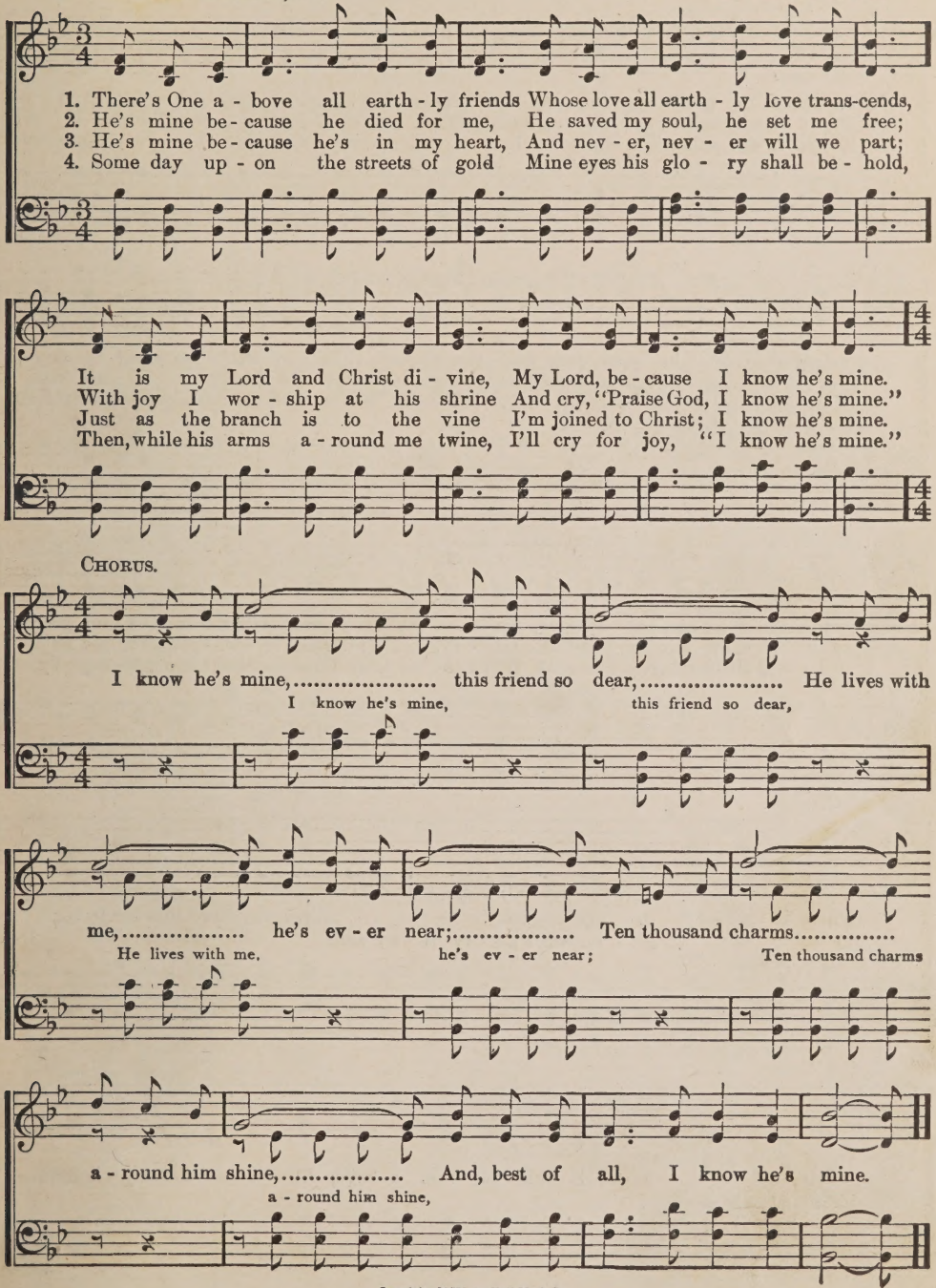
279 I Know He's Mine.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. There's One a - bove all earth - ly friends Whose love all earth - ly love trans-cends,
2. He's mine be - cause he died for me, He saved my soul, he set me free;
3. He's mine be - cause he's in my heart, And nev - er, nev - er will we part;
4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo - ry shall be - hold,
It is my Lord and Christ di - vine, My Lord, be - cause I know he's mine.
With joy I wor - ship at his shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."
Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.
Then, while his arms a - round me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."
CHORUS.
I know he's mine,..... this friend so dear,..... He lives with
I know he's mine, this friend so dear,
me,..... he's ev - er near;..... Ten thousand charms.....
He lives with me, he's ev - er near; Ten thousand charms
a - round him shine,..... And, best of all, I know he's mine.
a - round him shine,

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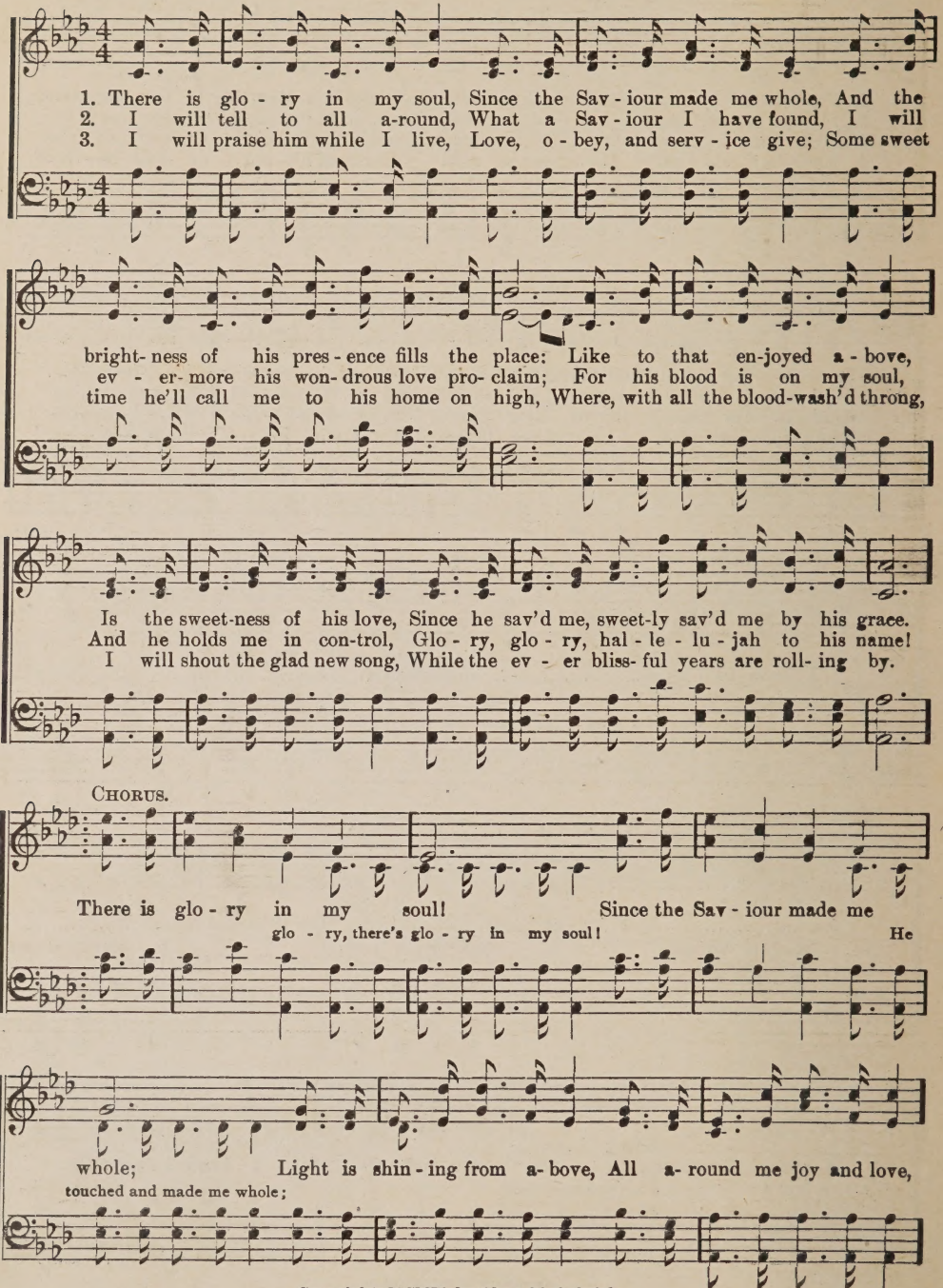
280 Joy of the Soul.

HARRIET E. JONES. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There is glo - ry in my soul, Since the Sav - iour made me whole, And the
2. I will tell to all a-round, What a Sav - iour I have found, I will
3. I will praise him while I live, Love, o - bey, and serv - ice give; Some sweet
bright- ness of his pres - ence fills the place: Like to that en-joyed a - bove,
ev - er- more his won- drous love pro- claim; For his blood is on my soul,
time he'll call me to his home on high, Where, with all the blood-wash'd throng,
Is the sweet-ness of his love, Since he sav'd me, sweet-ly sav'd me by his grace.
And he holds me in con-trol, Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah to his name!
I will shout the glad new song, While the ev - er bliss- ful years are roll- ing by.
CHORUS.
There is glo - ry in my soul! Since the Sav - iour made me
glo - ry, there's glo - ry in my soul! He
whole; Light is shin - ing from a- bove, All a- round me joy and love,
touched and made me whole;

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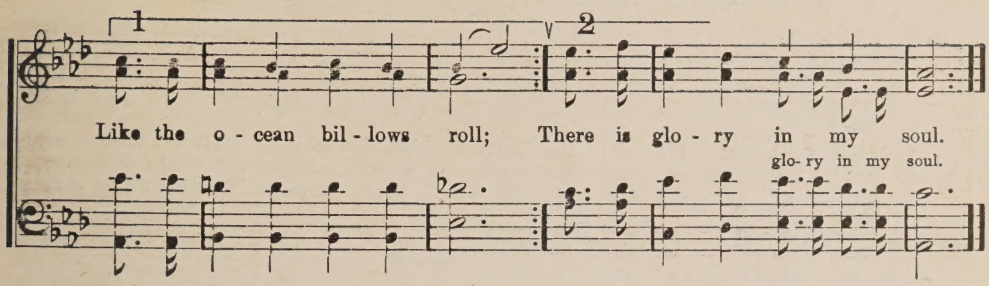
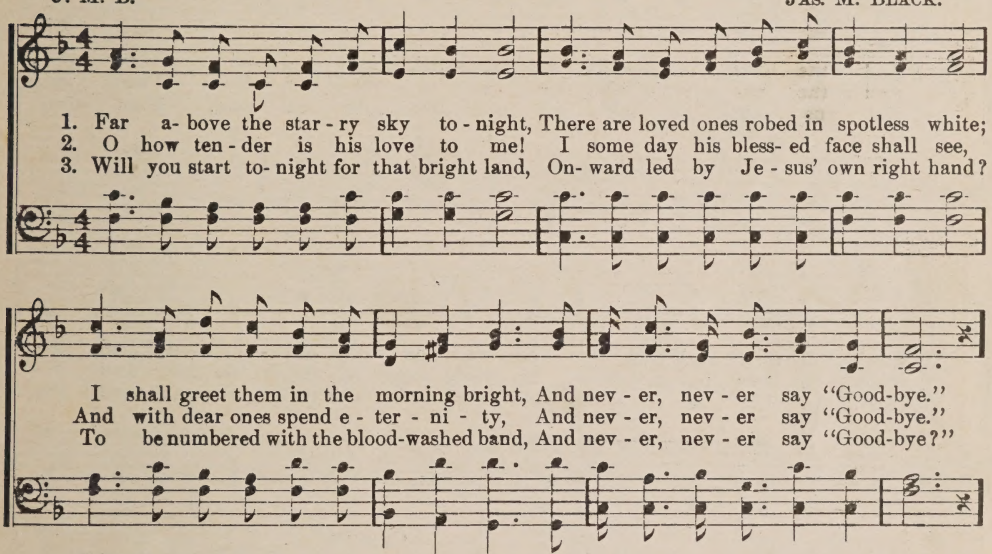
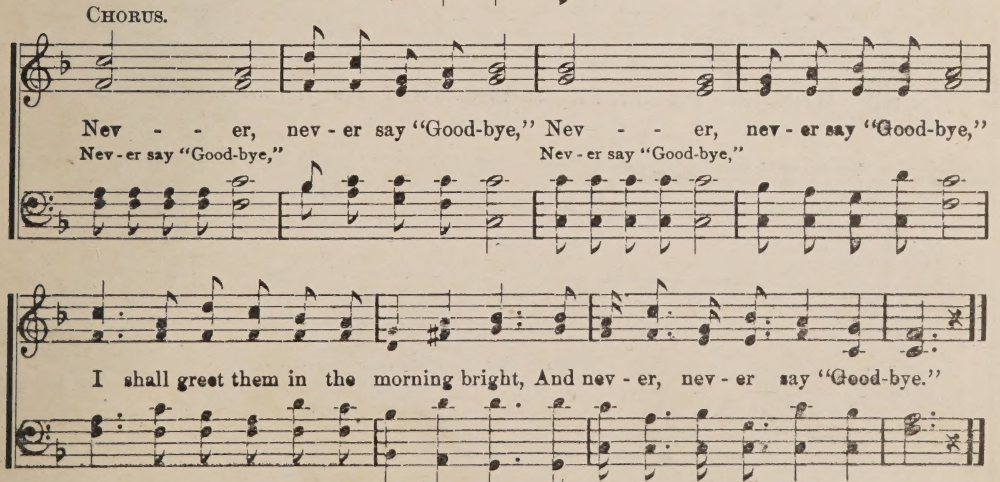


281 Never Say "Good-Bye."

J. M. B. JAS. M. BLACK.


1. Far a- bove the star - ry sky to - night, There are loved ones robed in spotless white;
2. O how ten - der is his love to me! I some day his bless- ed face shall see,
3. Will you start to- night for that bright land, On- ward led by Je - sus' own right hand?
I shall greet them in the morning bright, And nev - er, nev - er say "Good-bye."
And with dear ones spend e - ter - ni - ty, And nev - er, nev - er say "Good-bye."
To be numbered with the blood-washed band, And nev - er, nev - er say "Good-bye?"


CHORUS.
Nev - - - er, nev - er say "Good-bye," Nev - - - er, nev - er say "Good-bye,"
Nev - er say "Good-bye,"
Nev - er say "Good-bye,"
I shall greet them in the morning bright, And nev - er, nev - er say "Good-bye."

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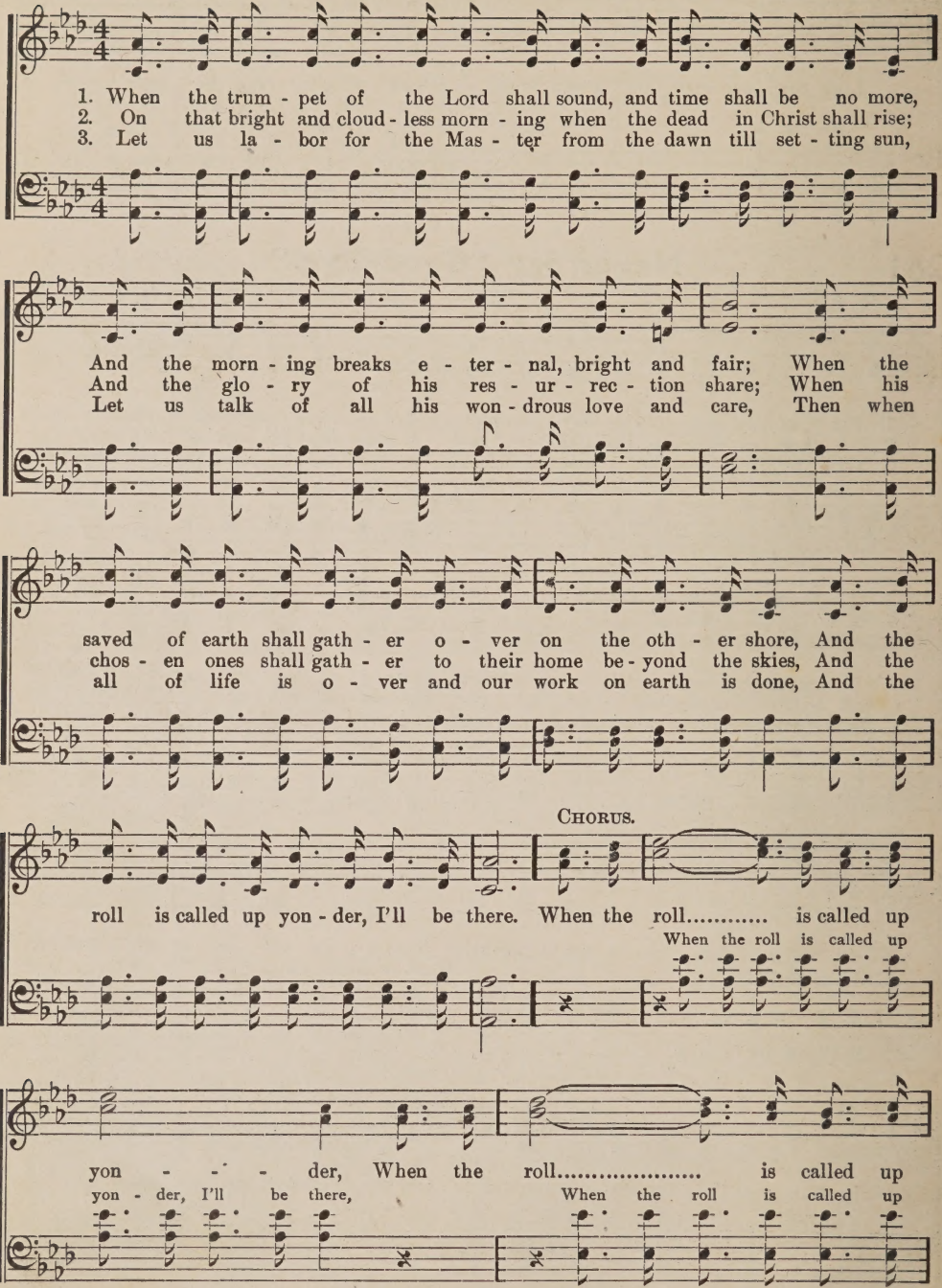
282 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

B. M. J. J. M. Black.

1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloud - less morn - ing when the dead in Christ shall rise;
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,
And the morn - ing breaks e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the
And the glo - ry of his res - ur - rec - tion share; When his
Let us talk of all his won - drous love and care, Then when
saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the
all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the
Chorus.
roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is called up
When the roll is called up
yon - - - der, When the roll..... is called up
yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

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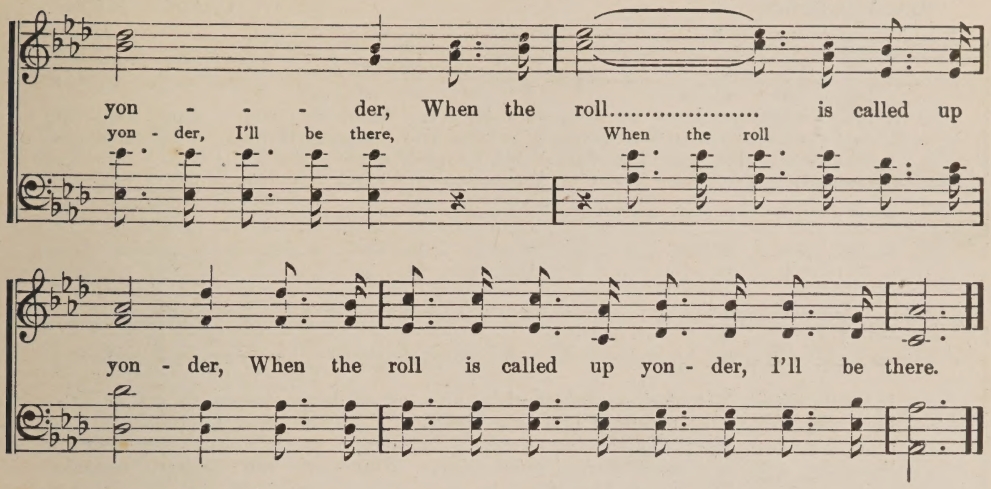
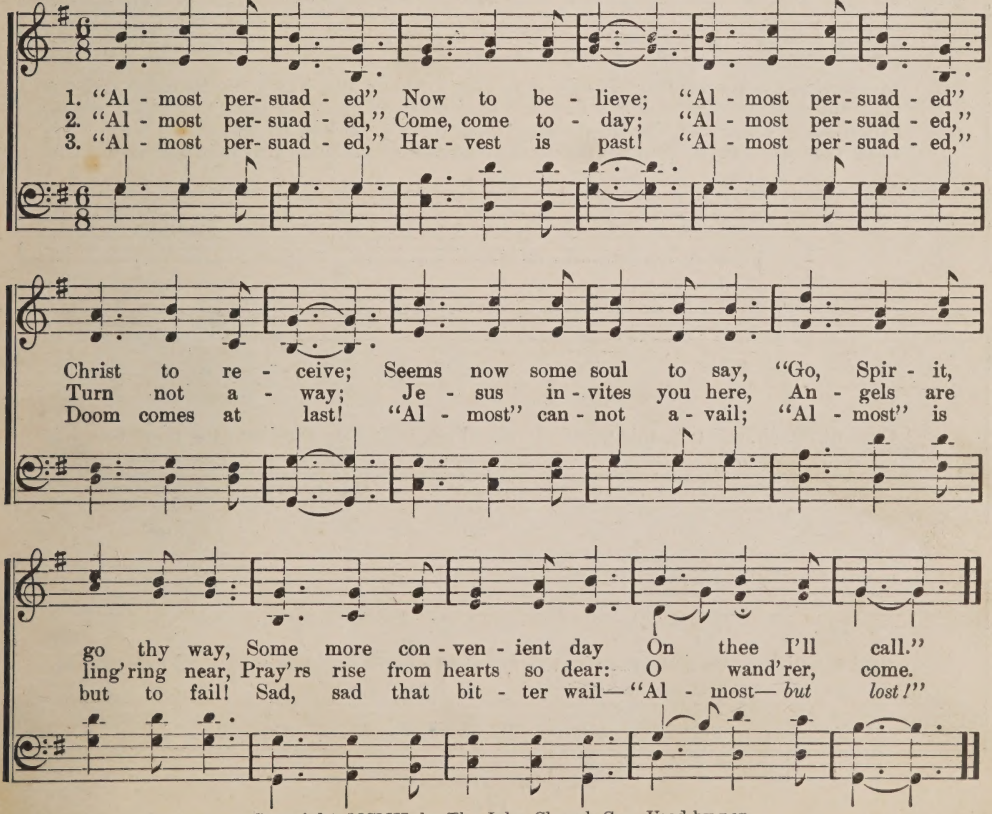
When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.—Concluded.



283 Almost Persuaded.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—Acts 26: 28.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss. By per.

1. "Al - most per- suad - ed" Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per- suad - ed," Come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per- suad - ed," Har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
Turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
Doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is
go thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On thee I'll call."
ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear: O wand'rer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—*but lost!*"

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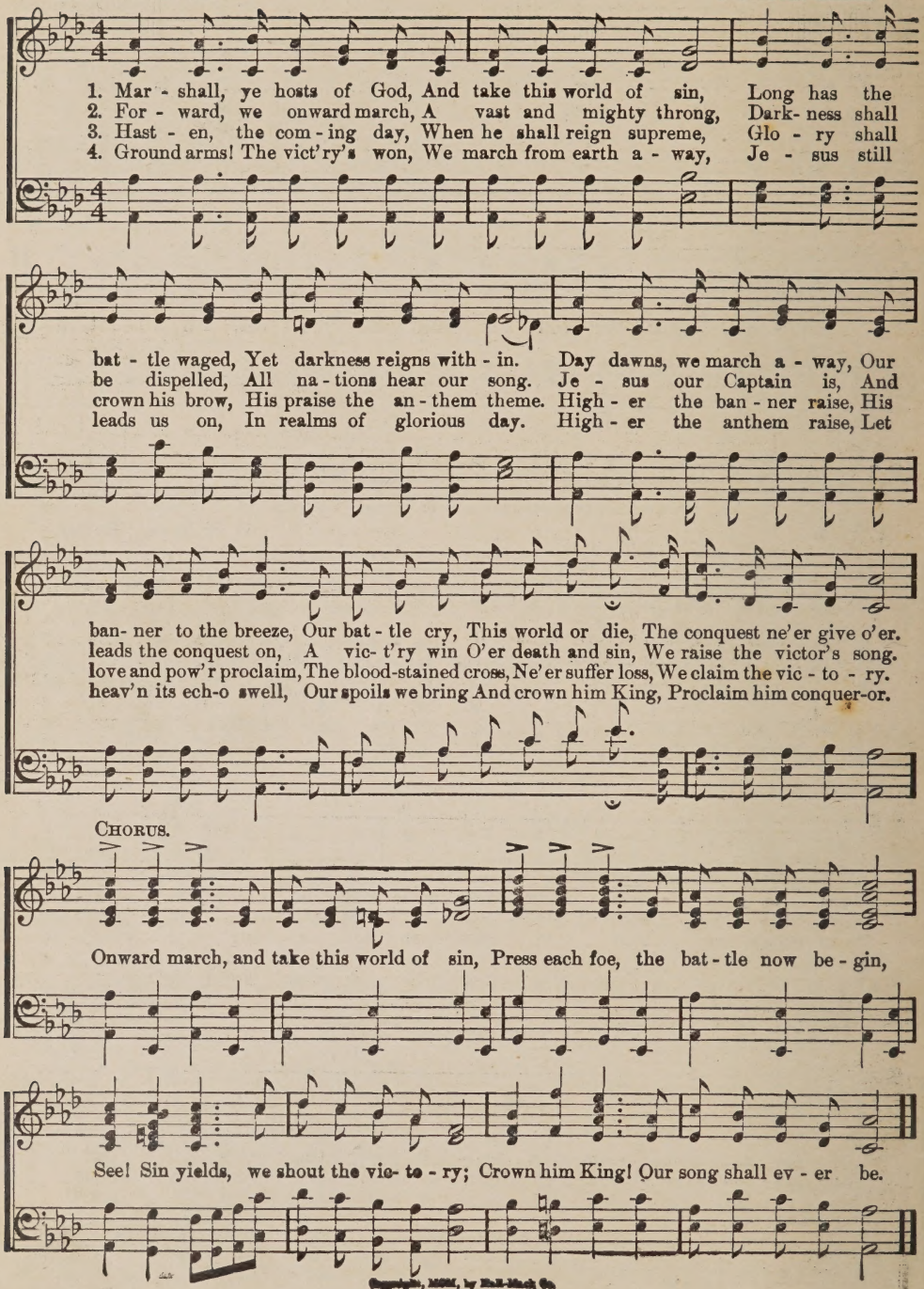
284 Twentieth Century Song.

REV. WM. STONE. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. Mar - shall, ye hosts of God, And take this world of sin, Long has the
2. For - ward, we onward march, A vast and mighty throng, Dark- ness shall
3. Hast - en, the com - ing day, When he shall reign supreme, Glo - ry shall
4. Ground arms! The vict'ry's won, We march from earth a - way, Je - sus still
bat - tle waged, Yet darkness reigns with - in. Day dawns, we march a - way, Our
be dispelled, All na - tions hear our song. Je - sus our Captain is, And
crown his brow, His praise the an - them theme. High - er the ban - ner raise, His
leads us on, In realms of glorious day. High - er the anthem raise, Let
ban- ner to the breeze, Our bat - tle cry, This world or die, The conquest ne'er give o'er.
leads the conquest on, A vic- t'ry win O'er death and sin, We raise the victor's song.
love and pow'r proclaim, The blood-stained cross, Ne'er suffer loss, We claim the vic - to - ry.
heav'n its ech-o swell, Our spoils we bring And crown him King, Proclaim him conquer-or.
CHORUS.
Onward march, and take this world of sin, Press each foe, the bat - tle now be - gin,
See! Sin yields, we shout the vic- to - ry; Crown him King! Our song shall ev - er be.

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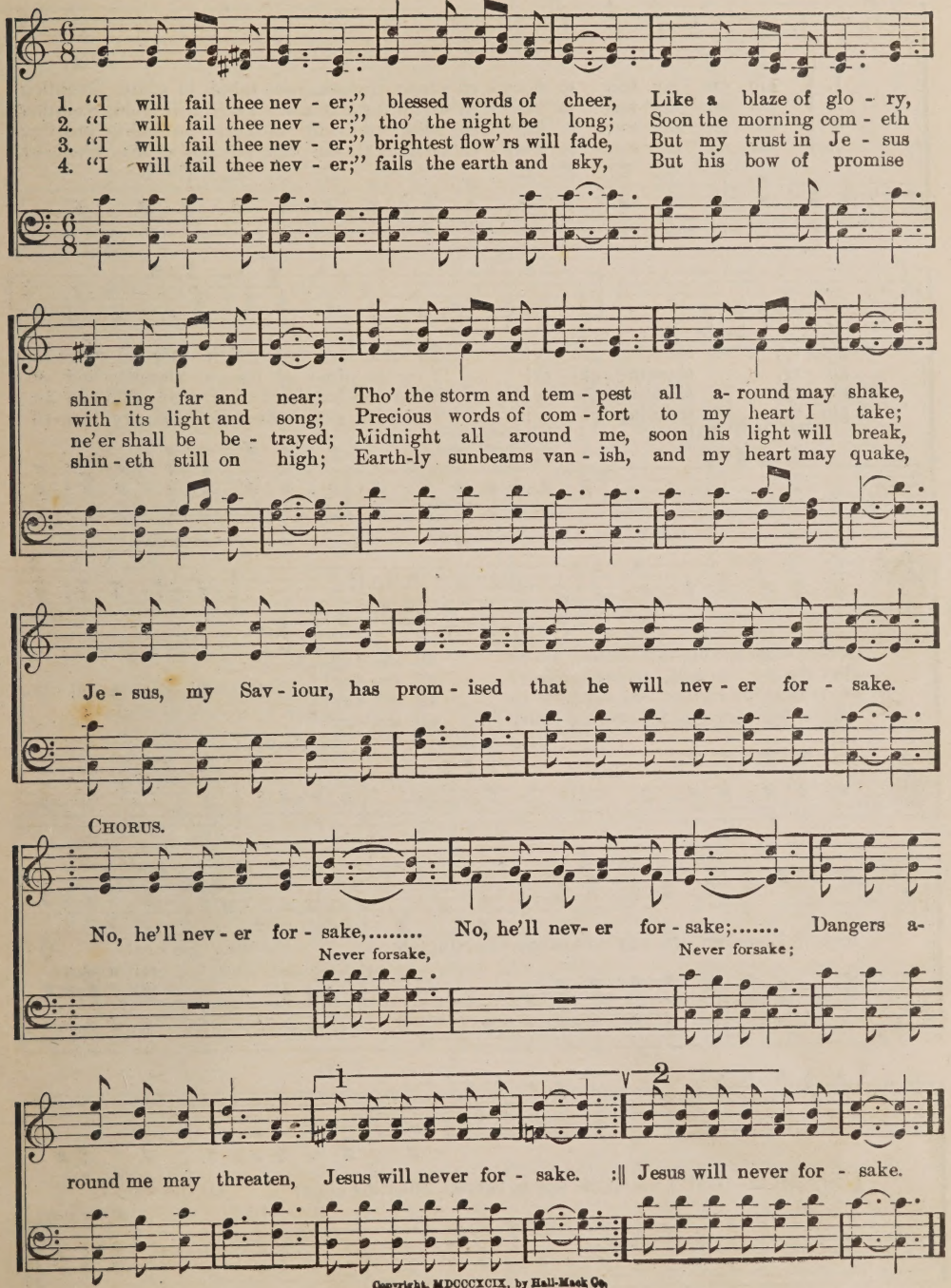
285 He'll Never Forsake.

FRANK H. MASHAW. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. "I will fail thee nev - er;" blessed words of cheer, Like a blaze of glo - ry,
2. "I will fail thee nev - er;" tho' the night be long; Soon the morning com - eth
3. "I will fail thee nev - er;" brightest flow'rs will fade, But my trust in Je - sus
4. "I will fail thee nev - er;" fails the earth and sky, But his bow of promise
shin - ing far and near; Tho' the storm and tem - pest all a- round may shake,
with its light and song; Precious words of com - fort to my heart I take;
ne'er shall be be - trayed; Midnight all around me, soon his light will break,
shin - eth still on high; Earth-ly sunbeams van - ish, and my heart may quake,
Je - sus, my Sav - iour, has prom - ised that he will nev - er for - sake.
CHORUS.
No, he'll nev - er for - sake,..... No, he'll nev- er for - sake;..... Dangers a-
Never forsake,
Never forsake;
1
2
round me may threaten, Jesus will never for - sake. :‖ Jesus will never for - sake.

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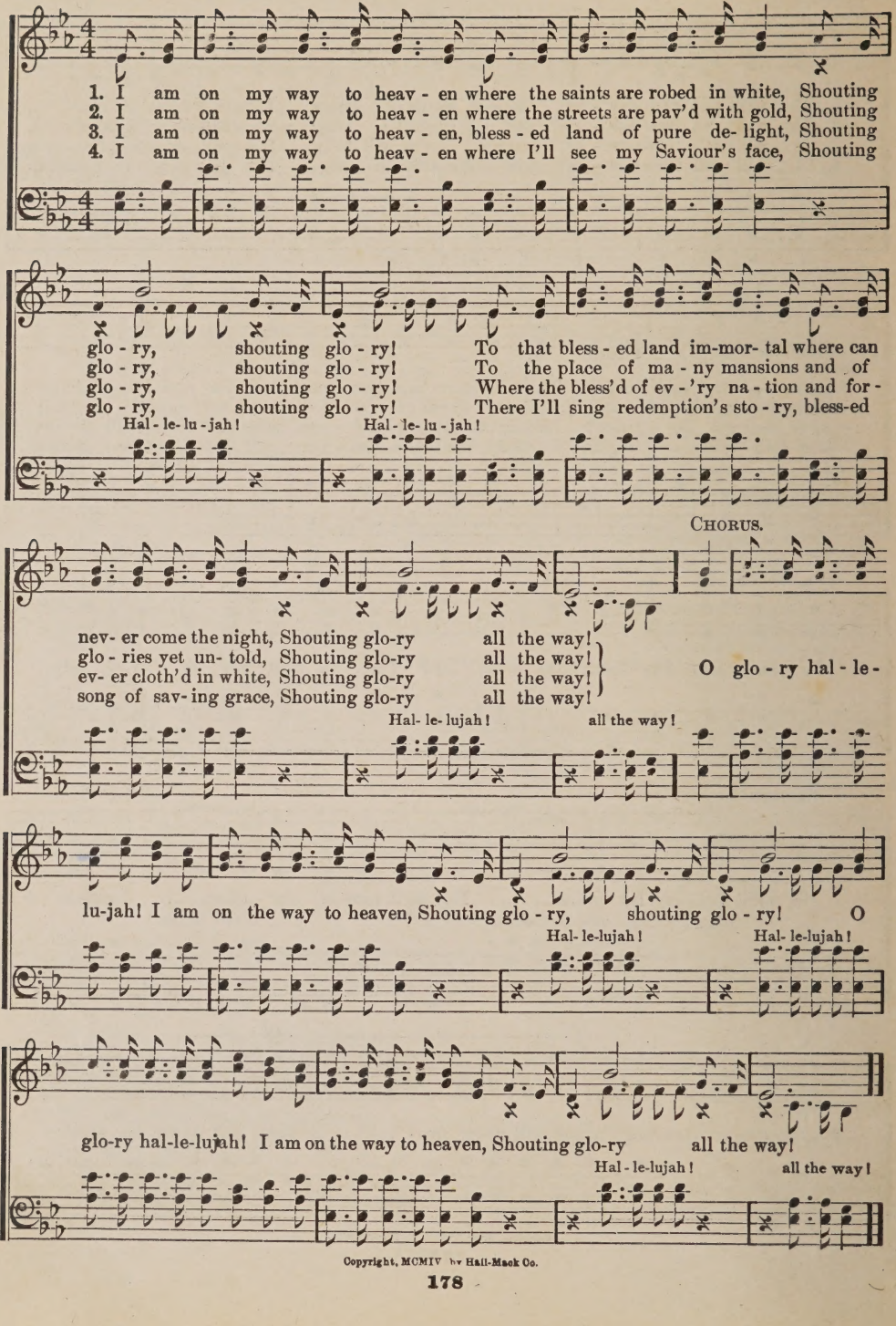
286 I am On My Way to Heaven.

H. J. L. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. I am on my way to heav - en where the saints are robed in white, Shouting
2. I am on my way to heav - en where the streets are pav'd with gold, Shouting
3. I am on my way to heav - en, bless - ed land of pure de- light, Shouting
4. I am on my way to heav - en where I'll see my Saviour's face, Shouting
glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! To that bless - ed land im-mor- tal where can
glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! To the place of ma - ny mansions and of
glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! Where the bless'd of ev - 'ry na - tion and for -
glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! There I'll sing redemption's sto - ry, bless-ed
Hal - le- lu - jah! Hal - le- lu - jah!
CHORUS.
nev- er come the night, Shouting glo-ry all the way!
glo - ries yet un- told, Shouting glo-ry all the way!
ev- er cloth'd in white, Shouting glo-ry all the way!
song of sav- ing grace, Shouting glo-ry all the way!
O glo - ry hal - le -
Hal- le-lujah! all the way!
lu-jah! I am on the way to heaven, Shouting glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! O
Hal- le-lujah! Hal- le-lujah!
glo-ry hal-le-lujah! I am on the way to heaven, Shouting glo-ry all the way!
Hal - le-lujah! all the way!

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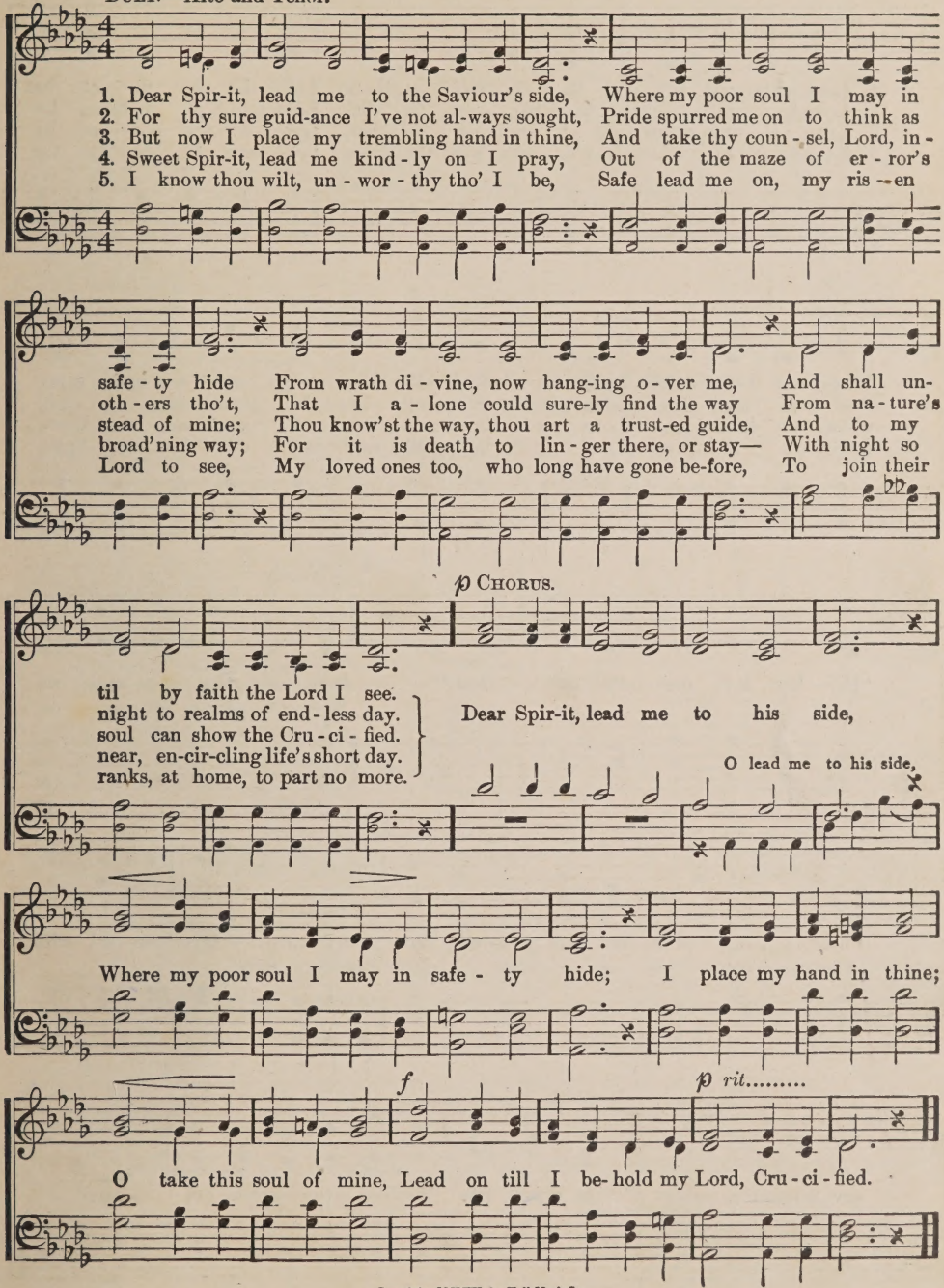
287 Dear Spirit, Lead Thou Me.

JOHN BELL. C. AUSTIN MILES.

DUET.—Alto and Tenor.

1. Dear Spir-it, lead me to the Saviour's side, Where my poor soul I may in
2. For thy sure guid-ance I've not al-ways sought, Pride spurred me on to think as
3. But now I place my trembling hand in thine, And take thy coun-sel, Lord, in-
4. Sweet Spir-it, lead me kind-ly on I pray, Out of the maze of er-ror's
5. I know thou wilt, un-wor-thy tho' I be, Safe lead me on, my ris-en
safe-ty hide From wrath di-vine, now hang-ing o-ver me, And shall un-
oth-ers tho't, That I a-lone could sure-ly find the way From na-ture's
stead of mine; Thou know'st the way, thou art a trust-ed guide, And to my
broad'ning way; For it is death to lin-ger there, or stay— With night so
Lord to see, My loved ones too, who long have gone be-fore, To join their
p CHORUS.
til by faith the Lord I see.
night to realms of end-less day.
soul can show the Cru-ci-fied.
near, en-cir-cling life's short day.
ranks, at home, to part no more.
Dear Spir-it, lead me to his side,
O lead me to his side,
Where my poor soul I may in safe-ty hide; I place my hand in thine;
f
p rit.....
O take this soul of mine, Lead on till I be-hold my Lord, Cru-ci-fied.

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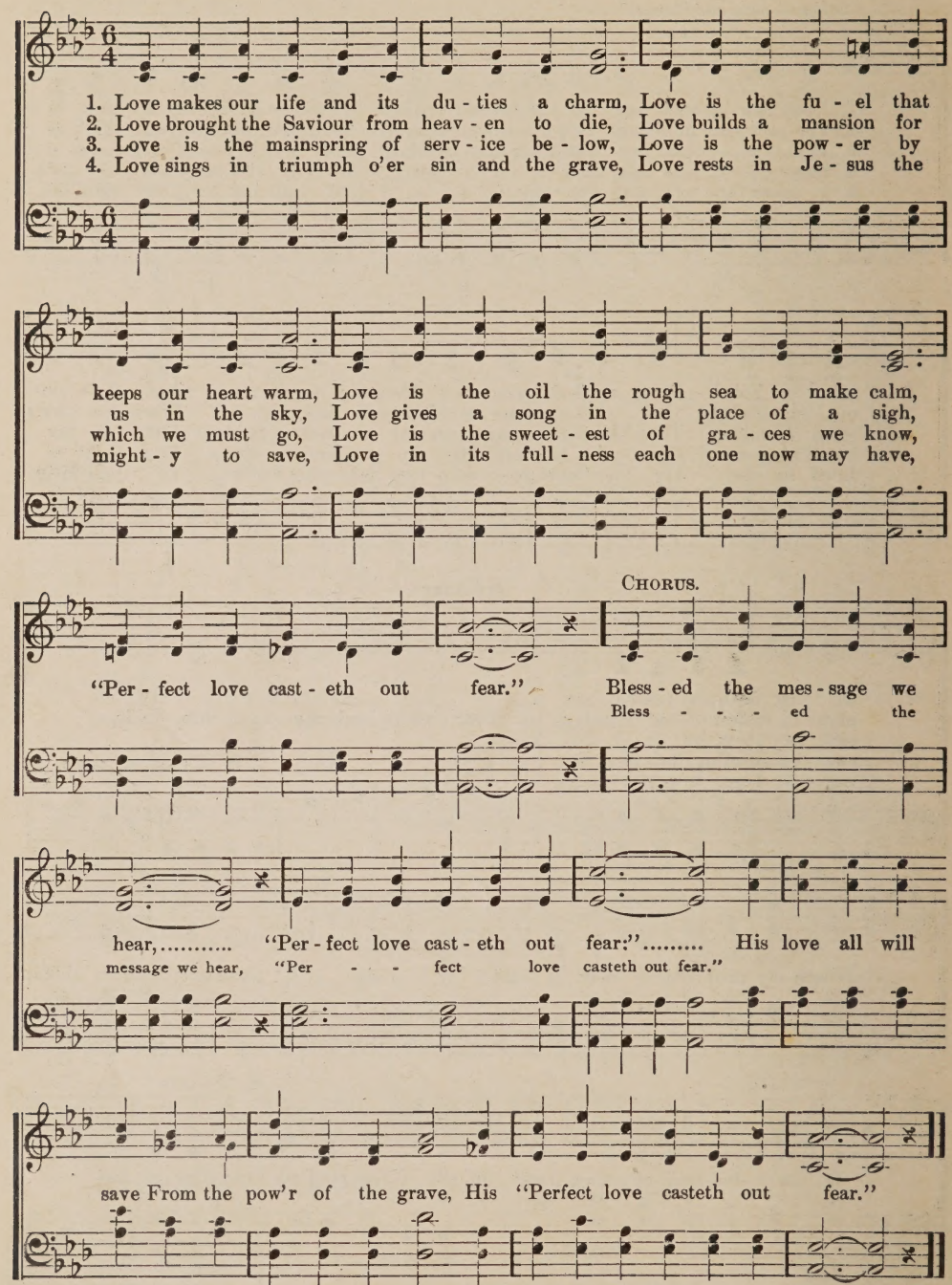
288 Perfect Love Casteth Out Fear.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Love makes our life and its du - ties a charm, Love is the fu - el that
2. Love brought the Saviour from heav - en to die, Love builds a mansion for
3. Love is the mainspring of serv - ice be - low, Love is the pow - er by
4. Love sings in triumph o'er sin and the grave, Love rests in Je - sus the
keeps our heart warm, Love is the oil the rough sea to make calm,
us in the sky, Love gives a song in the place of a sigh,
which we must go, Love is the sweet - est of gra - ces we know,
might - y to save, Love in its full - ness each one now may have,
CHORUS.
"Per - fect love cast - eth out fear." Bless - ed the mes - sage we
Bless - - - ed the
hear,..... "Per - fect love cast - eth out fear:"..... His love all will
message we hear, "Per - - fect love casteth out fear."
save From the pow'r of the grave, His "Perfect love casteth out fear."

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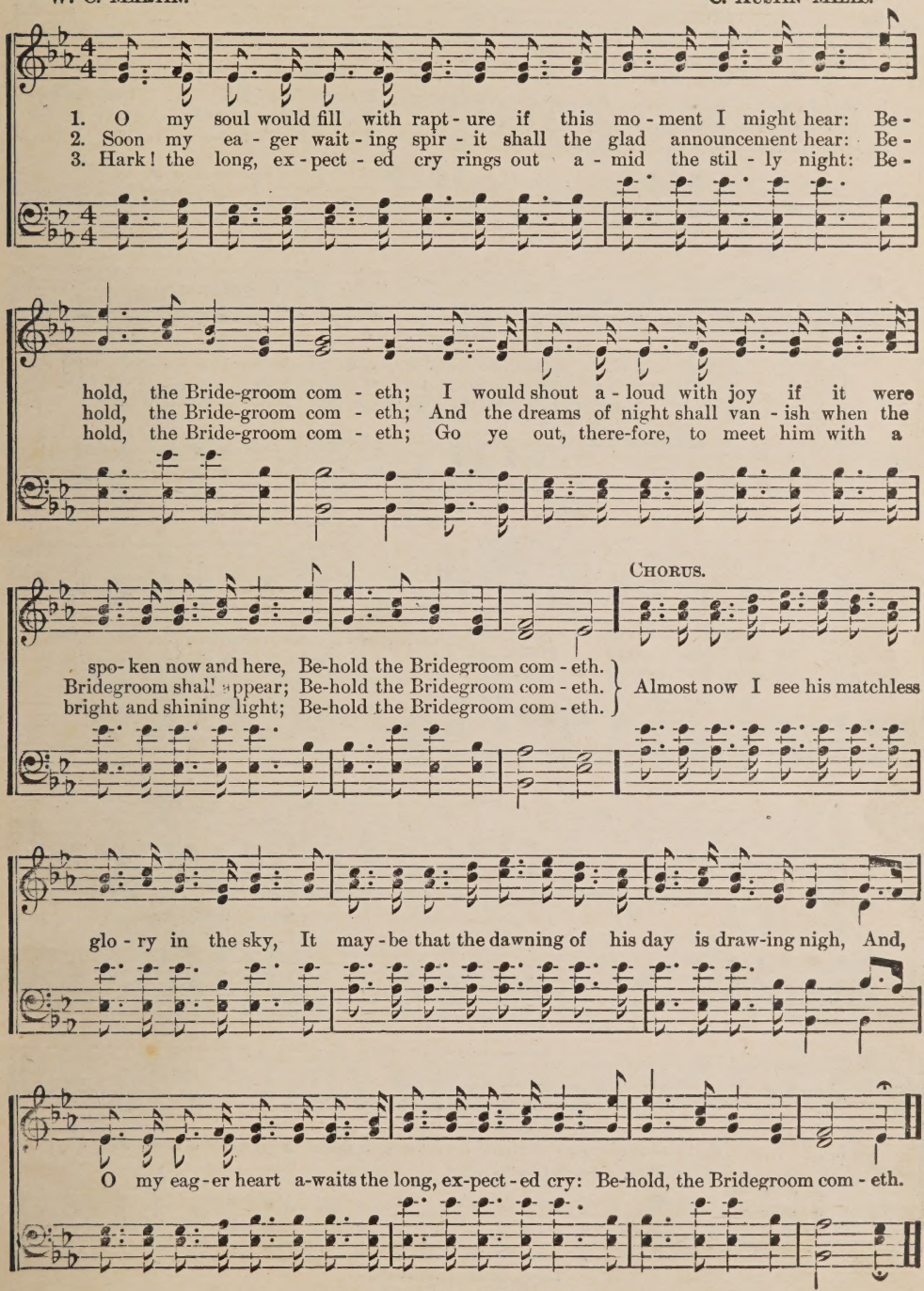
289 The Bridegroom Cometh.

W. C. MARTIN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. O my soul would fill with rapt - ure if this mo - ment I might hear: Be -
2. Soon my ea - ger wait - ing spir - it shall the glad announcement hear: Be -
3. Hark! the long, ex - pect - ed cry rings out a - mid the stil - ly night: Be -
hold, the Bride-groom com - eth; I would shout a - loud with joy if it were
hold, the Bride-groom com - eth; And the dreams of night shall van - ish when the
hold, the Bride-groom com - eth; Go ye out, there-fore, to meet him with a
CHORUS.
spo - ken now and here, Be-hold the Bridegroom com - eth.
Bridegroom shall appear; Be-hold the Bridegroom com - eth.
bright and shining light; Be-hold the Bridegroom com - eth.
Almost now I see his matchless
glo - ry in the sky, It may - be that the dawning of his day is draw-ing nigh, And,
O my eag - er heart a-waits the long, ex-pect - ed cry: Be-hold, the Bridegroom com - eth.

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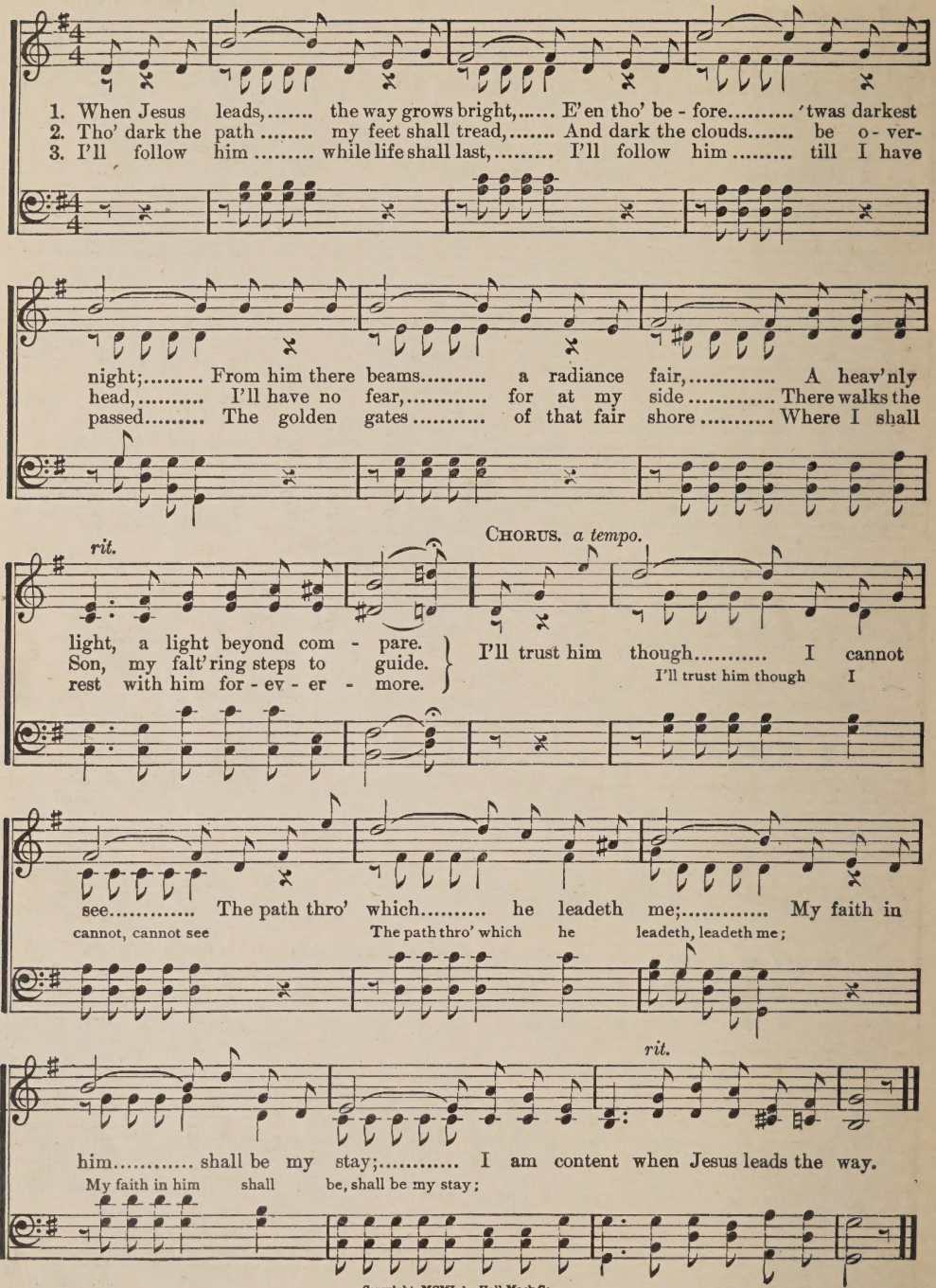
290 When Jesus Leads.

A. A. Payn. C. Austin Miles.


1. When Jesus leads,..... the way grows bright,..... E'en tho' be - fore..... 'twas darkest
2. Tho' dark the path ..... my feet shall tread,..... And dark the clouds..... be o - ver-
3. I'll follow him ..... while life shall last,..... I'll follow him ..... till I have
night;..... From him there beams..... a radiance fair,..... A heav'nly
head,..... I'll have no fear,..... for at my side ..... There walks the
passed..... The golden gates ..... of that fair shore ..... Where I shall
rit.
Chorus. a tempo.
light, a light beyond com - pare.
Son, my falt'ring steps to guide.
rest with him for - ev - er - more.
I'll trust him though..... I cannot
I'll trust him though I
see..... The path thro' which..... he leadeth me;..... My faith in
cannot, cannot see
The path thro' which he leadeth, leadeth me;
rit.
him..... shall be my stay;..... I am content when Jesus leads the way.
My faith in him shall be, shall be my stay;

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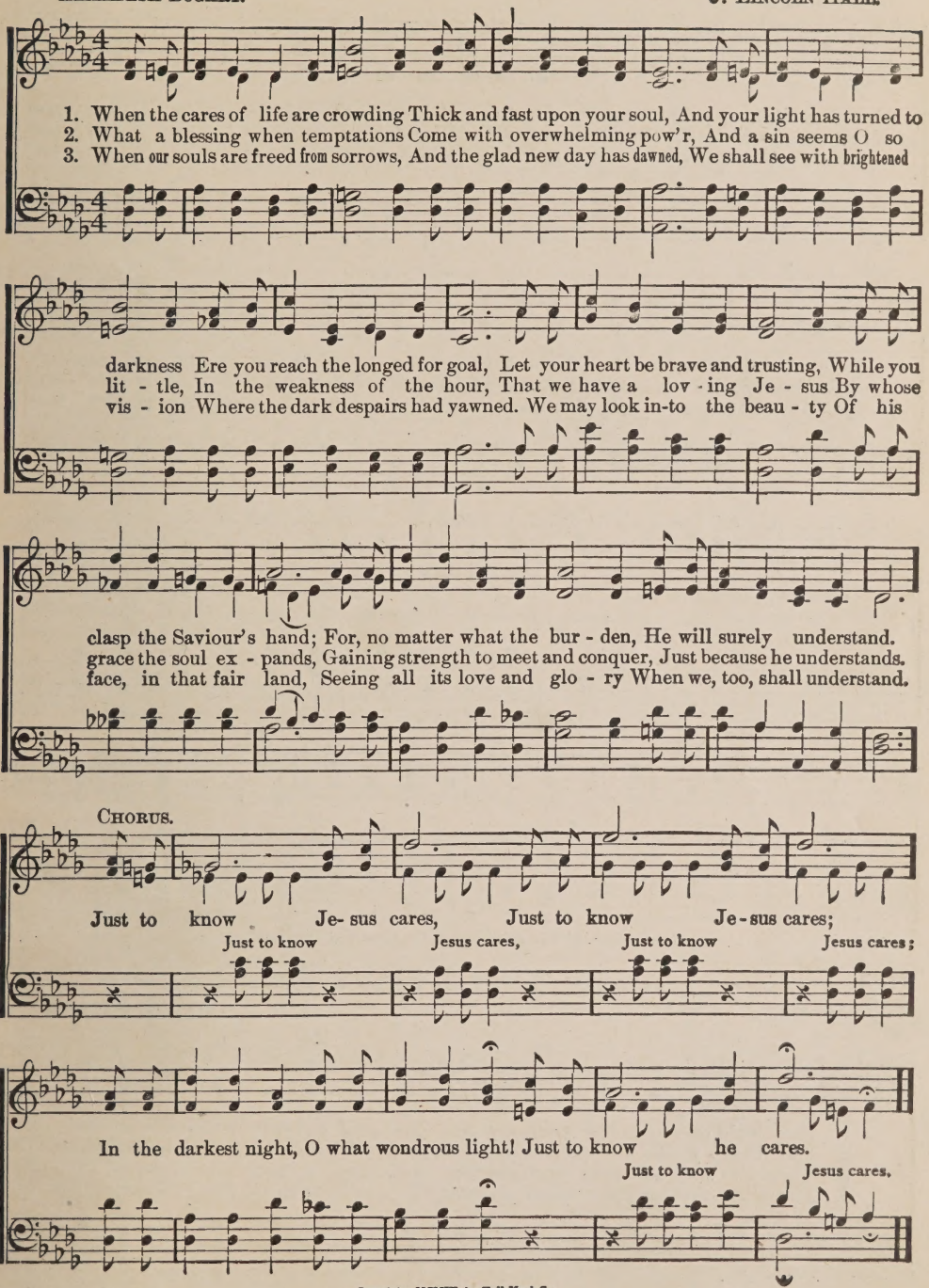
291 Jesus Cares.

ELIZABETH BOGART. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. When the cares of life are crowding Thick and fast upon your soul, And your light has turned to
2. What a blessing when temptations Come with overwhelming pow'r, And a sin seems O so
3. When our souls are freed from sorrows, And the glad new day has dawned, We shall see with brightened
darkness Ere you reach the longed for goal, Let your heart be brave and trusting, While you
lit - tle, In the weakness of the hour, That we have a lov - ing Je - sus By whose
vis - ion Where the dark despairs had yawned. We may look in-to the beau - ty Of his
clasp the Saviour's hand; For, no matter what the bur - den, He will surely understand.
grace the soul ex - pands, Gaining strength to meet and conquer, Just because he understands.
face, in that fair land, Seeing all its love and glo - ry When we, too, shall understand.
CHORUS.
Just to know Je- sus cares, Just to know Je - sus cares;
Just to know Jesus cares, Just to know Jesus cares;
In the darkest night, O what wondrous light! Just to know he cares.
Just to know Jesus cares.

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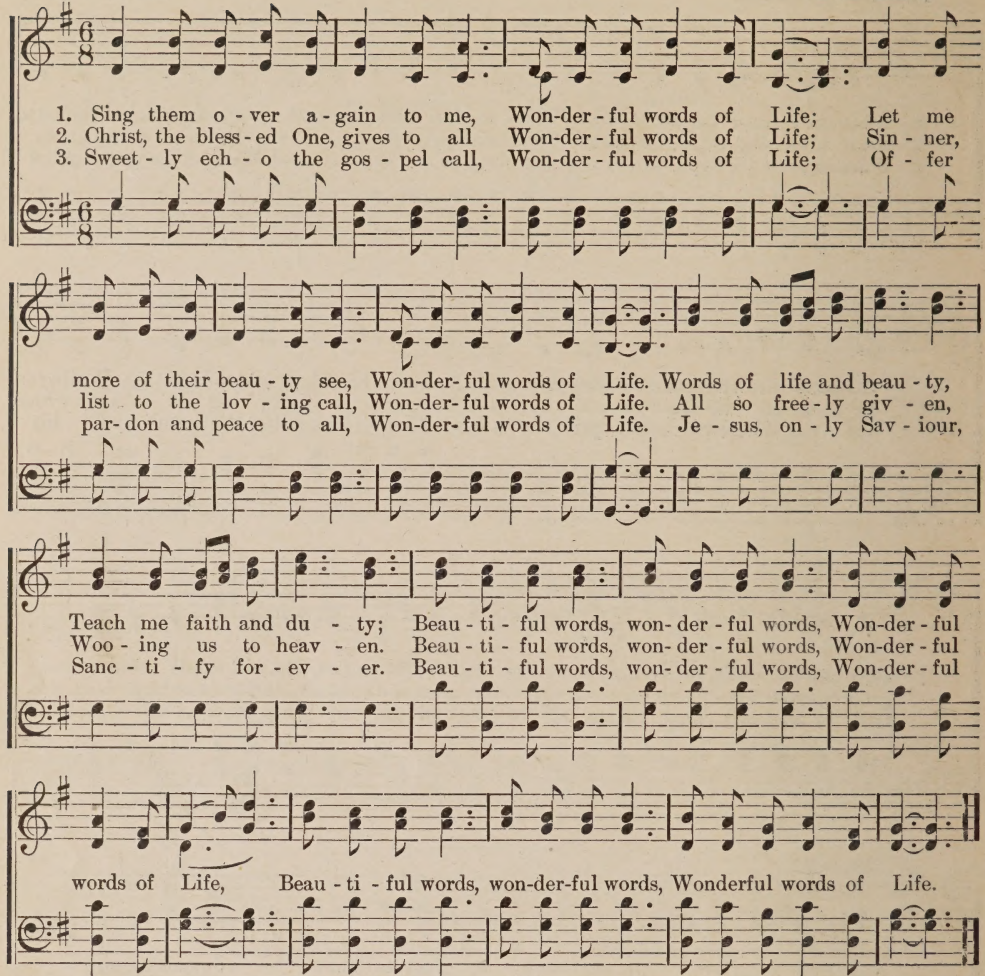
292 Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der - ful words of Life; Let me
2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all Won-der - ful words of Life; Sin - ner,
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der - ful words of Life; Of - fer
more of their beau - ty see, Won-der- ful words of Life. Words of life and beau - ty,
list to the lov - ing call, Won-der- ful words of Life. All so free - ly giv - en,
par- don and peace to all, Won-der- ful words of Life. Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour,
Teach me faith and du - ty; Beau - ti - ful words, won- der - ful words, Won-der - ful
Woo - ing us to heav - en. Beau - ti - ful words, won- der - ful words, Won-der - ful
Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er. Beau - ti - ful words, won- der - ful words, Won-der - ful
words of Life, Beau - ti - ful words, won-der-ful words, Wonderful words of Life.

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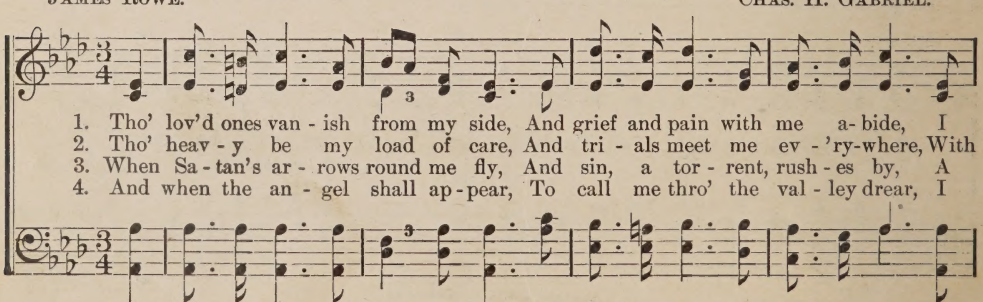
293 I Know That I Have Jesus.

James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Tho' lov'd ones van - ish from my side, And grief and pain with me a- bide, I
2. Tho' heav - y be my load of care, And tri - als meet me ev - 'ry-where, With
3. When Sa - tan's ar - rows round me fly, And sin, a tor - rent, rush - es by, A
4. And when the an - gel shall ap - pear, To call me thro' the val - ley drear, I

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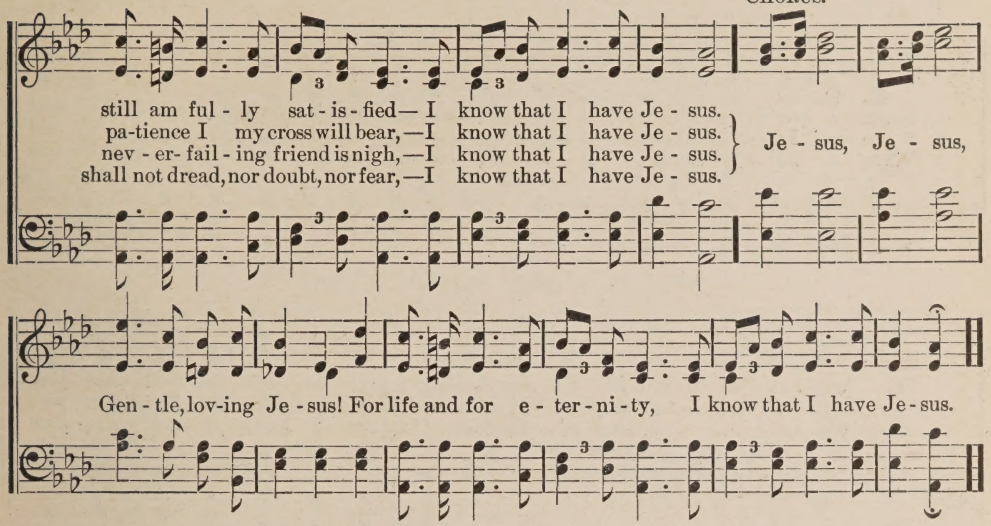
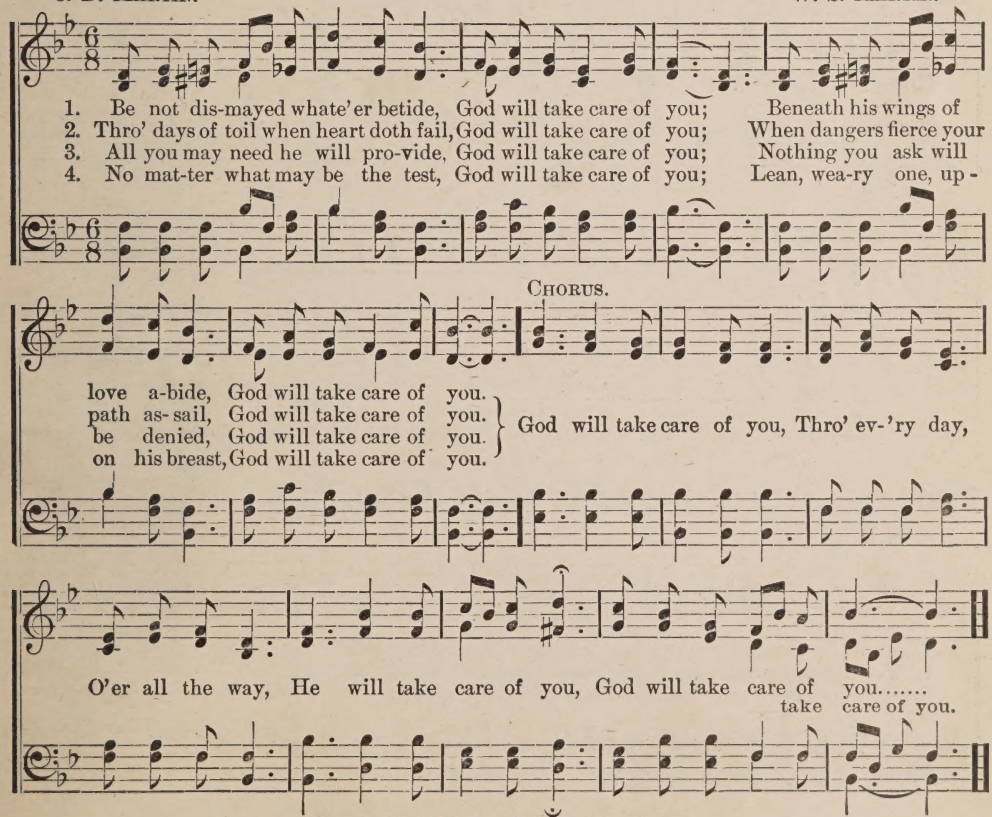
I Know That I Have Jesus.—Concluded.

CHORUS.


still am ful - ly sat - is - fied— I know that I have Je - sus.
pa-tience I my cross will bear,—I know that I have Je - sus.
nev - er- fail - ing friend is nigh,—I know that I have Je - sus.
shall not dread, nor doubt, nor fear,—I know that I have Je - sus.
Je - sus, Je - sus,
Gen - tle, lov-ing Je - sus! For life and for e - ter - ni - ty, I know that I have Je - sus.

294 God Will Take Care of You.

C. D. MARTIN. W. S. MARTIN.


1. Be not dis-mayed whate'er betide, God will take care of you; Beneath his wings of
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you; When dangers fierce your
3. All you may need he will pro-vide, God will take care of you; Nothing you ask will
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you; Lean, wea-ry one, up -
CHORUS.
love a-bide, God will take care of you.
path as- sail, God will take care of you.
be denied, God will take care of you.
on his breast, God will take care of you.
God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day,
O'er all the way, He will take care of you, God will take care of you.....
take care of you.

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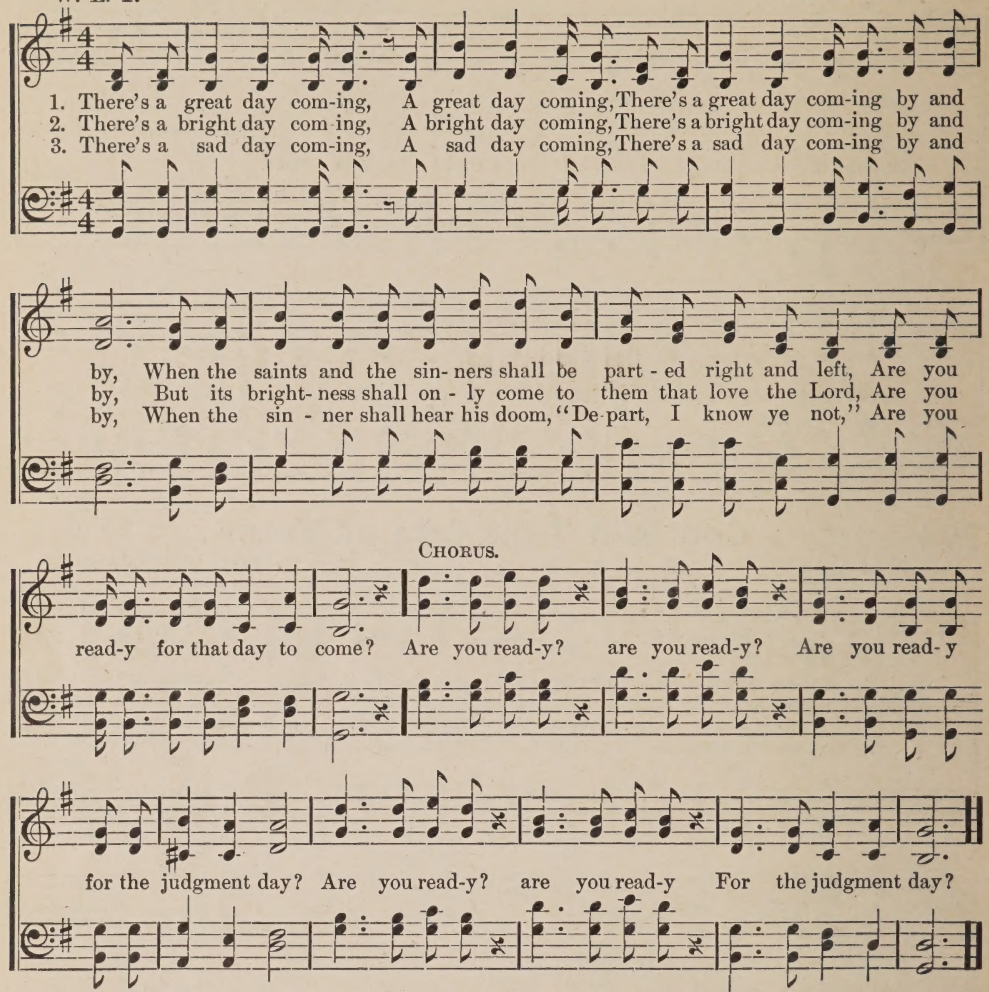
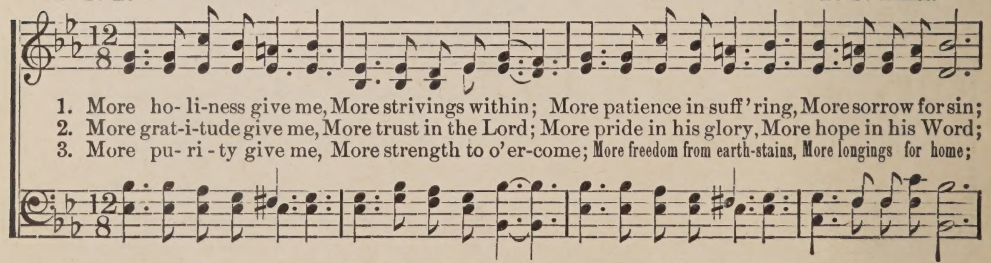
295 There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day coming, There's a great day com-ing by and
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day coming, There's a bright day com-ing by and
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day coming, There's a sad day com-ing by and
by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part-ed right and left, Are you
by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you
by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-part, I know ye not," Are you
CHORUS.
read-y for that day to come? Are you read-y? are you read-y? Are you read-y
for the judgment day? Are you read-y? are you read-y For the judgment day?

By per. of Will L. Thompson. East Liverpool, Ohio, and Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

296 More Holiness Give Me.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.


1. More ho-li-ness give me, More strivings within; More patience in suff'ring, More sorrow for sin;
2. More grat-i-tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in his glory, More hope in his Word;
3. More pu-ri-ty give me, More strength to o'er-come; More freedom from earth-stains, More longings for home;

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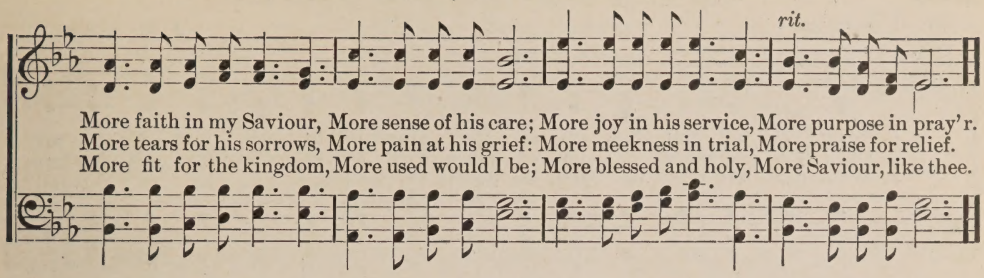
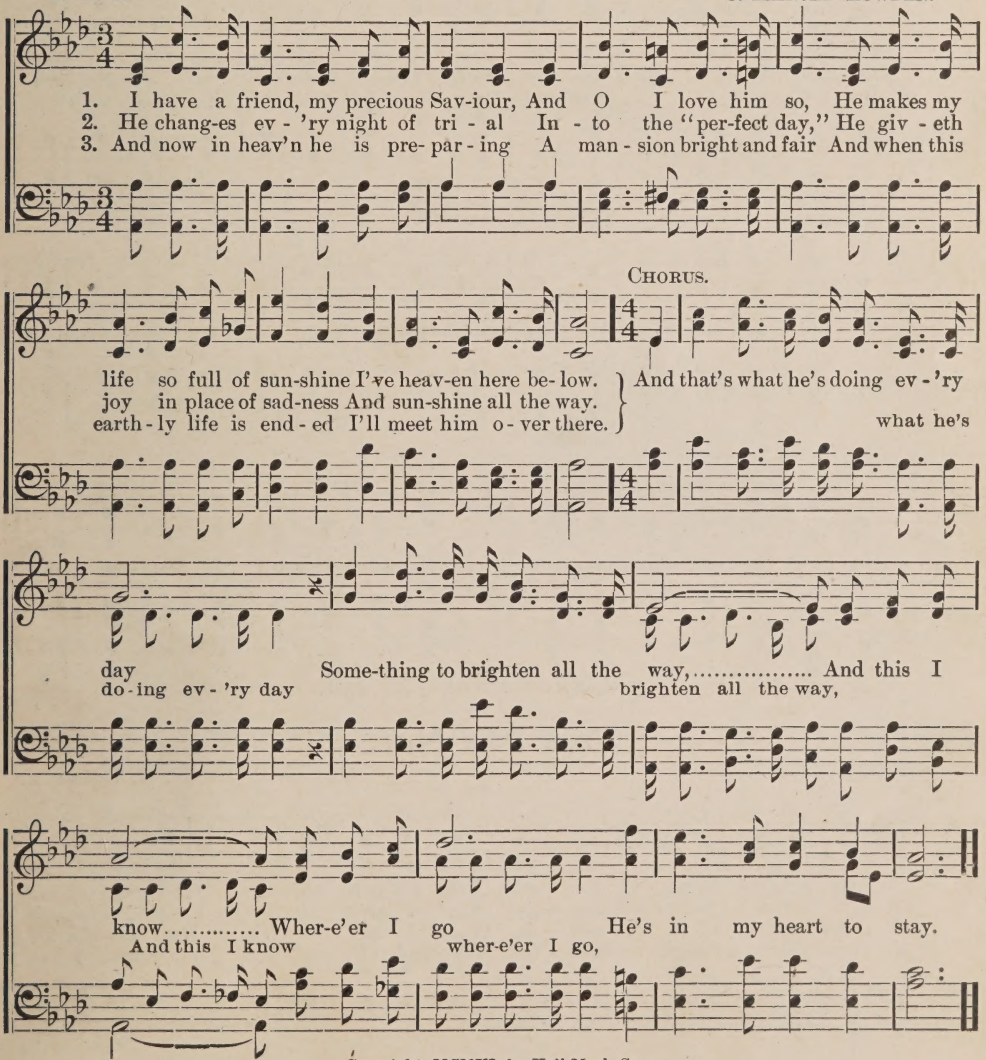
More Holiness Give Me.—Concluded.


rit.
More faith in my Saviour, More sense of his care; More joy in his service, More purpose in pray'r.
More tears for his sorrows, More pain at his grief: More meekness in trial, More praise for relief.
More fit for the kingdom, More used would I be; More blessed and holy, More Saviour, like thee.

297 That's What He's Doing.

C. H. L. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. I have a friend, my precious Sav-iour, And O I love him so, He makes my
2. He chang-es ev - 'ry night of tri - al In - to the "per-fect day," He giv - eth
3. And now in heav'n he is pre- par - ing A man - sion bright and fair And when this
CHORUS.
life so full of sun-shine I've heav-en here be- low.
joy in place of sad-ness And sun-shine all the way.
earth - ly life is end - ed I'll meet him o - ver there.
And that's what he's doing ev - 'ry
what he's
day
do - ing ev - 'ry day
Some-thing to brighten all the way,..... And this I
brighten all the way,
know..... Wher-e'er I go He's in my heart to stay.
And this I know
wher-e'er I go,

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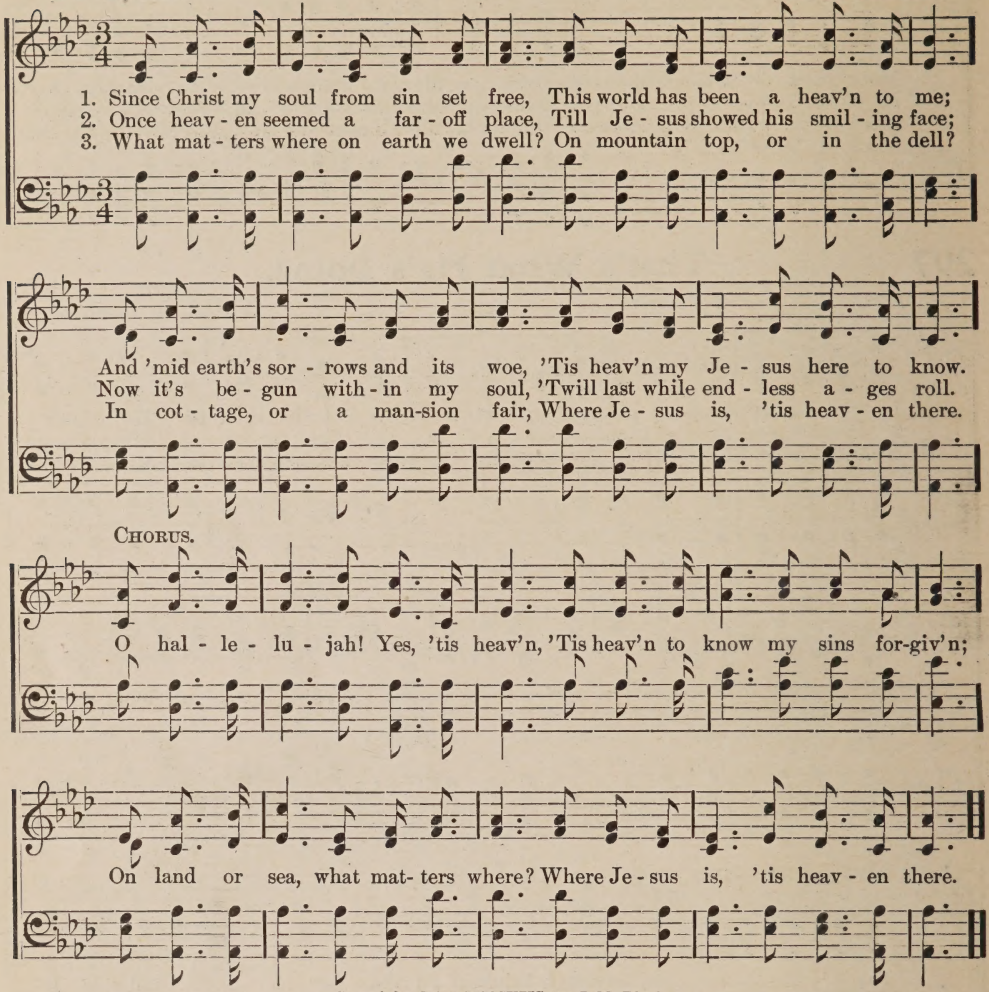
298 Where Jesus is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. J. Butler. J. M. Black.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heav - en seemed a far - off place, Till Je - sus showed his smil - ing face;
3. What mat - ters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell?
And 'mid earth's sor - rows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je - sus here to know.
Now it's be - gun with - in my soul, 'Twill last while end - less a - ges roll.
In cot - tage, or a man-sion fair, Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.
Chorus.
O hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for-giv'n;
On land or sea, what mat- ters where? Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

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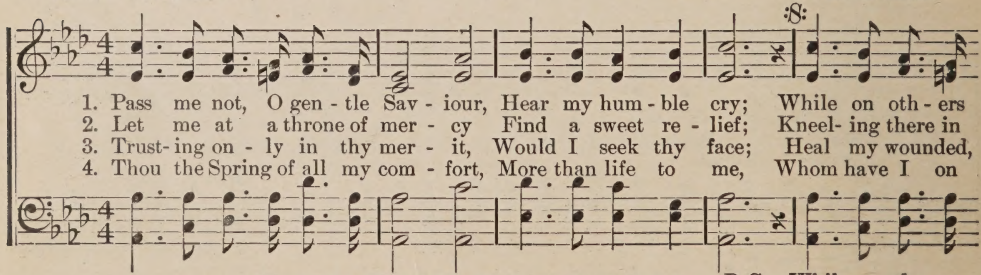
299 Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on oth - ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel- ing there in
3. Trust- ing on - ly in thy mer - it, Would I seek thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on
D.S.—While on oth - ers

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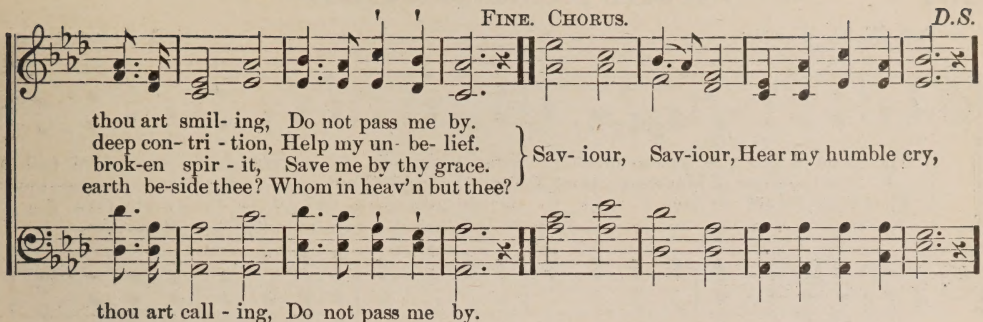
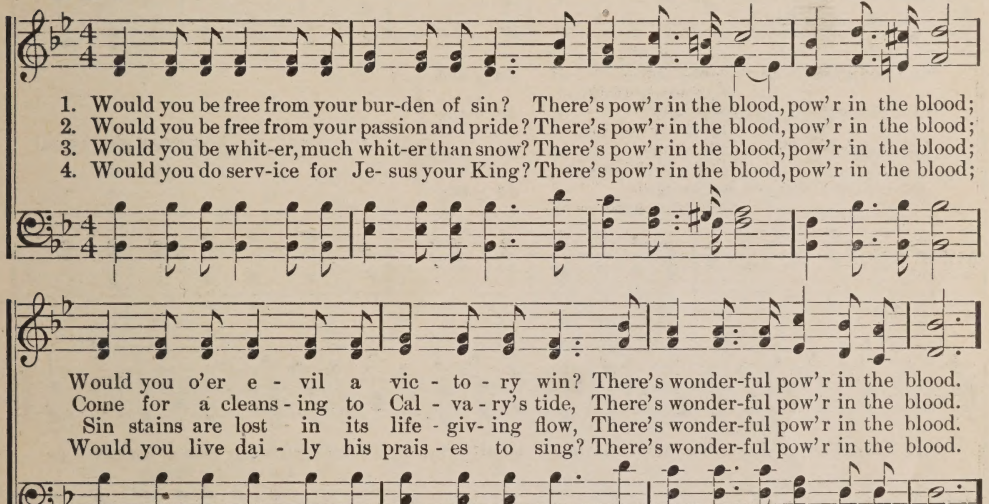
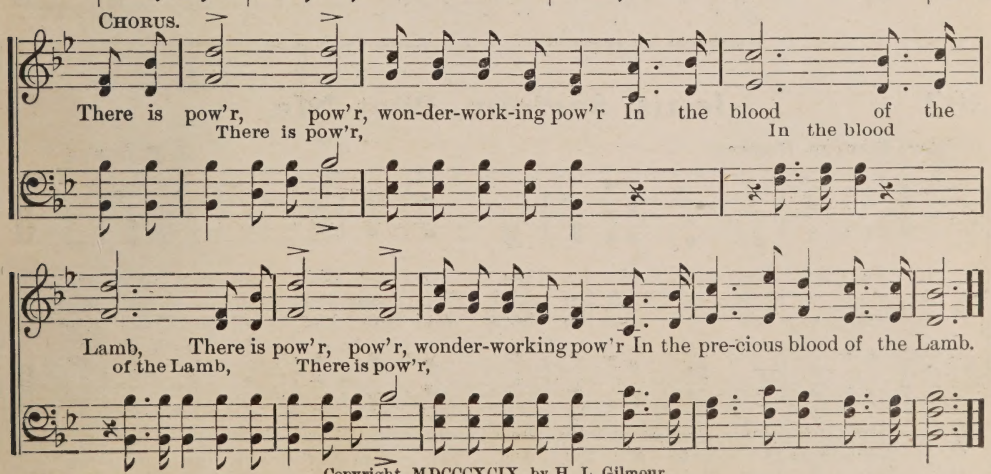
Pass Me Not.—Concluded.

FINE. CHORUS.
D.S.
thou art smil- ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con- tri - tion, Help my un- be- lief.
brok-en spir - it, Save me by thy grace.
earth be-side thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?
Sav- iour, Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry,
thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

300 There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.


1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
3. Would you be whit-er, much whit-er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
4. Would you do serv-ice for Je- sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's wonder-ful pow'r in the blood.
Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide, There's wonder-ful pow'r in the blood.
Sin stains are lost in its life - giv- ing flow, There's wonder-ful pow'r in the blood.
Would you live dai - ly his prais - es to sing? There's wonder-ful pow'r in the blood.


CHORUS.
There is pow'r, pow'r, won-der-work-ing pow'r In the blood of the
There is pow'r, In the blood
Lamb, There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
of the Lamb, There is pow'r,

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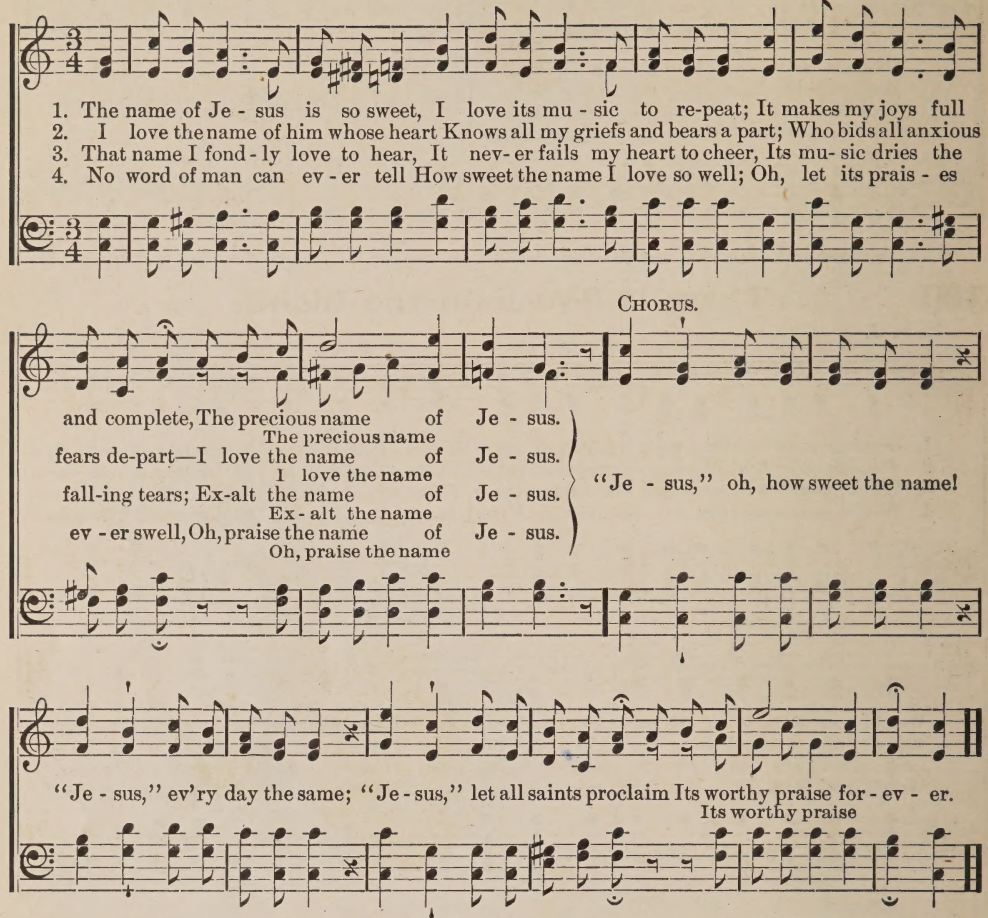
301 The Name of Jesus.

Rev. W. C. Martin. E. S. Lorenz.


1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re-peat; It makes my joys full
2. I love the name of him whose heart Knows all my griefs and bears a part; Who bids all anxious
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my heart to cheer, Its mu - sic dries the
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well; Oh, let its prais - es
Chorus.
and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.
The precious name
fears de-part—I love the name of Je - sus.
I love the name
fall-ing tears; Ex-alt the name of Je - sus.
Ex - alt the name
ev - er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.
Oh, praise the name
"Je - sus," oh, how sweet the name!
"Je - sus," ev'ry day the same; "Je - sus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise for - ev - er.
Its worthy praise

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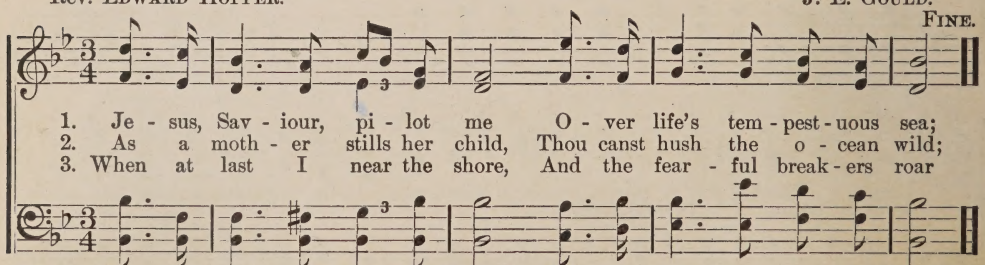
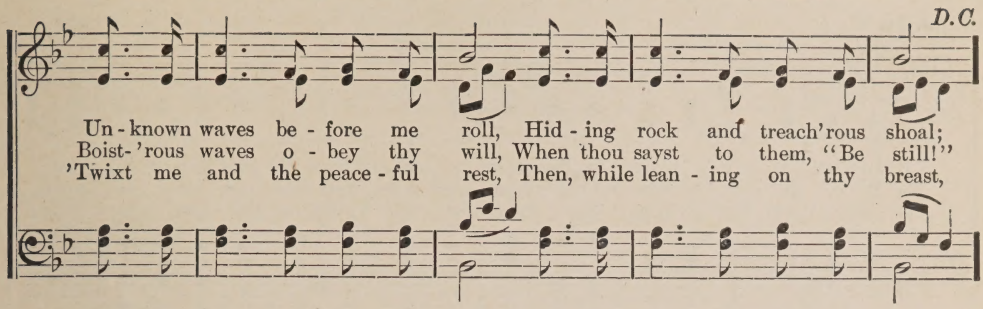
302 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

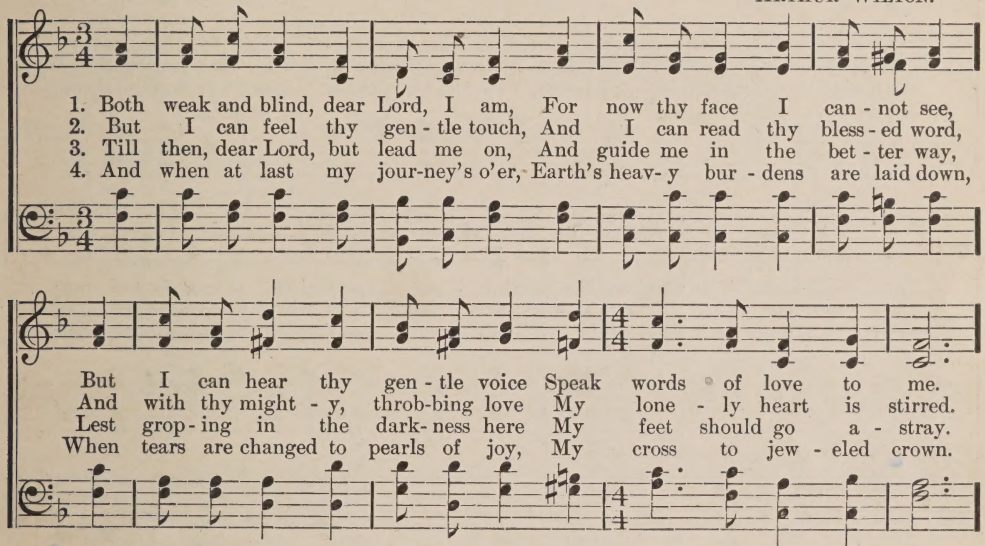
Rev. Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.

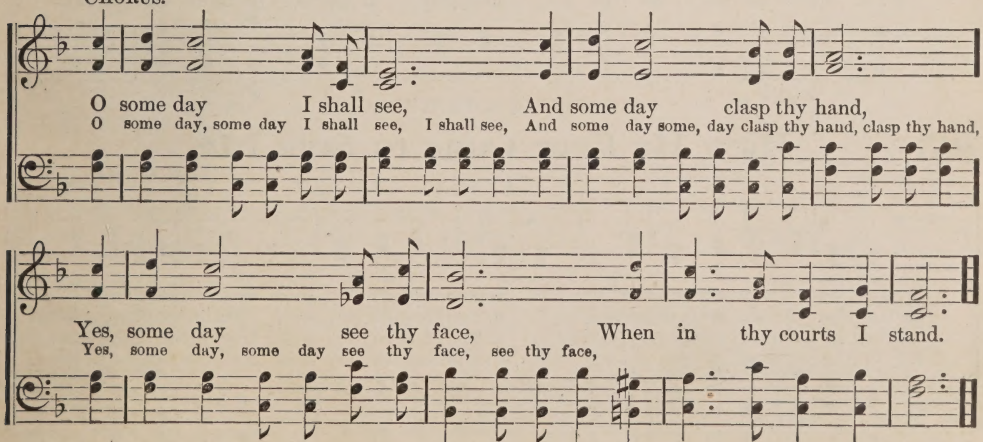

Fine.
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar
D.C.—Chart and com - pass come from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.—Won - drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.—May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.—Concluded.


D.C.
Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist-'rous waves o - bey thy will, When thou sayst to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,

303 When in Thy Courts I Stand.

EFFIE S. BLACK. ARTHUR WILTON.

1. Both weak and blind, dear Lord, I am, For now thy face I can - not see,
2. But I can feel thy gen - tle touch, And I can read thy bless - ed word,
3. Till then, dear Lord, but lead me on, And guide me in the bet - ter way,
4. And when at last my jour-ney's o'er, Earth's heav- y bur - dens are laid down,
But I can hear thy gen - tle voice Speak words of love to me.
And with thy might - y, throb-bing love My lone - ly heart is stirred.
Lest grop - ing in the dark- ness here My feet should go a - stray.
When tears are changed to pearls of joy, My cross to jew - eled crown.

CHORUS.

O some day I shall see, And some day clasp thy hand,
O some day, some day I shall see, I shall see, And some day some, day clasp thy hand, clasp thy hand,
Yes, some day see thy face, When in thy courts I stand.
Yes, some day, some day see thy face, see thy face,

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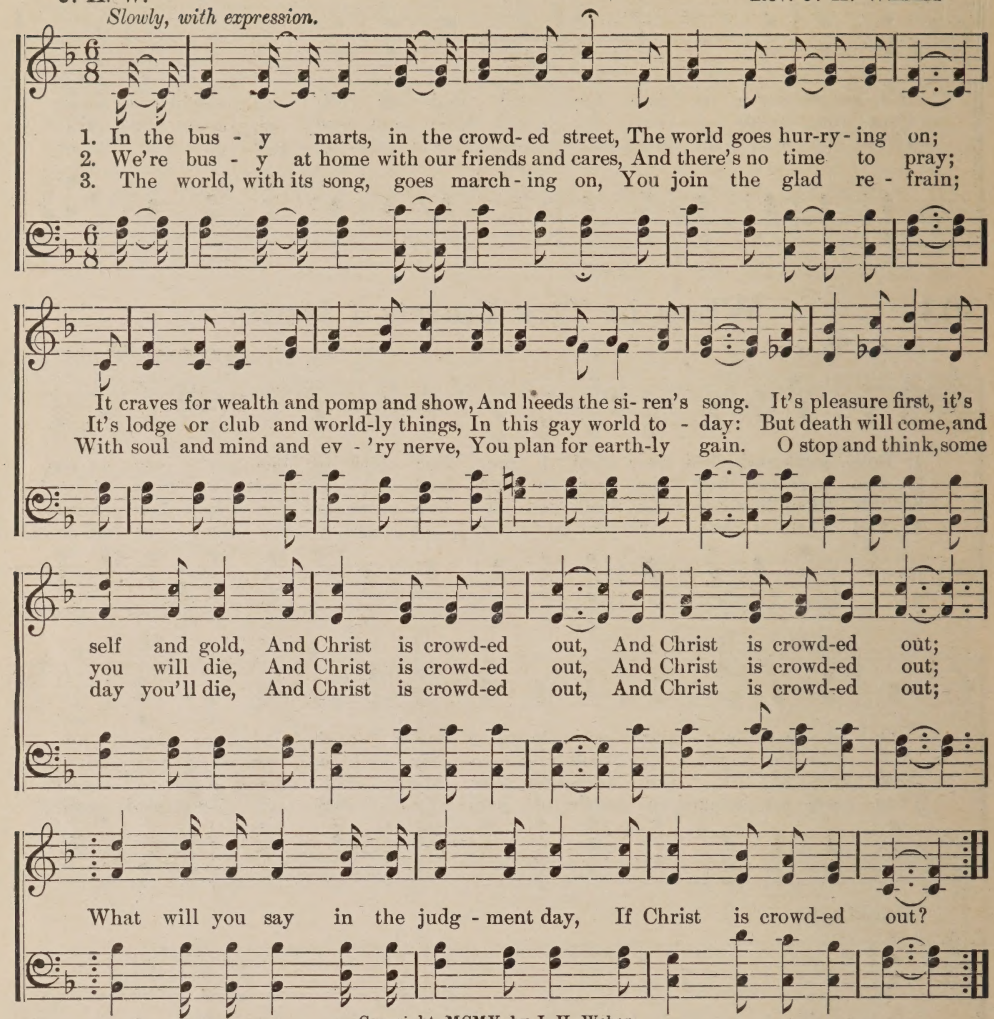
304 Christ is Crowded Out.

J. H. W. Rev. J. H. Weber.

Slowly, with expression.

1. In the bus - y marts, in the crowd- ed street, The world goes hur-ry - ing on;
2. We're bus - y at home with our friends and cares, And there's no time to pray;
3. The world, with its song, goes march - ing on, You join the glad re - frain;
It craves for wealth and pomp and show, And heeds the si- ren's song. It's pleasure first, it's
It's lodge or club and world-ly things, In this gay world to - day: But death will come, and
With soul and mind and ev - 'ry nerve, You plan for earth-ly gain. O stop and think, some
self and gold, And Christ is crowd-ed out, And Christ is crowd-ed out;
you will die, And Christ is crowd-ed out, And Christ is crowd-ed out;
day you'll die, And Christ is crowd-ed out, And Christ is crowd-ed out;
What will you say in the judg - ment day, If Christ is crowd-ed out?

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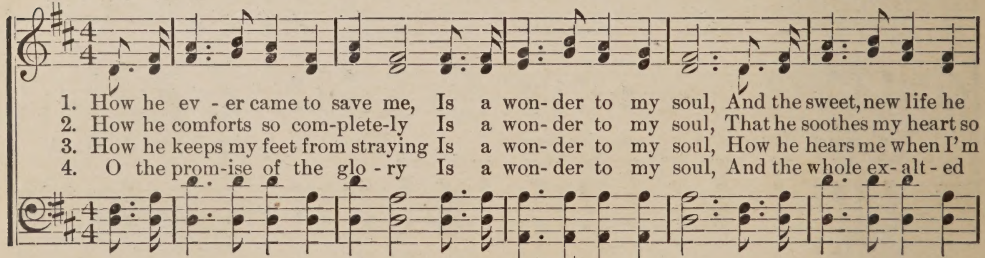
305 How He Ever Came to Save Me.

J. M. B. J. M. Black.


1. How he ev - er came to save me, Is a won- der to my soul, And the sweet, new life he
2. How he comforts so com-plete-ly Is a won- der to my soul, That he soothes my heart so
3. How he keeps my feet from straying Is a won- der to my soul, How he hears me when I'm
4. O the prom-ise of the glo - ry Is a won- der to my soul, And the whole ex- alt - ed

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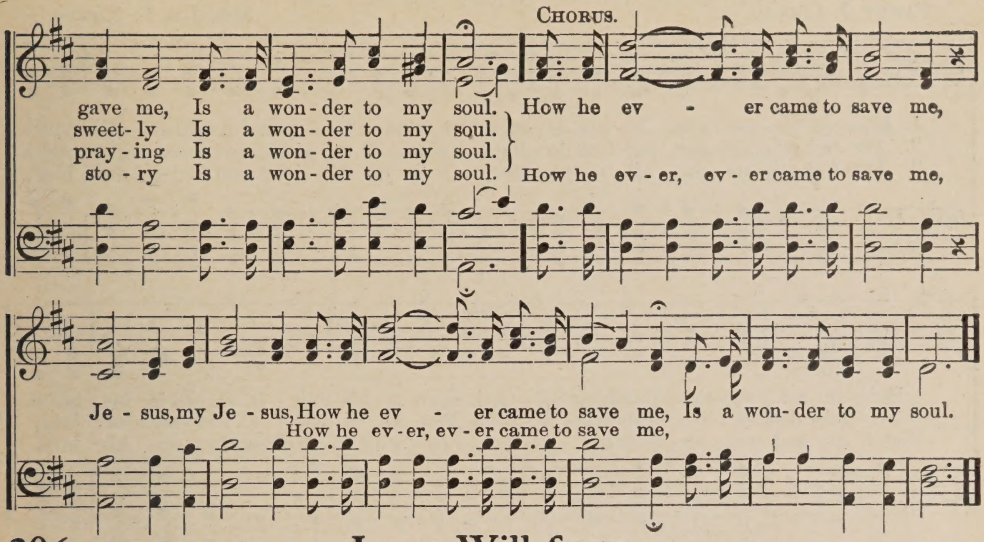
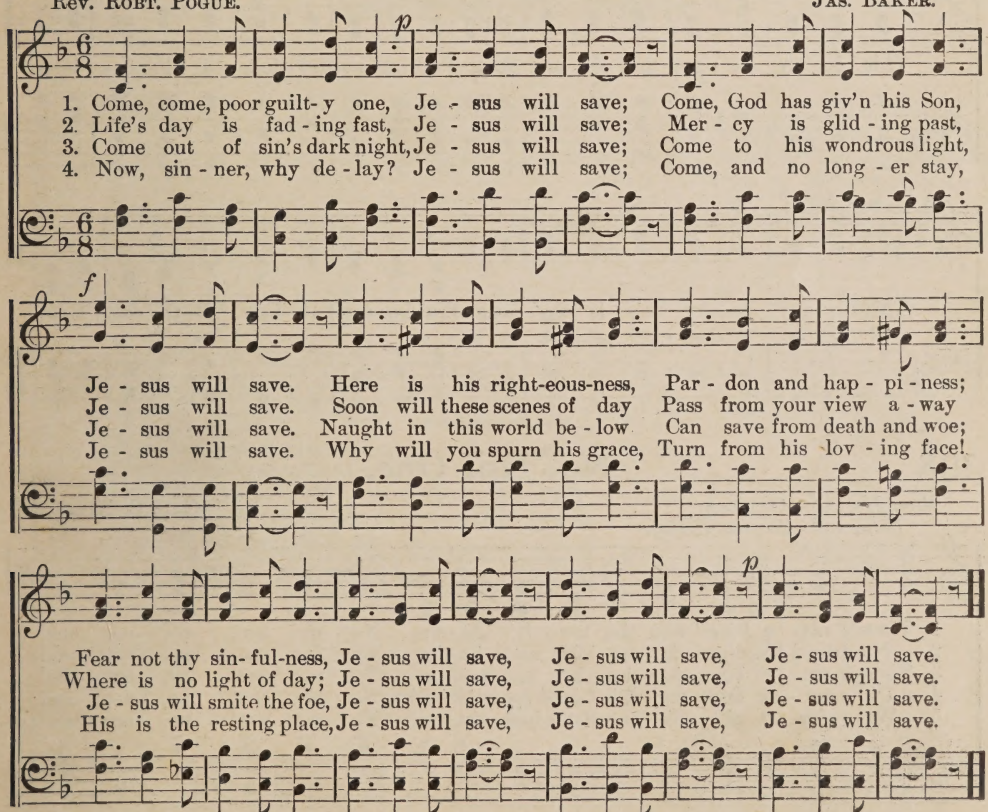
How He Ever Came to Save Me—Concluded.


CHORUS.
gave me, Is a won-der to my soul.
sweet-ly Is a won-der to my soul.
pray-ing Is a won-der to my soul.
sto-ry Is a won-der to my soul.
How he ev - er came to save me,
How he ev-er, ev-er came to save me,
Je-sus, my Je-sus, How he ev - er came to save me, Is a won-der to my soul.
How he ev-er, ev-er came to save me,

306 Jesus Will Save.

Rev. ROBT. POGUE. JAS. BAKER.


1. Come, come, poor guilt-y one, Je - sus will save; Come, God has giv'n his Son,
2. Life's day is fad-ing fast, Je - sus will save; Mer - cy is glid-ing past,
3. Come out of sin's dark night, Je - sus will save; Come to his wondrous light,
4. Now, sin-ner, why de-lay? Je - sus will save; Come, and no long-er stay,
Je - sus will save. Here is his right-eous-ness, Par - don and hap - pi-ness;
Je - sus will save. Soon will these scenes of day Pass from your view a-way
Je - sus will save. Naught in this world be-low Can save from death and woe;
Je - sus will save. Why will you spurn his grace, Turn from his lov-ing face!
Fear not thy sin-ful-ness, Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save.
Where is no light of day; Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save.
Je - sus will smite the foe, Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save.
His is the resting place, Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save.

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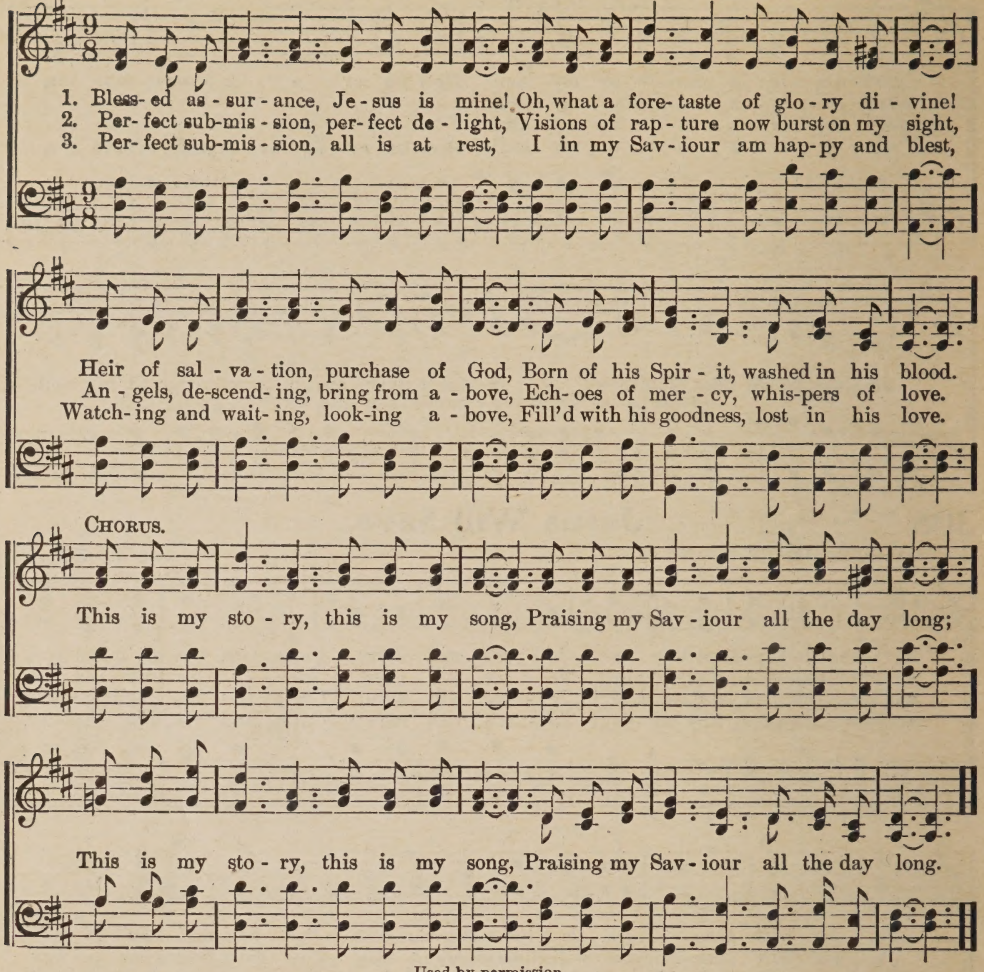
307 Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Bless- ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore- taste of glo - ry di - vine!
2. Per- fect sub-mis - sion, per- fect de - light, Visions of rap - ture now burst on my sight,
3. Per- fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am hap- py and blest,
Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of his Spir - it, washed in his blood.
An - gels, de-scend- ing, bring from a - bove, Ech- oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
Watch- ing and wait- ing, look-ing a - bove, Fill'd with his goodness, lost in his love.
CHORUS.
This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long;
This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long.

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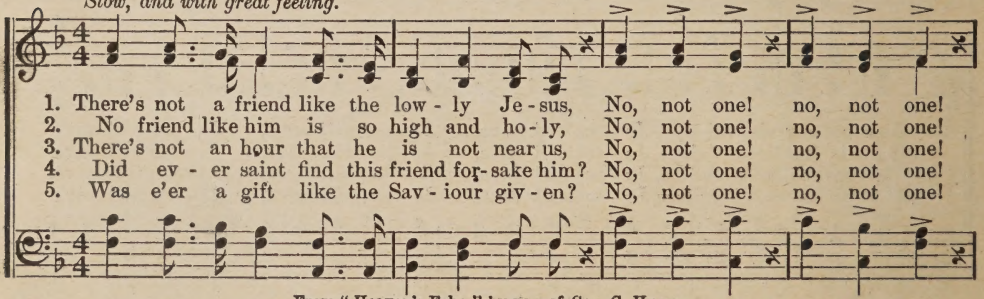
308 No, Not One.

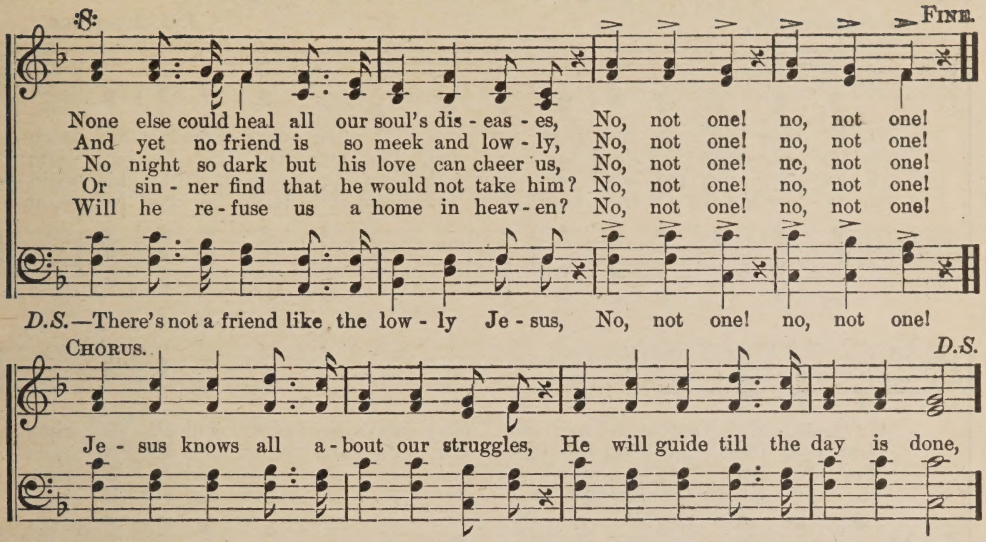
REV. JOHNSON OATMAN. GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow, and with great feeling.


1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this friend for- sake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - iour giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!

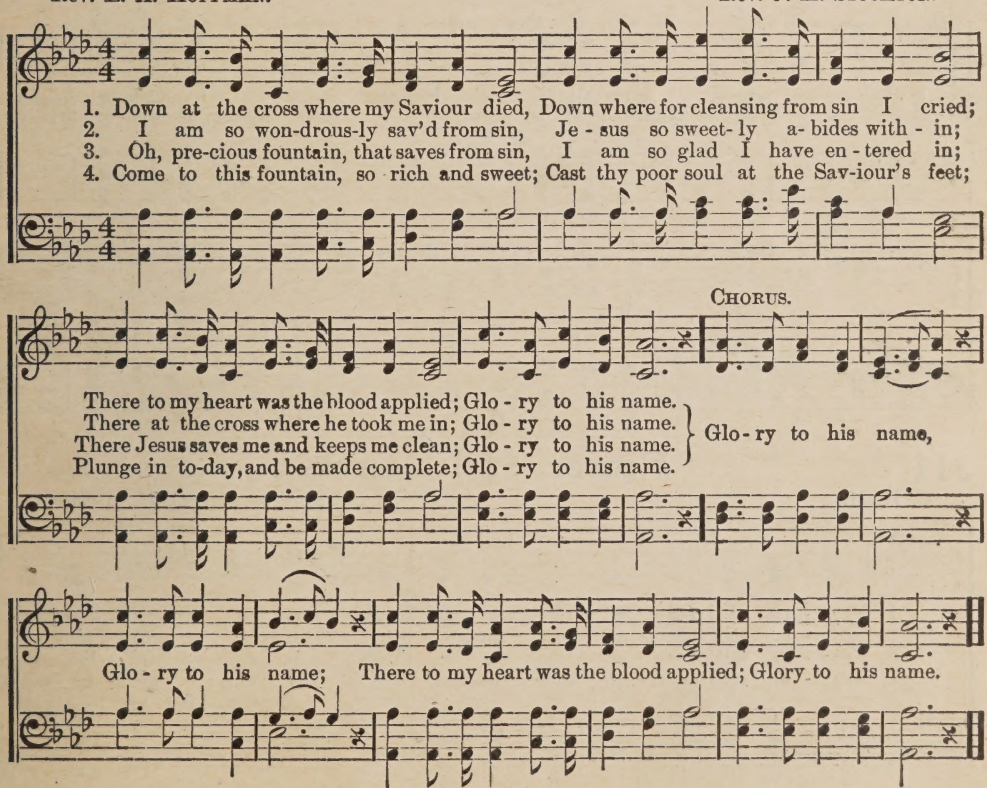
From "Heaven's Echo," by per. of Geo. C. Hugg.

No, Not One.—Concluded.


FINE.
None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will he re - fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! no, not one!
D.S.—There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
CHORUS.
D.S.
Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,

309 Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.


1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried;
2. I am so won-drous-ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet- ly a- bides with - in;
3. Oh, pre-cious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have en - tered in;
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the Sav-iour's feet;
CHORUS.
There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to his name.
There at the cross where he took me in; Glo - ry to his name.
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to his name.
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to his name.
Glo - ry to his name,
Glo - ry to his name; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glory to his name.

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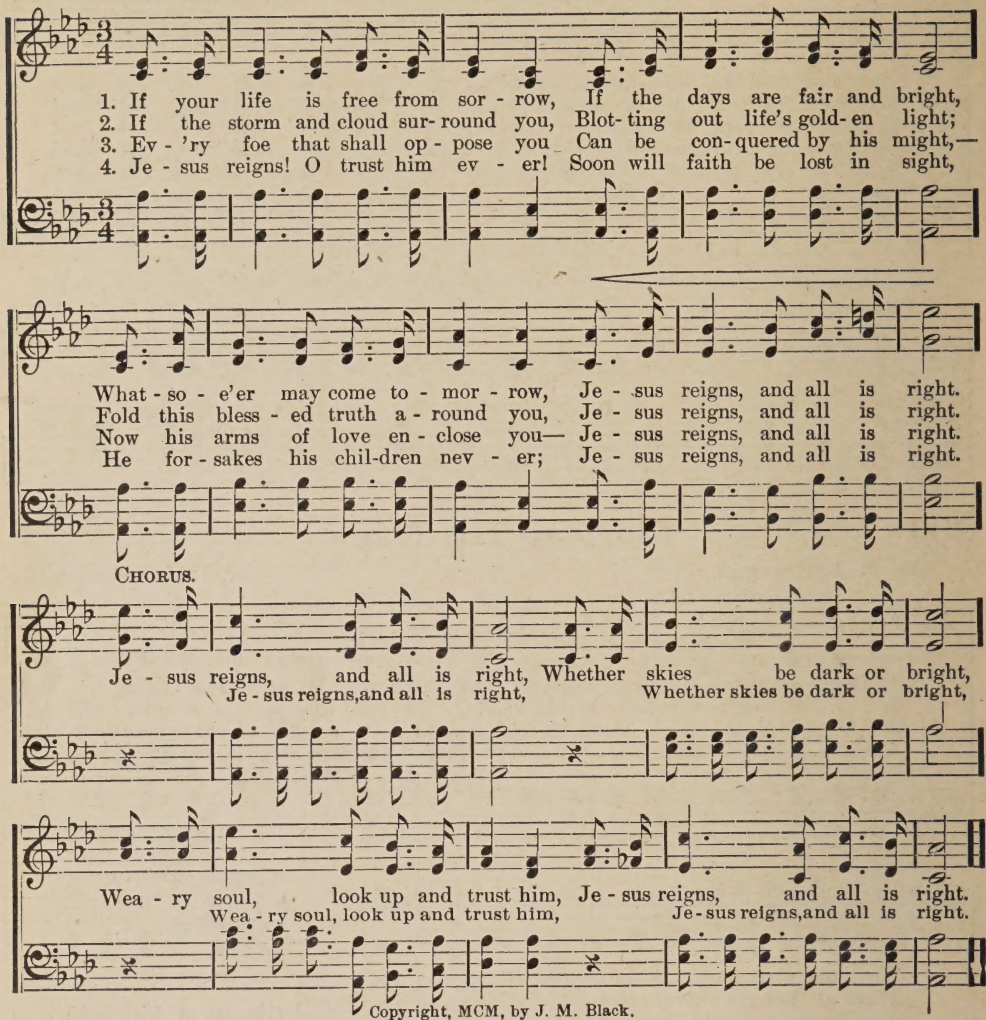
310 Jesus Reigns, and All is Right.

ADA BLENKHORN. J. J. JENNINGS.

1. If your life is free from sor - row, If the days are fair and bright,
2. If the storm and cloud sur-round you, Blot-ting out life's gold-en light;
3. Ev - 'ry foe that shall op - pose you Can be con-quered by his might,—
4. Je - sus reigns! O trust him ev - er! Soon will faith be lost in sight,
What - so - e'er may come to - mor - row, Je - sus reigns, and all is right.
Fold this bless - ed truth a - round you, Je - sus reigns, and all is right.
Now his arms of love en - close you— Je - sus reigns, and all is right.
He for - sakes his chil-dren nev - er; Je - sus reigns, and all is right.
CHORUS.
Je - sus reigns, and all is right, Whether skies be dark or bright,
Je - sus reigns, and all is right, Whether skies be dark or bright,
Wea - ry soul, look up and trust him, Je - sus reigns, and all is right.
Wea - ry soul, look up and trust him, Je - sus reigns, and all is right.

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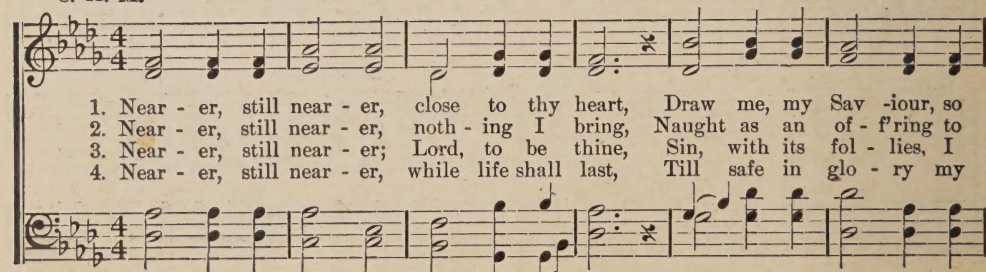
311 Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.


1. Near - er, still near - er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Sav -iour, so
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an of - f'ring to
3. Near - er, still near - er; Lord, to be thine, Sin, with its fol - lies, I
4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my

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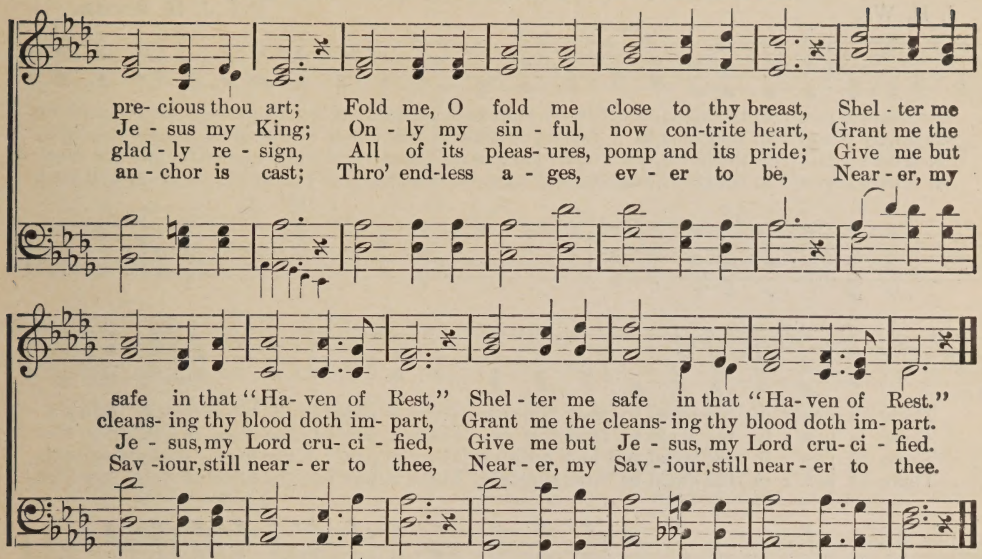
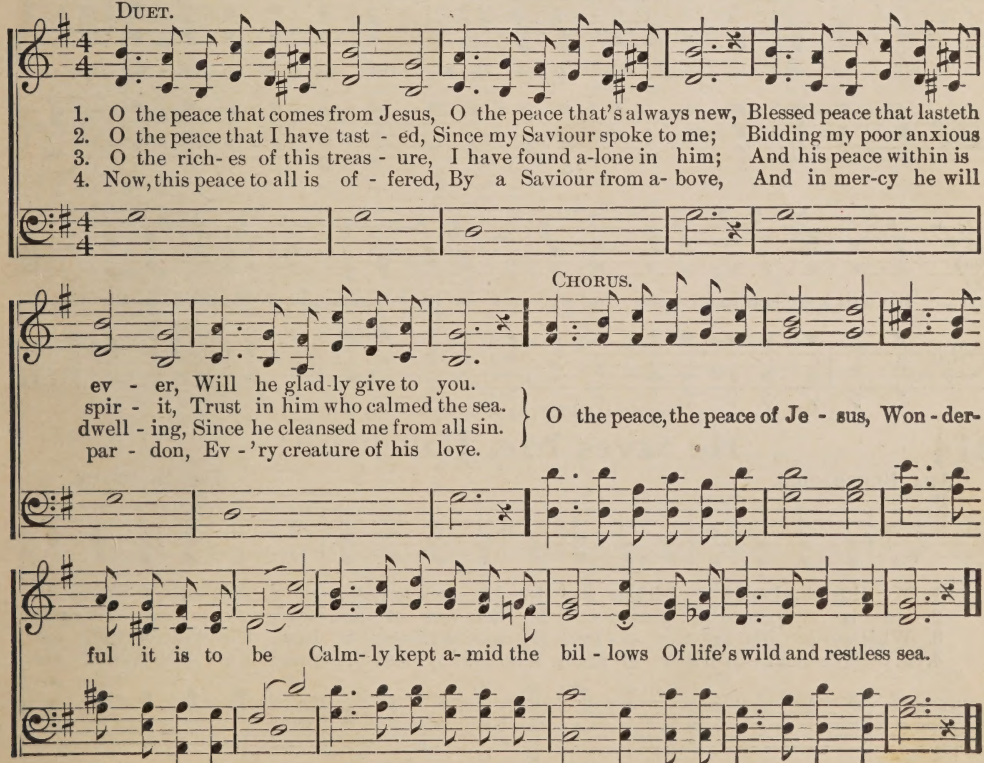
Nearer, Still Nearer.—Concluded.


pre- cious thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to thy breast, Shel - ter me
Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now con-trite heart, Grant me the
glad - ly re - sign, All of its pleas- ures, pomp and its pride; Give me but
an - chor is cast; Thro' end-less a - ges, ev - er to be, Near - er, my
safe in that "Ha- ven of Rest," Shel - ter me safe in that "Ha- ven of Rest."
cleans- ing thy blood doth im- part, Grant me the cleans- ing thy blood doth im- part.
Je - sus, my Lord cru- ci - fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru- ci - fied.
Sav -iour, still near - er to thee, Near - er, my Sav - iour, still near - er to thee.

312 O the Peace.

Rev. J. J. KETT. J. J. LOWE.

DUET.


1. O the peace that comes from Jesus, O the peace that's always new, Blessed peace that lasteth
2. O the peace that I have tast - ed, Since my Saviour spoke to me; Bidding my poor anxious
3. O the rich- es of this treas - ure, I have found a-lone in him; And his peace within is
4. Now, this peace to all is of - fered, By a Saviour from a- bove, And in mer-cy he will
CHORUS.
ev - er, Will he glad-ly give to you.
spir - it, Trust in him who calmed the sea.
dwell - ing, Since he cleansed me from all sin.
par - don, Ev -'ry creature of his love.
O the peace, the peace of Je - sus, Won - der-
ful it is to be Calm- ly kept a- mid the bil - lows Of life's wild and restless sea.

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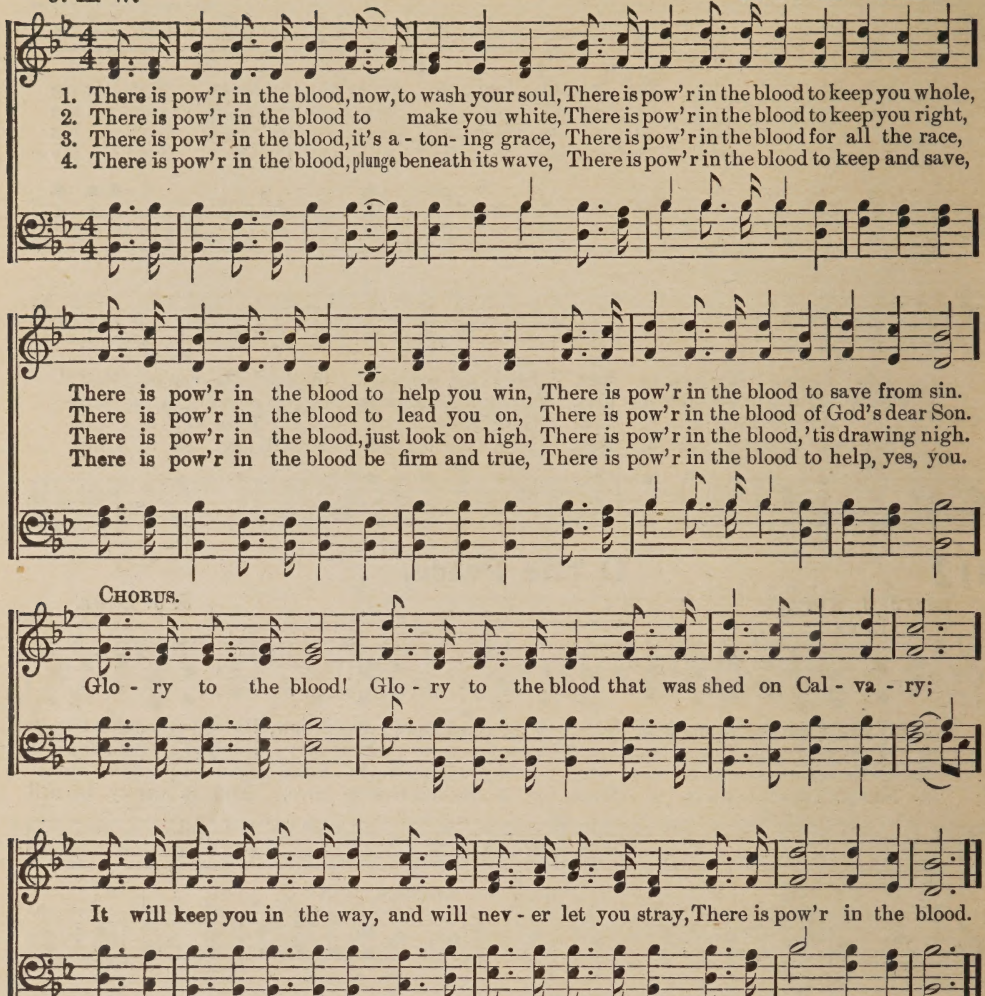
313 Power in the Blood.

J. H. W. Rev. J. H. WEBER.

1. There is pow'r in the blood, now, to wash your soul, There is pow'r in the blood to keep you whole,
2. There is pow'r in the blood to make you white, There is pow'r in the blood to keep you right,
3. There is pow'r in the blood, it's a - ton- ing grace, There is pow'r in the blood for all the race,
4. There is pow'r in the blood, plunge beneath its wave, There is pow'r in the blood to keep and save,
There is pow'r in the blood to help you win, There is pow'r in the blood to save from sin.
There is pow'r in the blood to lead you on, There is pow'r in the blood of God's dear Son.
There is pow'r in the blood, just look on high, There is pow'r in the blood, 'tis drawing nigh.
There is pow'r in the blood be firm and true, There is pow'r in the blood to help, yes, you.
CHORUS.
Glo - ry to the blood! Glo - ry to the blood that was shed on Cal - va - ry;
It will keep you in the way, and will nev - er let you stray, There is pow'r in the blood.

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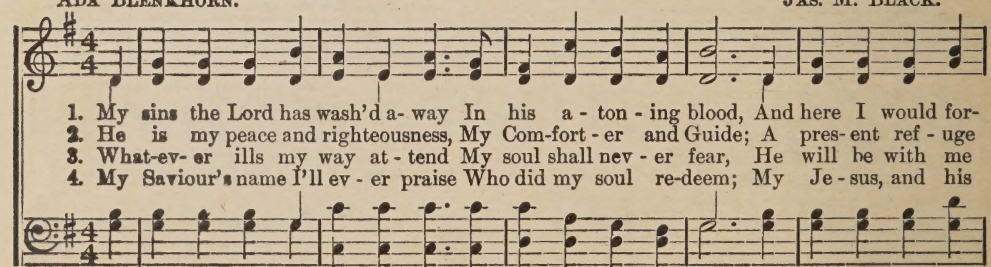
314 He Saves Me, Hallelujah!

ADA BLENKHORN. JAS. M. BLACK.


1. My sins the Lord has wash'd a- way In his a - ton - ing blood, And here I would for-
2. He is my peace and righteousness, My Com-fort - er and Guide; A pres- ent ref - uge
3. What-ev- er ills my way at - tend My soul shall nev - er fear, He will be with me
4. My Saviour's name I'll ev - er praise Who did my soul re-deem; My Je - sus, and his

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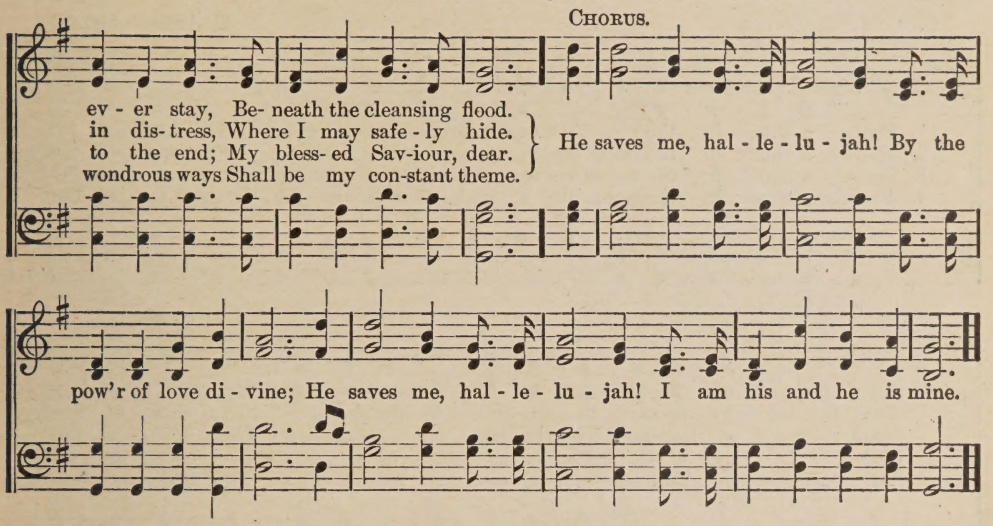
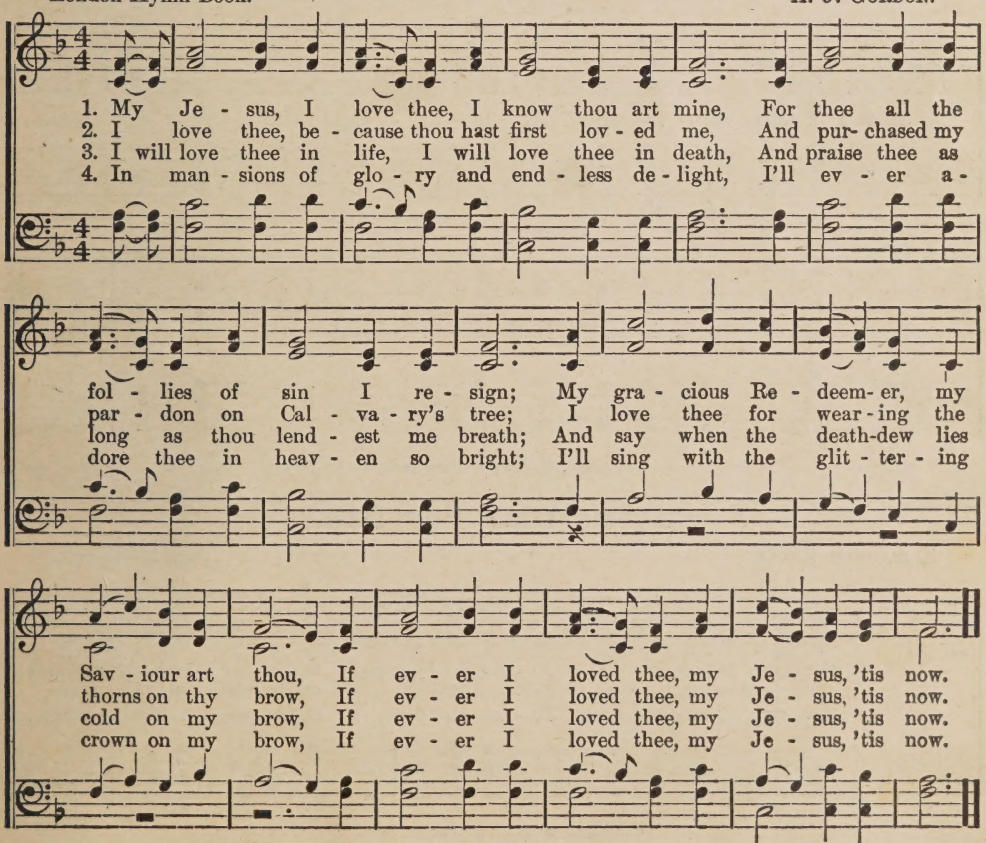
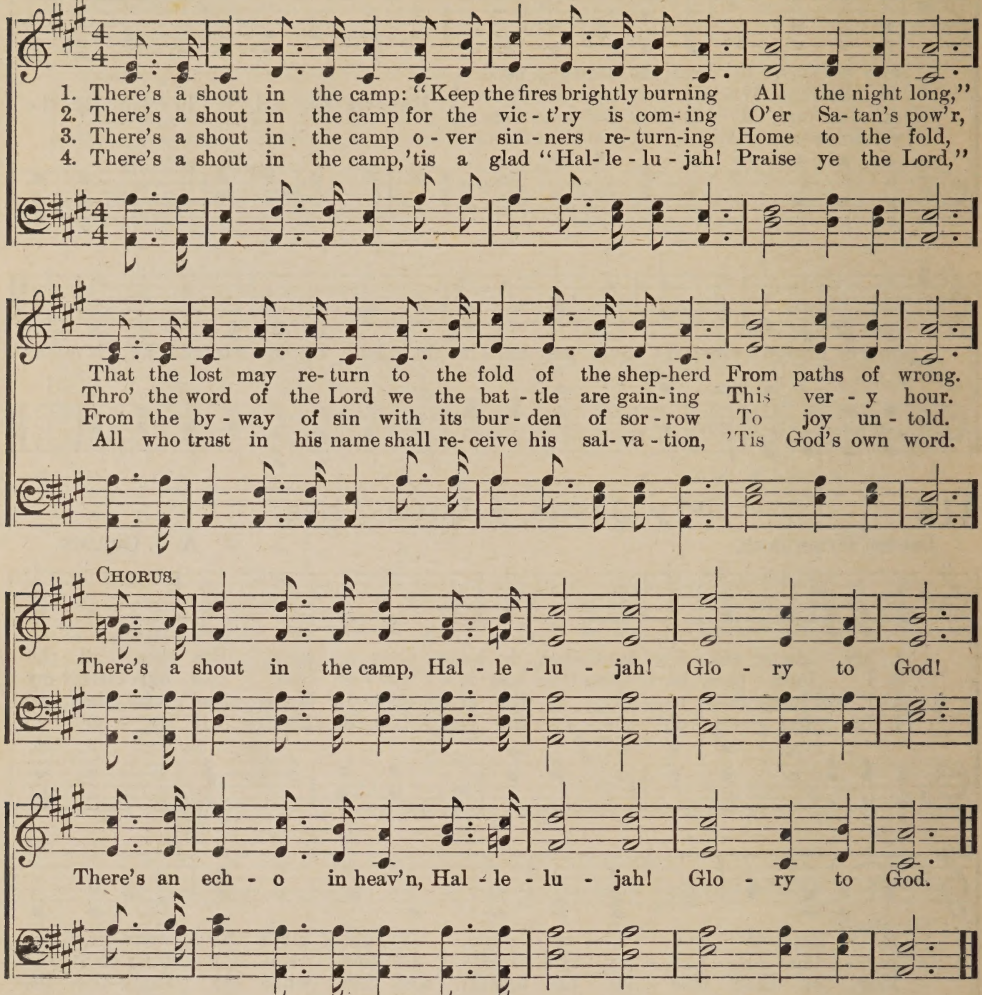
He Saves Me, Hallelujah.—Concluded.


Chorus.
ev - er stay, Be- neath the cleansing flood.
in dis- tress, Where I may safe - ly hide.
to the end; My bless- ed Sav-iour, dear.
wondrous ways Shall be my con-stant theme.
He saves me, hal - le - lu - jah! By the
pow'r of love di - vine; He saves me, hal - le - lu - jah! I am his and he is mine.

315 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the
2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur- chased my
3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem- er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - iour art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on thy brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

316 There's a Shout in the Camp.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. There's a shout in the camp: "Keep the fires brightly burning All the night long,"
2. There's a shout in the camp for the vic - t'ry is com- ing O'er Sa- tan's pow'r,
3. There's a shout in the camp o - ver sin - ners re- turn-ing Home to the fold,
4. There's a shout in the camp,'tis a glad "Hal- le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord,"
That the lost may re- turn to the fold of the shep-herd From paths of wrong.
Thro' the word of the Lord we the bat - tle are gain- ing This ver - y hour.
From the by - way of sin with its bur - den of sor - row To joy un - told.
All who trust in his name shall re- ceive his sal- va - tion, 'Tis God's own word.
Chorus.
There's a shout in the camp, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry to God!
There's an ech - o in heav'n, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry to God.

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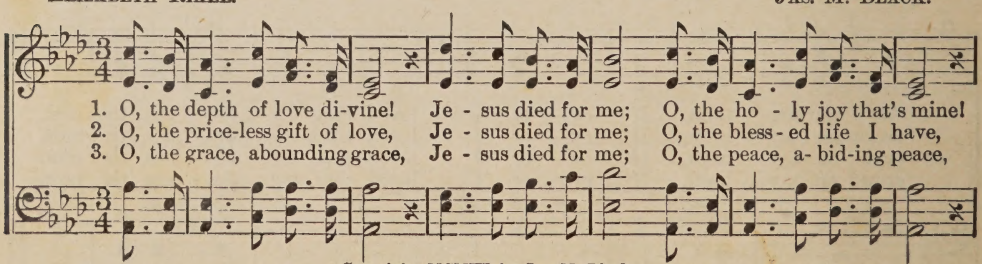
317 Jesus Died For Me.

Elizabeth Riall. Jas. M. Black.

1. O, the depth of love di-vine! Je - sus died for me; O, the ho - ly joy that's mine!
2. O, the price-less gift of love, Je - sus died for me; O, the bless - ed life I have,
3. O, the grace, abounding grace, Je - sus died for me; O, the peace, a- bid-ing peace,

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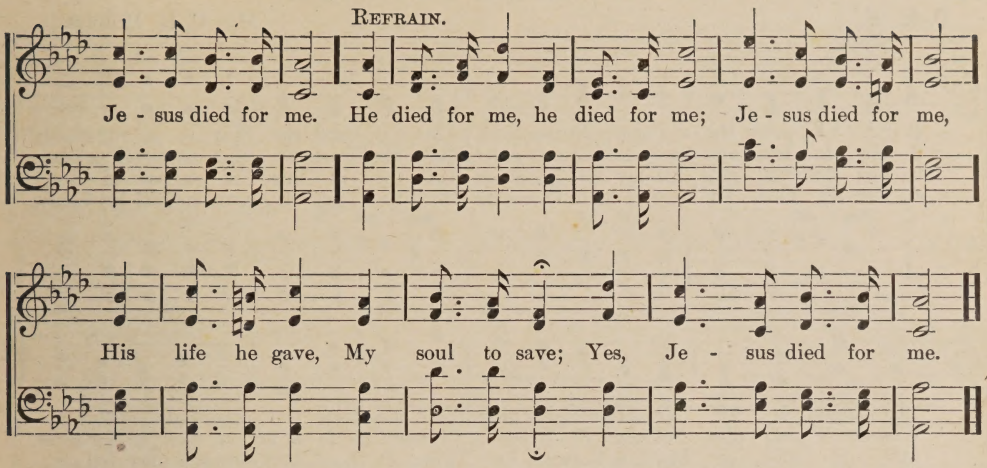
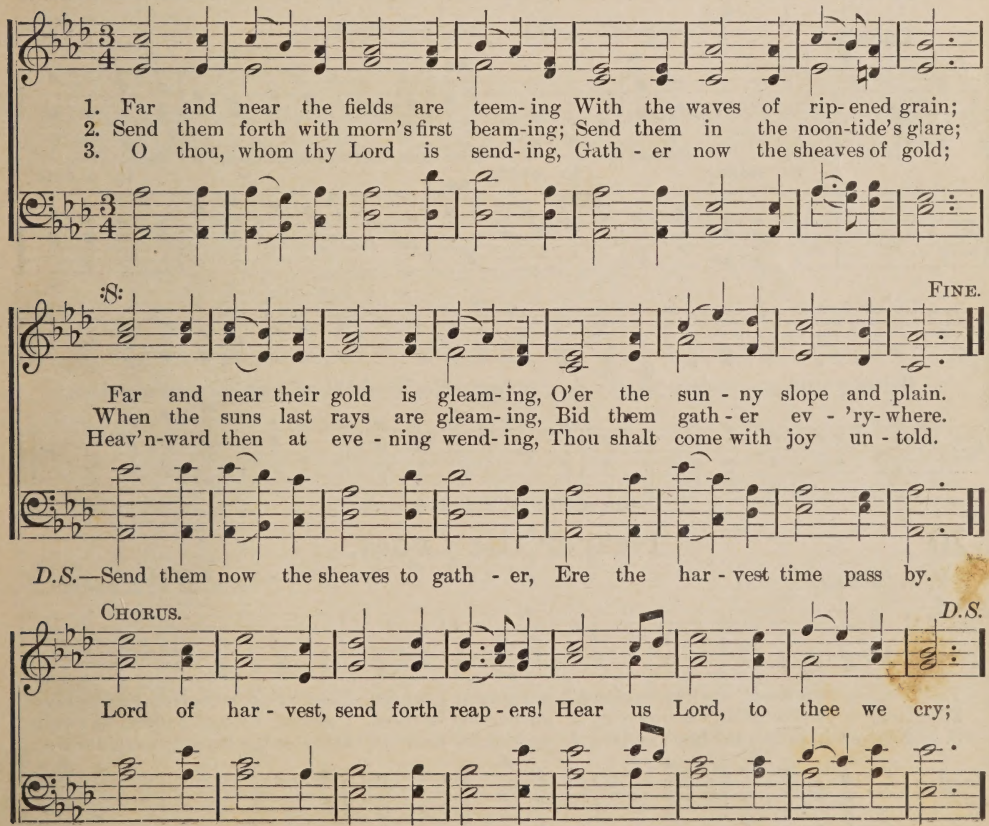
Jesus Died For Me.—Concluded.

318 The Call for Reapers.

J. O. THOMPSON. J. B. O. CLEMM.


1. Far and near the fields are teem- ing With the waves of rip- ened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beam-ing; Send them in the noon-tide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send- ing, Gath - er now the sheaves of gold;
FINE.
Far and near their gold is gleam- ing, O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
When the suns last rays are gleam- ing, Bid them gath - er ev - 'ry- where.
Heav'n-ward then at eve - ning wend- ing, Thou shalt come with joy un - told.
D.S.—Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Lord of har - vest, send forth reap - ers! Hear us Lord, to thee we cry;

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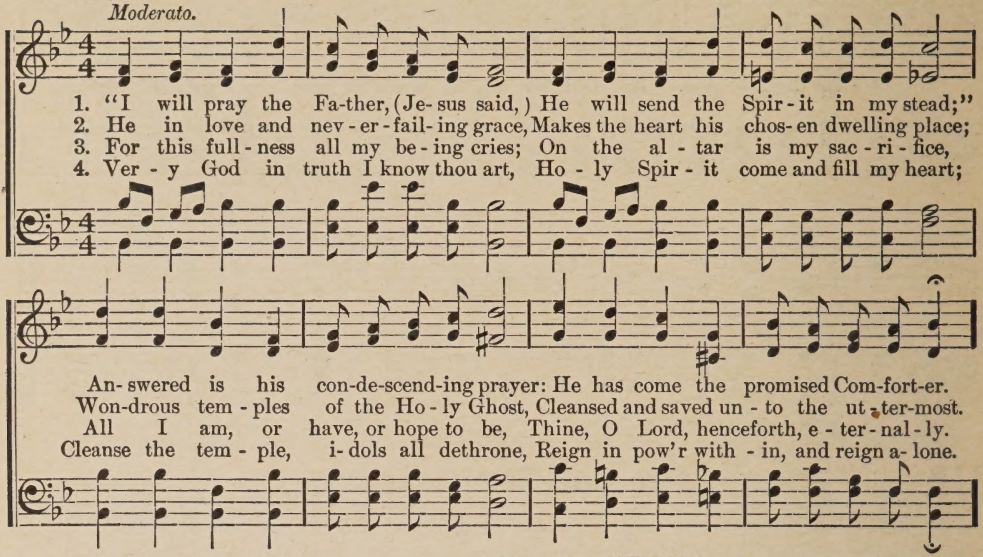
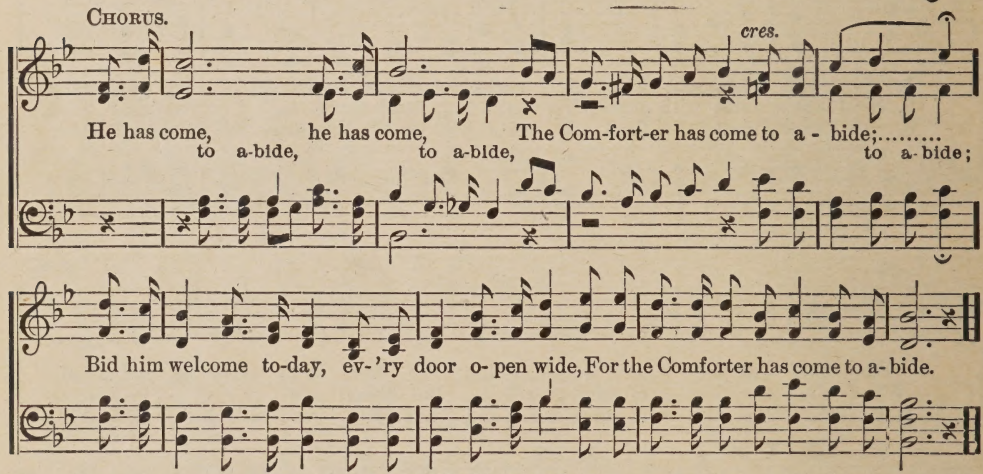
319 He Has Come to Abide.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Moderato.


1. "I will pray the Fa-ther, (Je-sus said,) He will send the Spir-it in my stead;"
2. He in love and nev-er-fail-ing grace, Makes the heart his chos-en dwelling place;
3. For this full-ness all my be-ing cries; On the al-tar is my sac-ri-fice,
4. Ver-y God in truth I know thou art, Ho-ly Spir-it come and fill my heart;
An-swered is his con-de-scend-ing prayer: He has come the promised Com-fort-er.
Won-drous tem-ples of the Ho-ly Ghost, Cleansed and saved un-to the ut-ter-most.
All I am, or have, or hope to be, Thine, O Lord, henceforth, e-ter-nal-ly.
Cleanse the tem-ple, i-dols all dethrone, Reign in pow'r with-in, and reign a-lone.

Chorus.


cres.
He has come, he has come, The Com-fort-er has come to a-bide;.....
to a-bide, to a-bide, to a-bide;
Bid him welcome to-day, ev-'ry door o-pen wide, For the Comforter has come to a-bide.

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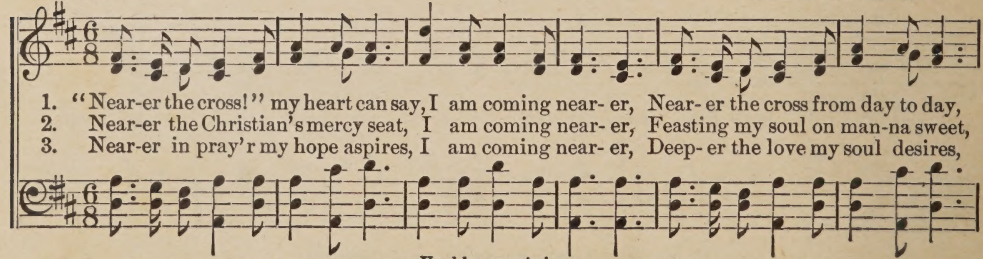
320 Nearer the Cross.

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.


1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am coming near-er, Near-er the cross from day to day,
2. Near-er the Christian's mercy seat, I am coming near-er, Feasting my soul on man-na sweet,
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope aspires, I am coming near-er, Deep-er the love my soul desires,

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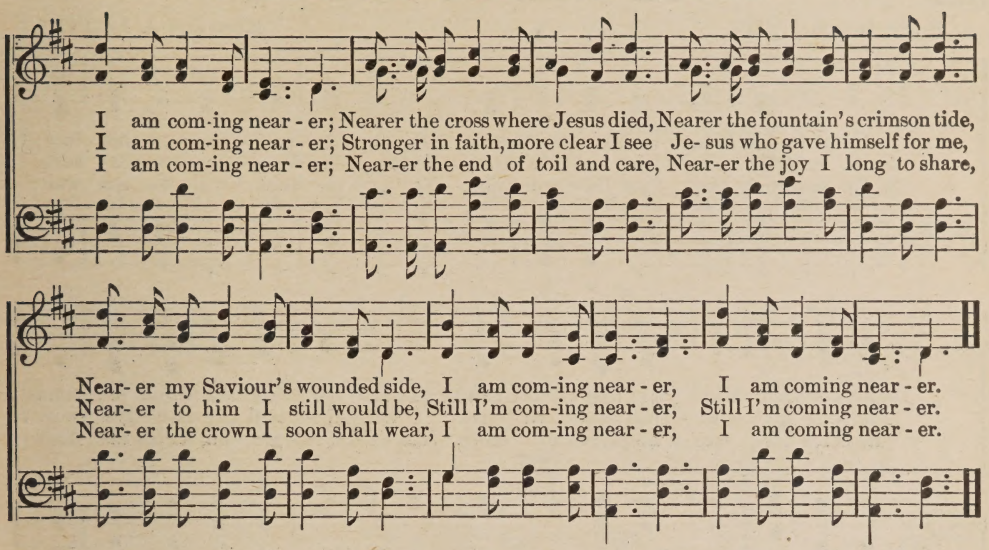
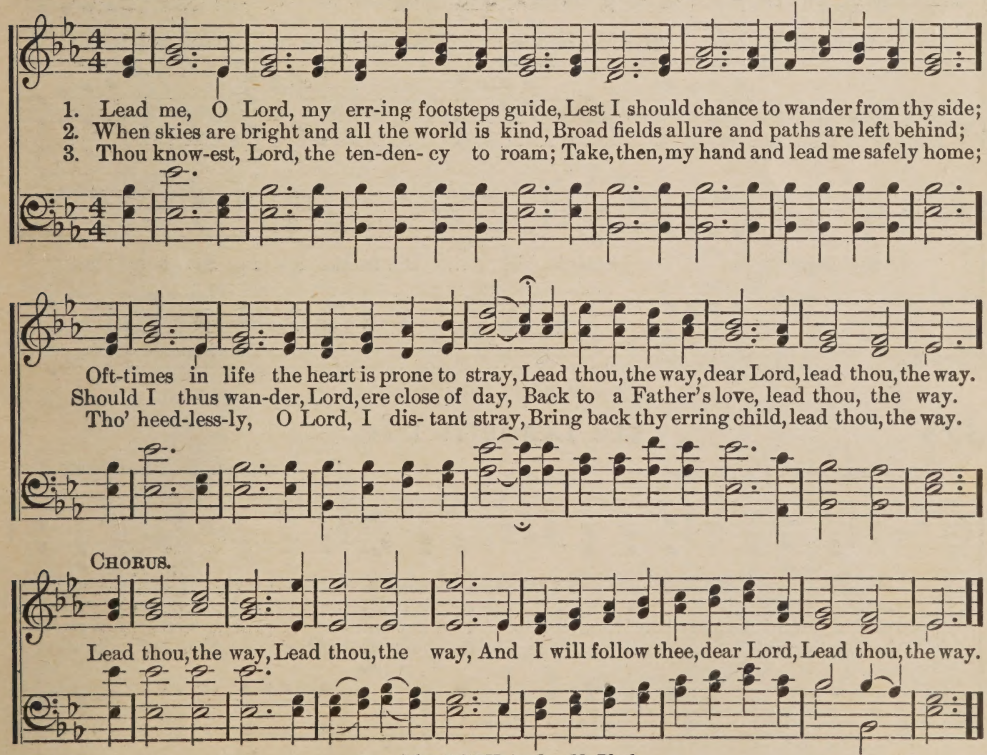
Nearer the Cross.—Concluded.


I am com-ing near - er; Nearer the cross where Jesus died, Nearer the fountain's crimson tide,
I am com-ing near - er; Stronger in faith, more clear I see Je- sus who gave himself for me,
I am com-ing near - er; Near-er the end of toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share,
Near- er my Saviour's wounded side, I am com-ing near - er, I am coming near - er.
Near- er to him I still would be, Still I'm com-ing near - er, Still I'm coming near - er.
Near- er the crown I soon shall wear, I am com-ing near - er, I am coming near - er.

321 Lead Thou, the Way.

Dr. M. Victor Staley. Jas. M. Black.


1. Lead me, O Lord, my err-ing footsteps guide, Lest I should chance to wander from thy side;
2. When skies are bright and all the world is kind, Broad fields allure and paths are left behind;
3. Thou know-est, Lord, the ten-den- cy to roam; Take, then, my hand and lead me safely home;
Oft-times in life the heart is prone to stray, Lead thou, the way, dear Lord, lead thou, the way.
Should I thus wan-der, Lord, ere close of day, Back to a Father's love, lead thou, the way.
Tho' heed-less-ly, O Lord, I dis- tant stray, Bring back thy erring child, lead thou, the way.
Chorus.
Lead thou, the way, Lead thou, the way, And I will follow thee, dear Lord, Lead thou, the way.

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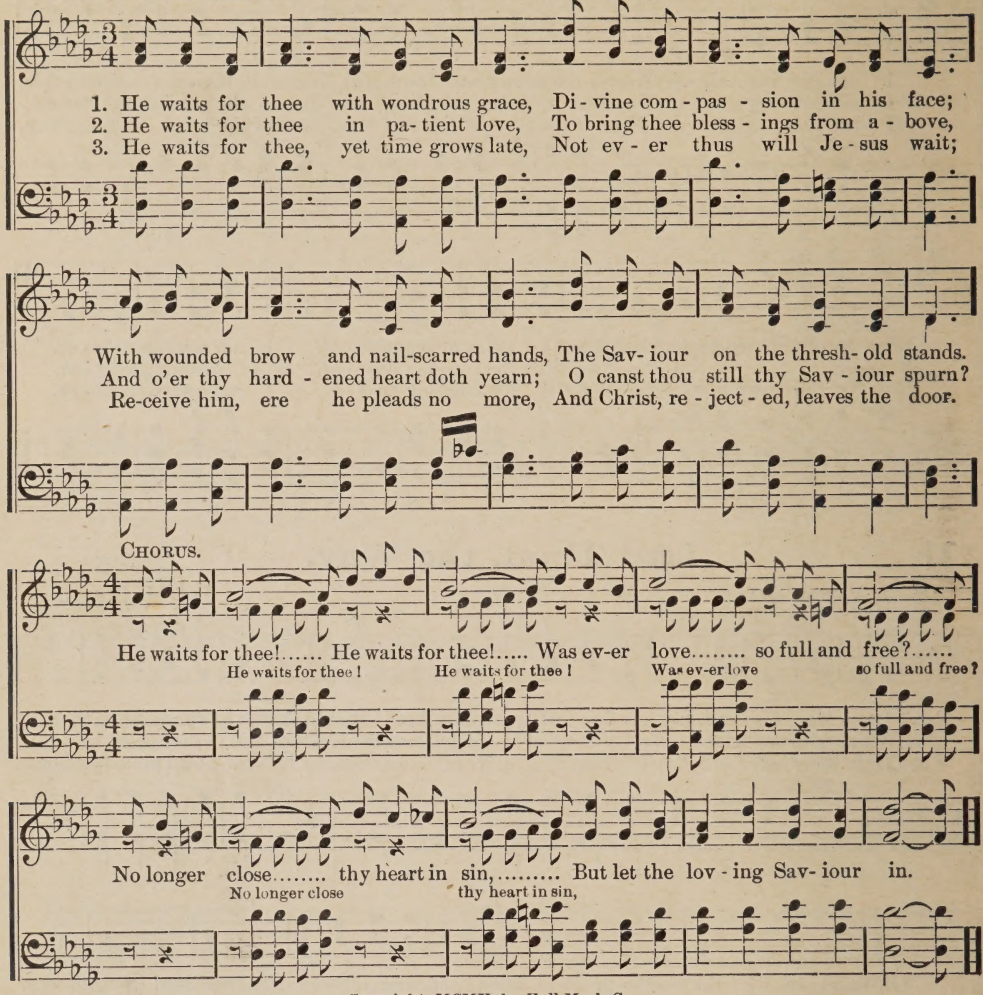
322 He Waits for Thee.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. He waits for thee with wondrous grace, Di - vine com - pas - sion in his face;
2. He waits for thee in pa - tient love, To bring thee bless - ings from a - bove,
3. He waits for thee, yet time grows late, Not ev - er thus will Je - sus wait;
With wounded brow and nail-scarred hands, The Sav - iour on the thresh - old stands.
And o'er thy hard - ened heart doth yearn; O canst thou still thy Sav - iour spurn?
Re-ceive him, ere he pleads no more, And Christ, re - ject - ed, leaves the door.
CHORUS.
He waits for thee!..... He waits for thee!..... Was ev-er love..... so full and free?.....
He waits for thee! He waits for thee! Was ev-er love so full and free?
No longer close..... thy heart in sin,..... But let the lov - ing Sav - iour in.
No longer close thy heart in sin,

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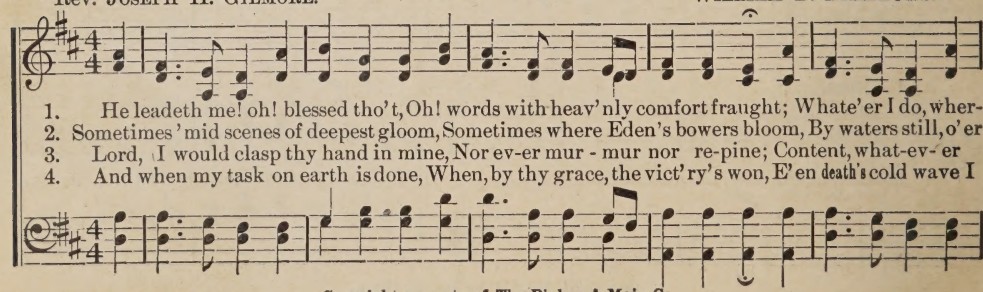
323 He Leadeth Me.

Rev. JOSEPH H. GILMORE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.


1. He leadeth me! oh! blessed tho't, Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught; Whate'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur - mur nor re-pine; Content, what-ev-er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I

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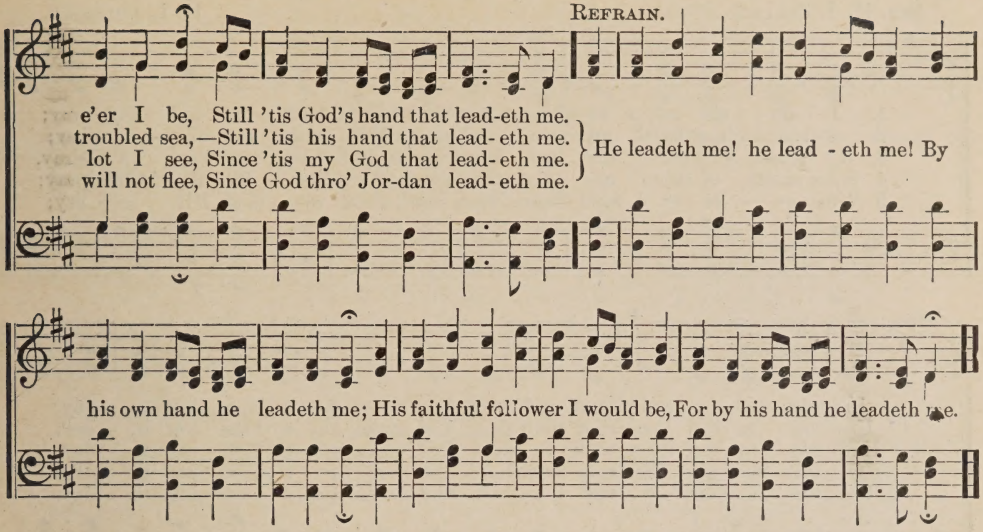
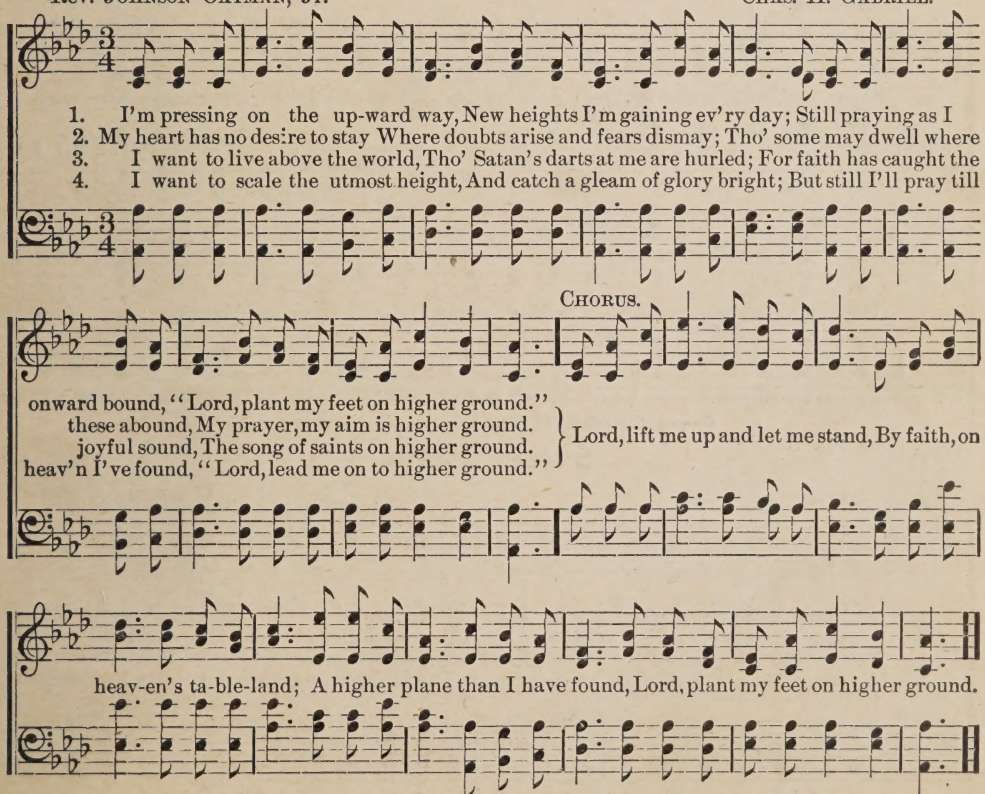
He Leadeth Me.—Concluded.


REFRAIN.
e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
troubled sea,—Still 'tis his hand that lead-eth me.
lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.
He leadeth me! he lead - eth me! By
his own hand he leadeth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

324 Higher Ground.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. I'm pressing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day; Still praying as I
2. My heart has no desire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay; Tho' some may dwell where
3. I want to live above the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurled; For faith has caught the
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glory bright; But still I'll pray till
CHORUS.
onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
these abound, My prayer, my aim is higher ground.
joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."
Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on
heav-en's ta-ble-land; A higher plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

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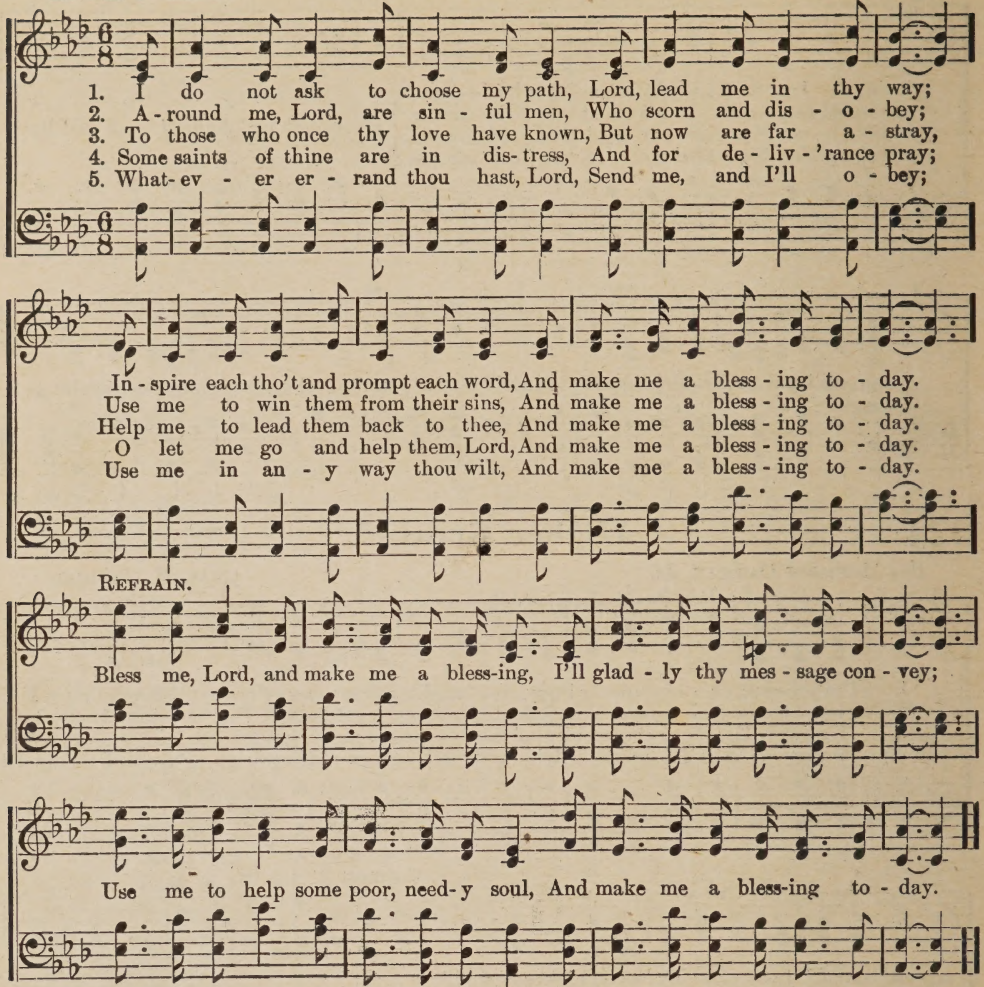
325 Make Me A Blessing To-Day.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. H. L. Gilmour.

1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in thy way;
2. A-round me, Lord, are sin-ful men, Who scorn and dis-o-bey;
3. To those who once thy love have known, But now are far a-stray,
4. Some saints of thine are in dis-tress, And for de-liv-'rance pray;
5. What-ev-er er-rand thou hast, Lord, Send me, and I'll o-bey;
In-spire each tho't and prompt each word, And make me a bless-ing to-day.
Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a bless-ing to-day.
Help me to lead them back to thee, And make me a bless-ing to-day.
O let me go and help them, Lord, And make me a bless-ing to-day.
Use me in an-y way thou wilt, And make me a bless-ing to-day.
Refrain.
Bless me, Lord, and make me a bless-ing, I'll glad-ly thy mes-sage con-vey;
Use me to help some poor, need-y soul, And make me a bless-ing to-day.

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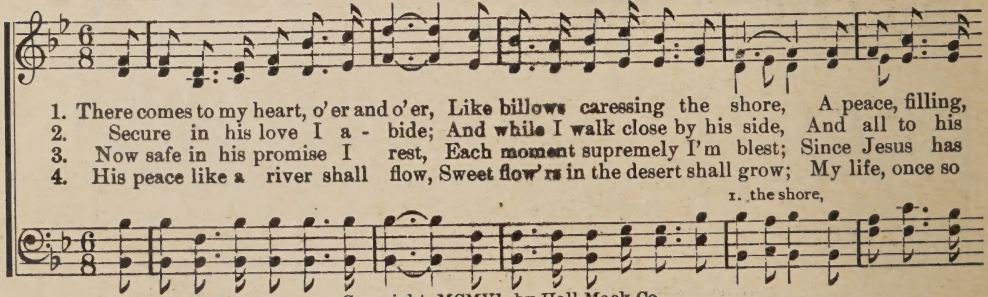
326 Sweet Peace.

A. A. Payn. C. Austin Miles.


1. There comes to my heart, o'er and o'er, Like billows caressing the shore, A peace, filling,
2. Secure in his love I a-bide; And while I walk close by his side, And all to his
3. Now safe in his promise I rest, Each moment supremely I'm blest; Since Jesus has
4. His peace like a river shall flow, Sweet flow'rs in the desert shall grow; My life, once so
1. the shore,

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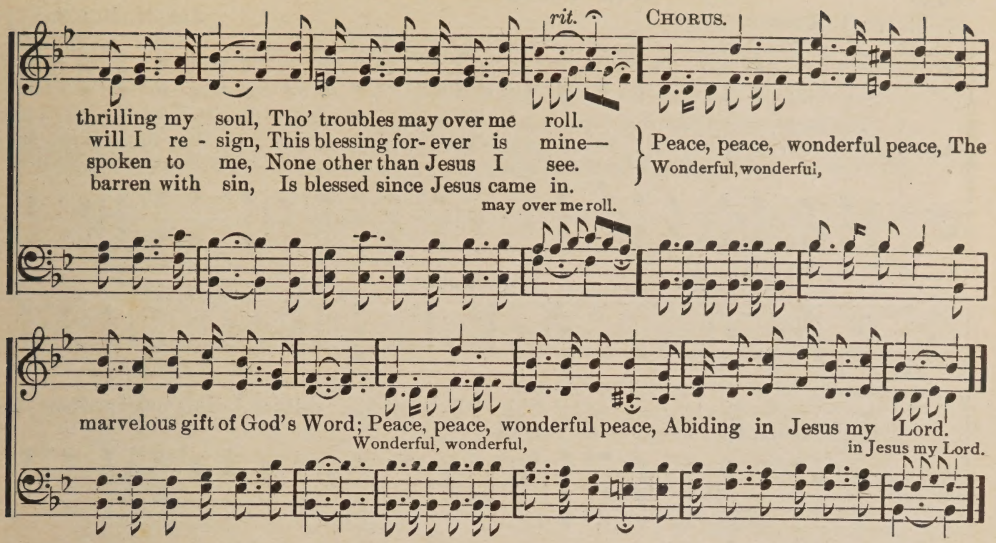
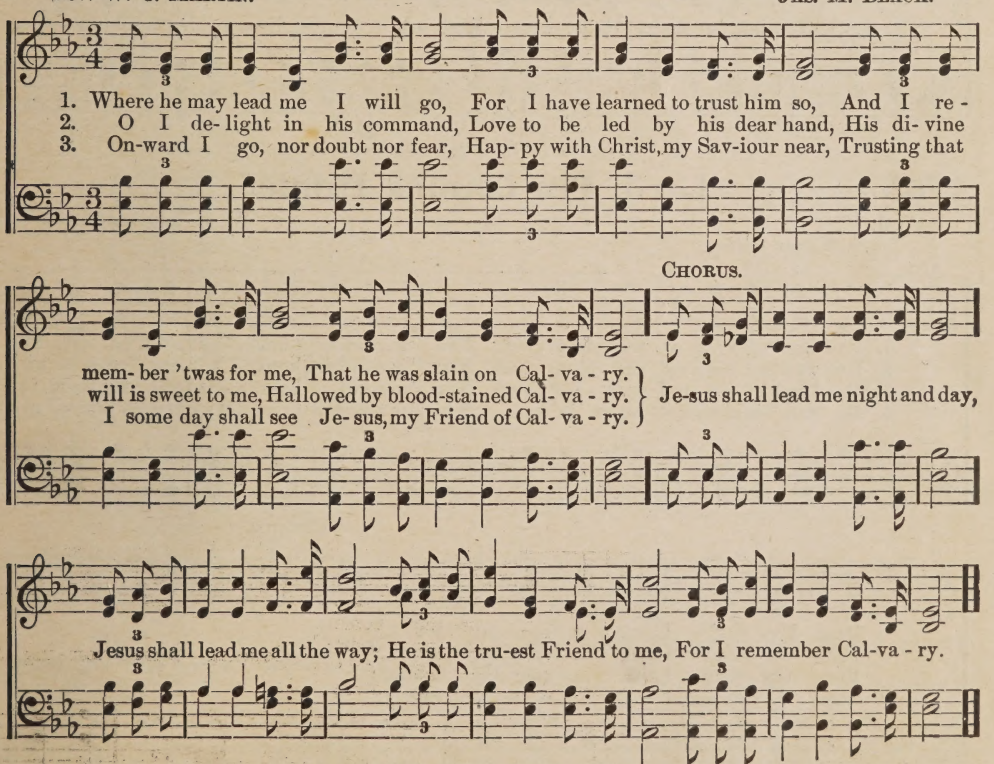
Sweet Peace.—Concluded.


rit.
CHORUS.
thrilling my soul, Tho' troubles may over me roll.
will I re - sign, This blessing for- ever is mine—
spoken to me, None other than Jesus I see.
barren with sin, Is blessed since Jesus came in.
Peace, peace, wonderful peace, The
Wonderful, wonderful,
may over me roll.
marvelous gift of God's Word; Peace, peace, wonderful peace, Abiding in Jesus my Lord.
Wonderful, wonderful,
in Jesus my Lord.

327 I Remember Calvary.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN. JAS. M. BLACK.


1. Where he may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust him so, And I re -
2. O I de- light in his command, Love to be led by his dear hand, His di- vine
3. On-ward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Hap- py with Christ, my Sav-iour near, Trusting that
CHORUS.
mem- ber 'twas for me, That he was slain on Cal- va - ry.
will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stained Cal- va - ry.
I some day shall see Je- sus, my Friend of Cal- va - ry.
Je-sus shall lead me night and day,
Jesus shall lead me all the way; He is the tru-est Friend to me, For I remember Cal-va - ry.

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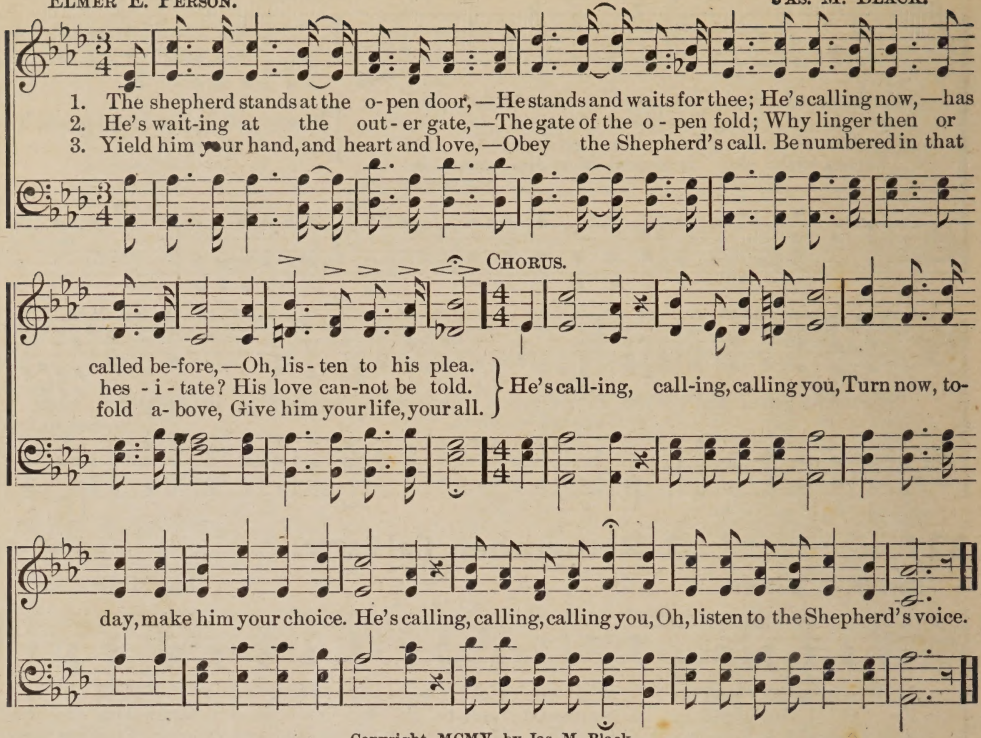
328 The Shepherd Calls.

ELMER E. PERSON. JAS. M. BLACK.


1. The shepherd stands at the o-pen door, —He stands and waits for thee; He's calling now, —has
2. He's wait-ing at the out-er gate, —The gate of the o-pen fold; Why linger then or
3. Yield him your hand, and heart and love, —Obey the Shepherd's call. Be numbered in that
CHORUS.
called be-fore, —Oh, lis-ten to his plea.
hes-i-tate? His love can-not be told.
fold a-bove, Give him your life, your all.
He's call-ing, call-ing, calling you, Turn now, to-
day, make him your choice. He's calling, calling, calling you, Oh, listen to the Shepherd's voice.

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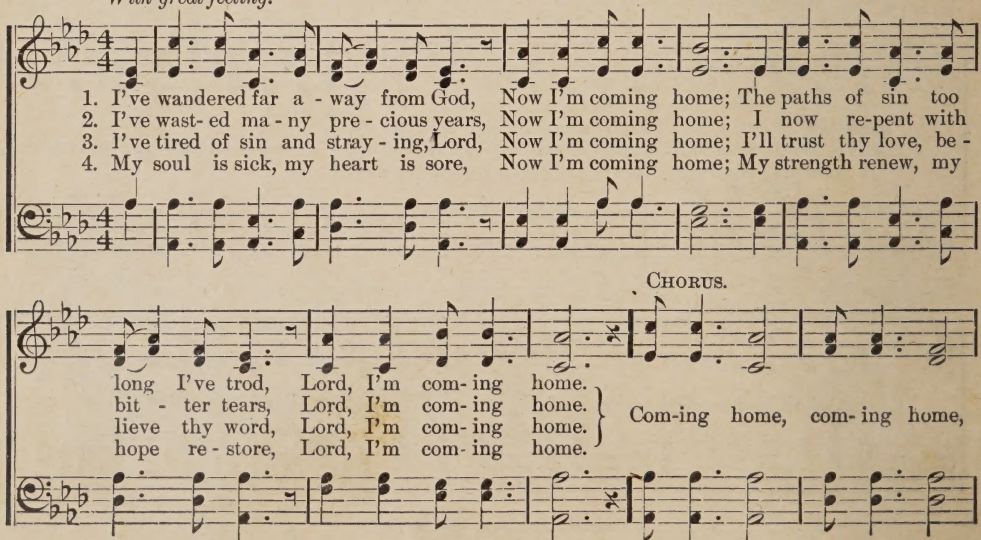
329 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

With great feeling.


1. I've wandered far a-way from God, Now I'm coming home; The paths of sin too
2. I've wast-ed ma-ny pre-cious years, Now I'm coming home; I now re-pent with
3. I've tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home; I'll trust thy love, be-
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home; My strength renew, my
CHORUS.
long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
bit-ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
lieve thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
Com-ing home, com-ing home,

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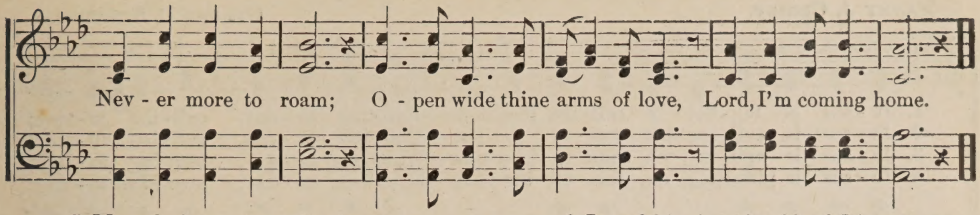
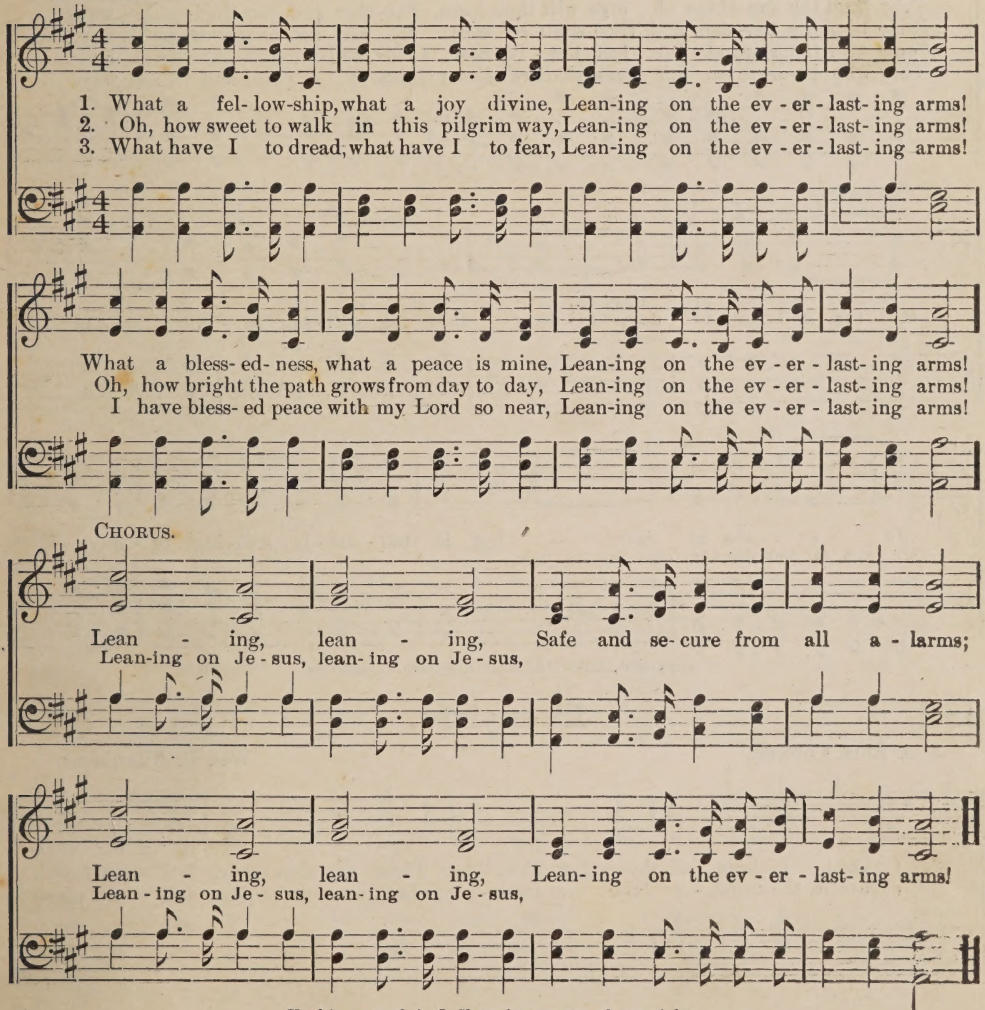
Lord, I'm Coming Home.—Concluded.



5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

330 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel- low-ship, what a joy divine, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last- ing arms!
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last- ing arms!
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last- ing arms!
What a bless- ed- ness, what a peace is mine, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last- ing arms!
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last- ing arms!
I have bless- ed peace with my Lord so near, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last- ing arms!
CHORUS.
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and se- cure from all a - larms;
Lean-ing on Je - sus, lean- ing on Je - sus,
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean- ing on the ev - er - last- ing arms!
Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean- ing on Je - sus,

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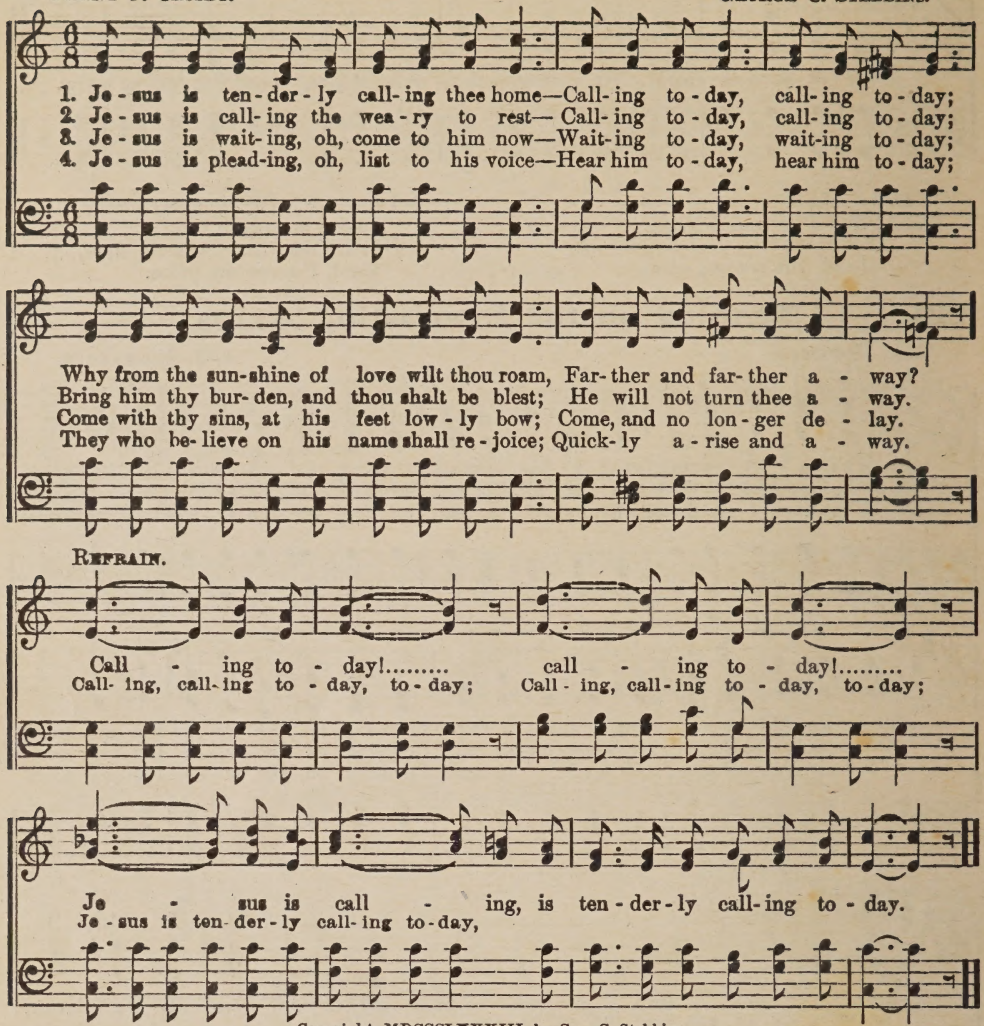
331 Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home—Call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest— Call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
3. Je - sus is wait - ing, oh, come to him now—Wait - ing to - day, wait - ing to - day;
4. Je - sus is plead - ing, oh, list to his voice—Hear him to - day, hear him to - day;
Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam, Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
Bring him thy bur - den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at his feet low - ly bow; Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
They who be - lieve on his name shall re - joice; Quick - ly a - rise and a - way.
REFRAIN.
Call - ing to - day!..... call - ing to - day!.....
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day; Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day;
Je - sus is call - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day,

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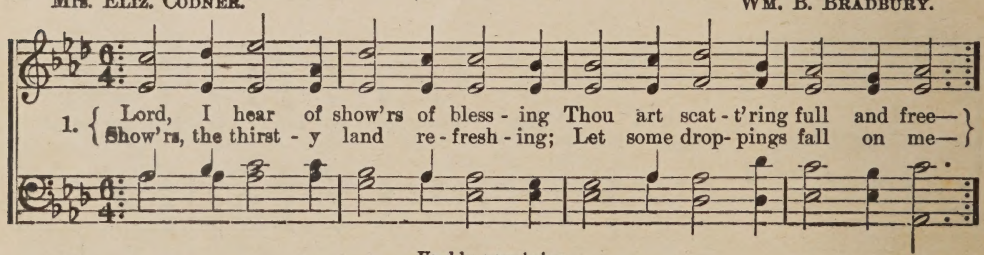
332 Even Me.

MRS. ELIZ. CODNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scat - t'ring full and free—
Show'rs, the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing; Let some drop - pings fall on me— }

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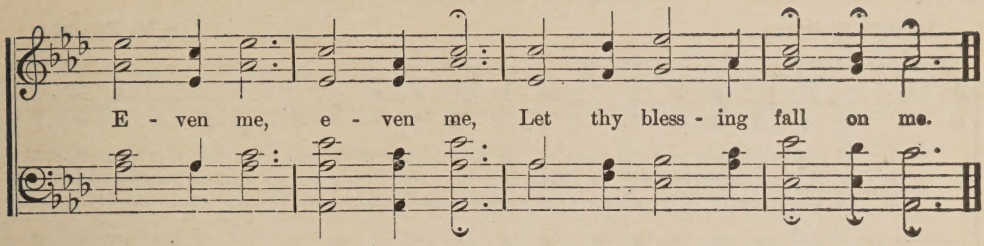
Even Me—Concluded.



2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me—
Even me, etc.

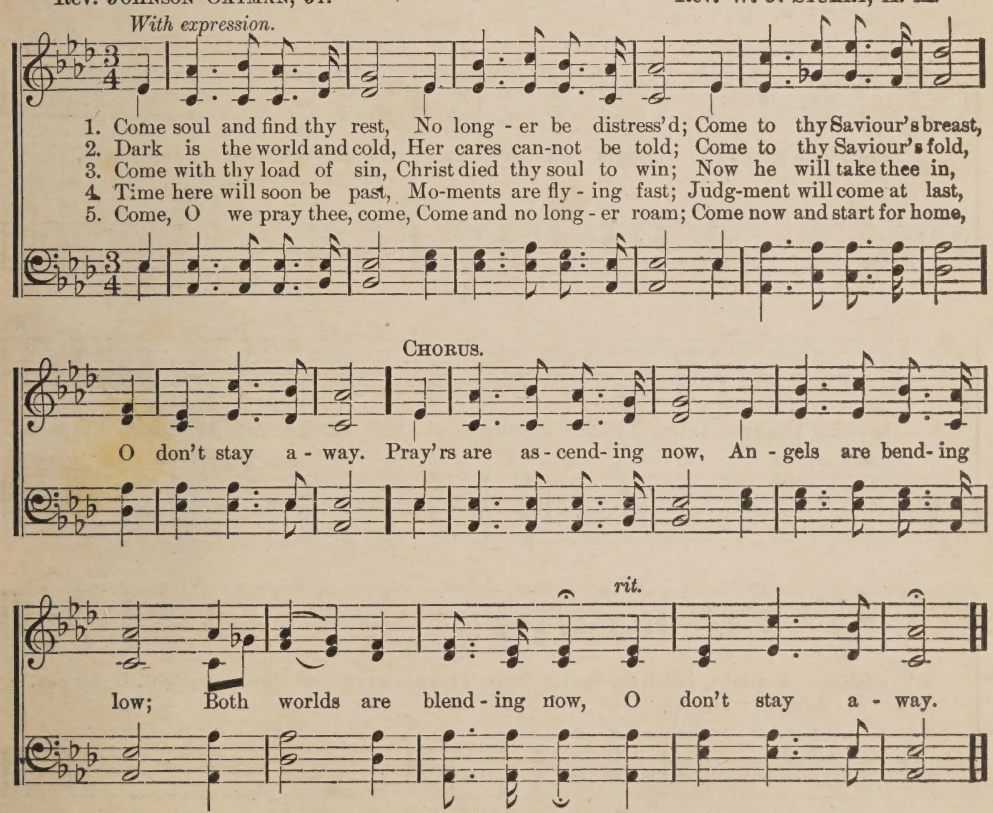
3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me—
Even me, etc.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser, of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.—
Even me, etc.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless
Magnify them all in me.—
Even me, etc.

333 O Don't Stay Away.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Rev. W. J. Stuart, A. M.


With expression.
1. Come soul and find thy rest, No long - er be distress'd; Come to thy Saviour's breast,
2. Dark is the world and cold, Her cares can-not be told; Come to thy Saviour's fold,
3. Come with thy load of sin, Christ died thy soul to win; Now he will take thee in,
4. Time here will soon be past, Mo-ments are fly - ing fast; Judg-ment will come at last,
5. Come, O we pray thee, come, Come and no long - er roam; Come now and start for home,
Chorus.
O don't stay a - way. Pray'rs are as - cend - ing now, An - gels are bend - ing
rit.
low; Both worlds are blend - ing now, O don't stay a - way.

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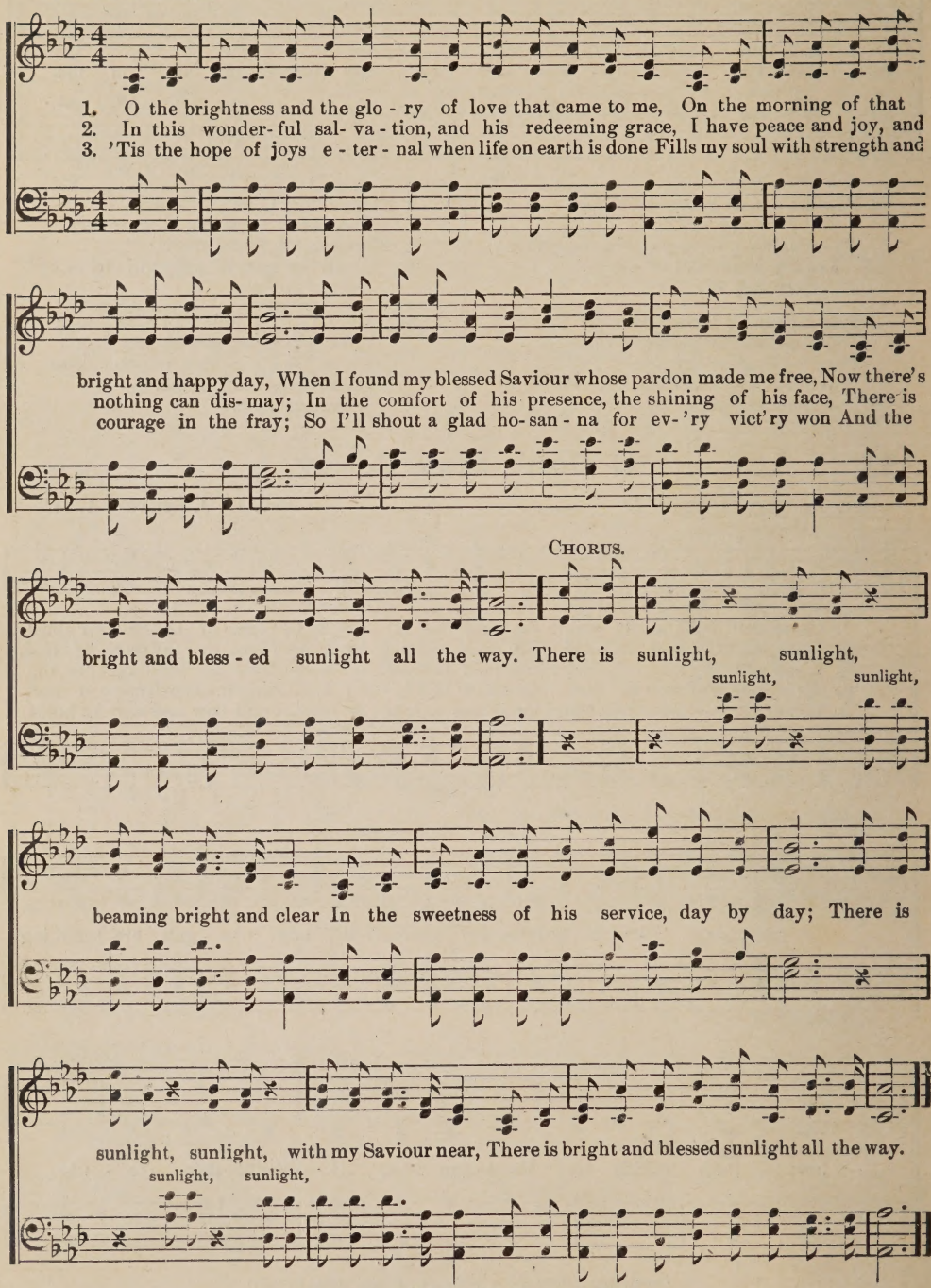
334 Sunlight All the Way.

HATTIE E. BUELL. JAS. M. BLACK.

1. O the brightness and the glo - ry of love that came to me, On the morning of that
2. In this wonder- ful sal- va - tion, and his redeeming grace, I have peace and joy, and
3. 'Tis the hope of joys e - ter - nal when life on earth is done Fills my soul with strength and
bright and happy day, When I found my blessed Saviour whose pardon made me free, Now there's
nothing can dis- may; In the comfort of his presence, the shining of his face, There is
courage in the fray; So I'll shout a glad ho- san - na for ev- 'ry vict'ry won And the
CHORUS.
bright and bless - ed sunlight all the way. There is sunlight, sunlight,
sunlight, sunlight,
beaming bright and clear In the sweetness of his service, day by day; There is
sunlight, sunlight, with my Saviour near, There is bright and blessed sunlight all the way.
sunlight, sunlight,

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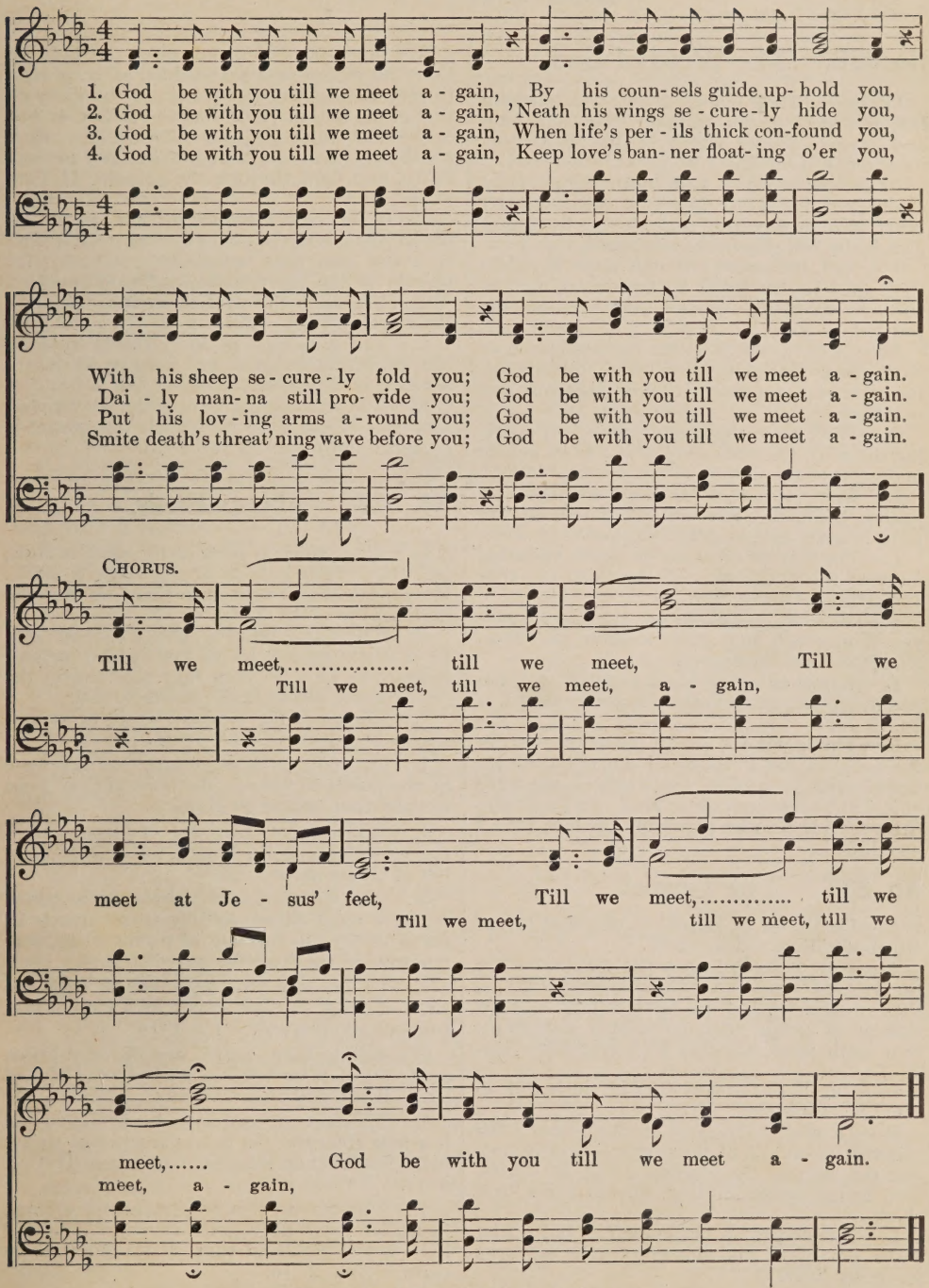
335 God Be With You.

Rev. J. E. Rankin, D D. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By his coun-sels guide up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings se-cure-ly hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per-ils thick con-found you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban-ner float-ing o'er you,
With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Put his lov-ing arms a-round you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Chorus.
Till we meet,..... till we meet, Till we
Till we meet, till we meet, a - gain,
meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet,..... till we
Till we meet, till we meet, till we
meet,..... God be with you till we meet a - gain.
meet, a - gain,

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RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

COMPILED BY REV. S. M. GRUBB.

No. 336. The Word of God.

LEADER —Then one of them, which was a lawyer, asked him a question, tempting him, and saying, Master which is the great commandment of the Law?

RESPONSE —Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first great commandment.

L.—And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the Law and the prophets.—Matt. 22 35-40.

R.—All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. —II Tim. 3 16.

L.—The Law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure making wise the simple.

R.—The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

L.—The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever; the Judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

R.—More to be desired are they than gold, yea than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

L.—Moreover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.—Ps. 19 7-11.

R.—Think not that I am come to destroy the Law, or the Prophets; I am not come to destroy but to fulfill. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.

No. 337. The Gospel.

L.—I will give to Jerusalem one that bringeth good tidings.—Isa. 42 27.

R.—How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth Salvation; that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth.—Isa. 52 7.

L.—But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them, that are lost.

R.—In whom the God of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine into them.

L.—For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake.

R.—For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.—II Cor. 4 3-6.

L.—Our Saviour Jesus Christ..... hath abolished death and brought life, and immortality, and light through the gospel.—II Tim. 1 10.

R.—I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth;..... for therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith; as it is written, the just shall live by faith.—Rom. 1 16-17.

L.—The preaching of the cross is to them that perish, foolishness; but unto us which are saved, it is the power of God.—I Cor. 1 18.

R.—The word of the Lord endureth forever. And this is the word by which the gospel is preached unto you.—I Pet. 1 25.

No. 338. New Birth.

L.—That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.—John 3 6-7.

R.—The carnal mind is enmity against God for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God.—Rom. 8 7-8.

L.—Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.—John 3 3.

R.—As many as received him, to them gave he the power to become the Sons of God, even to them that believe on his name

L.—Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.—John 1 12-13.

R.—Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost.—Tit. 3 5.

L.—Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first fruits of his creatures.—Jas. 1 18.

R.—Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God which liveth and abideth forever.—I Pet. 1 23.

L.—Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away: behold all things are become new.—II Cor. 5 17.

R.—For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them.—Eph. 2 10.

No. 339. The Atonement.

L.—Grace be to you and peace from God the Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave himself for our Sins, that he might deliver us from this present evil world according to the will of God.—Gal. 1 2-3.

R.—When we were yet without strength, in due time, Christ died for the ungodly.—Rom. 5 6.

L.—He was wounded for our transgression, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes are we healed.

R.—All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.—Isa. 53 4-6.

L.—It pleased the Lord to bruise him he hath put him to grief; when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

R.—He shall see the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied; by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many: for he shall bear their iniquities.—Isa. 53 10-11.

L.—He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.—II Cor. 5 21.

R.—There is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all.—I Tim. 2 5-6.

L.—For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die.

R.—But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

No. 340. The Holy Spirit.

L.—I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions

R.—And also upon my servants and upon my handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit.—Joel 2 28-29.

L.—Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.—Zech. 4 6.

R.—If ye love me, keep my commandments; and I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever.

L.—Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

R.—I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you.

L.—Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me; because I live, ye shall live also.

R.—And at that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.

L.—He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him and will manifest myself to him.—John 14 15-21.

R.—The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.—John 14 26.

L.—Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

R.—But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.

L.—For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? Even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the spirit of God.

R.—Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God, that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God.—1 Cor. 2 9-16.

No. 341. Grace.

L.—The God of all grace, who hath called us unto eternal glory by Jesus Christ, * * * make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you.—I Pet. 5 10.

R.—The Lord God is a shield, the Lord will give grace and glory, no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.—Ps. 84 11.

L.—Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.—Heb. 4 16.

R.—My grace is sufficient for thee my strength is made perfect in weakness.—II Cor. 12 9.

L.—Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound; that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord.—Rom. 5 20-21.

R.—By the grace of God I am what I am; and his grace, which was bestowed upon me was not in vain.—I Cor. 15 10.

L.—God is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us.

R.—Even when we were dead in sins, hath he quickened us together with Christ; by grace are ye saved;

L.—And hath raised us together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus

R.—That in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus.

L.—For by grace are ye saved through faith; and not of yourselves; it is the gift of God.—Eph. 2 4-8.

R.—As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same to one another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God. I Pet. 4 10.

No. 342. Faith.

L.—Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.—Heb. 11 1.

R.—Without faith it is impossible to please him; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.—Heb. 11 6.

L.—Have Faith in God, For verily I say unto you, that whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea and shall not doubt in his heart but shall believe that these things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith.—Mark 11 22-23.

R.—Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.—Rom. 10 13.

L.—For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John 3 16.

R.—How then shall they call upon him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?

L.—And how shall they preach except they be sent? As it is written, how beautiful are the feet of them, that preach the Gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things.

R.—So faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.—Rom 10 12-15.

L.—Before faith came we were kept under the law, shut up unto the faith which should afterwards be revealed.

R.—Wherefore the Law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith.

L.—But after that faith is come, we are no longer under a schoolmaster, for ye are the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.—Gal. 3 23-26.

R.—A man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ that we might be justified by the faith of Christ and not by the works of the Law.—Gal. 2 16.

L.—Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith.—Rom. 3 28.

R.—Our Lord Jesus Christ * * * hath begotten us * * * to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto Salvation.—I Pet. 1 3-4.

L.—Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.—I John 5 4.

No. 343. Service.

L.—Serve the Lord with gladness come before his presence with a song.—Ps. 102 2.

R.—What doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to fear the Lord thy God, to walk in all his ways, and to love him; and to serve the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, to keep the commandments of the Lord and his statutes.—Deut. 10 12-13.

L.—Serve the Lord thy God and he shall bless thy bread and thy water.—Exod. 23 25.

R.—Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your hearts as unto Christ

L.—Not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but as servants of Christ, doing the will of God from your heart; with good will doing service, as to the Lord and not to men.—Eph. 6 5-7.

R.—Let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear.—Heb. 12 28.

L.—The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest.—Luke 10 2.

R.—Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching.—Luke 12 37.

L.—Be ye therefore ready also; for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not.—Luke 12 40.

R.—No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord.—Isa. 54 17.

No. 344. Prayer.

L.—O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.—Ps. 10 17.

R.—Let us lift up our hearts with our hands unto God in the heavens.—Sam. 3 41.

L.—God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.—John 4 24.

R.—Lord thou hast heard the desires of the humble; thou wilt prepare their hearts, thou wilt cause thine ear to hear. Ps. 10 17.

L.—Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near.—Isa. 55 16.

R.—Ask, and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you

L.—For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.—John 7 8-8.

R.—Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.—Phil. 4 6.

L.—The effectu l fervent prayer of a righteous man avai eth much.—James 5 16.

R.—Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.—I Thes. 5 17-18.

L.—Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

R.—If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.—John 14 13-14.

L.—.Watch ye therefore; and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man.—Luke 21 36.

R.—When thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

L.—But when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

R.—But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do; for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.

L.—Be not therefore like unto them; for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.—Matt. 6 5-8.

R.—Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience.—Heb. 10 22

No. 345. Worship.

L.—I will bring joy to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer; their burnt offerings and their sacrifices shall be accepted upon my altar; for my house shall be called an house of prayer for all people. —Isa. 56 7.

R.—If my people which are called by my name shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sins, and will heal their land.—II Chron. 7 14.

L.—Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.—Matt. 18 20.

R.—O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our maker.—Ps. 95 6.

L.—The inhabitants of one city shall go to another, saying, let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and seek the Lord of hosts; I will go also.

R.—Yea, many people and strong nations shall come to seek the Lord of Hosts, * * and to pray before the Lord.—Zech. 8 21-22.

L.—Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee.—Ps. 122 6.

R.—I exhort therefore, that * * * supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men.—I Tim. 2 1.

L.—Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not.—Jer. 33 3.

R.—Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am.—Isa. 58 9.

L.—Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.—Mal. 3 10.

R —All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing ye shall receive.—Matt 21 2.

L.—The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.—Jas. 5 16.

R.—Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shal find; knock and it shall be opened unto you; for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.—Matt. 7 7-8.

L.—I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.—Ps. 116 1-2.

No. 346. Song.

L.—I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.—Exod. 15 1.

R.—Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great.—Rev. 19 5.

L.—Rejoice in the Lord, O, ye righteous; for praise is comely for the upright.

R.—Praise the Lord with harp, sing unto him with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings.

L.—Sing unto the Lord a new song; play skillfully with a loud noise, for the word of the Lord is right, and all his works are done in truth.—Ps. 33 1-4.

R.—Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.

L.—Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people, and praise him in the assembly of the elders.—Ps. 107 31-32.

R.—It is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant and praise is comely.—Ps. 147 1.

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